KINGDO
SONGS

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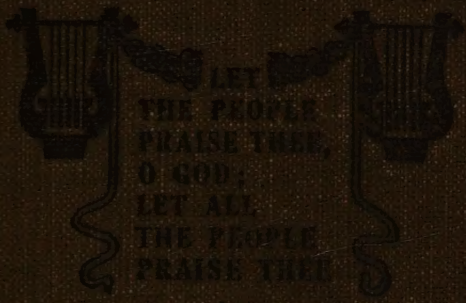

Joseph Dogue

KINGDOM SONGS

FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL, PRAYER MEETING CHRISTIAN WORKERS' SOCIETIES and ALL SEASONS OF PRAISE

Published by Authority of
THE GENERAL MISSION BOARD

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Sixtieth Thousand.

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Elgin, Illinois
1913

Exhortation to Praise

GOD SHOULD BE PRAISED:

By All Peoples.

"All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing unto thy name" (Psa. 66: 4). "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord" (Psa. 150: 6).

With Mind and Heart.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name" (Psa. 103: 1). "I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart. . . . I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High" (Psa. 9: 1, 2).

In Prayer and Song.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord. . . . For the Lord is a great God. . . . O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker" (Psa. 95: 1-6). "Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord" (Eph. 5: 18, 19).

At All Times.

"I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth" (Psa. 34: 1). "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being" (Psa. 104: 33).

Under All Circumstances.

Though in prison, "At midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God" (Acts 16: 25). "Although the fig tree shall not blossom. . . . and the fields shall yield no meat. . . . yet I will rejoice in the Lord" (Hab. 3: 16, 17). "Praise is comely for the upright" (Psa. 33: 1).

DEDICATION.

To every one who is willing to "serve the Lord with gladness" and to "come before his presence with singing," to every Sunday-school scholar and worker, and to every Christian Worker is this book of KINGDOM SONGS faithfully dedicated.

THE COMMITTEE.

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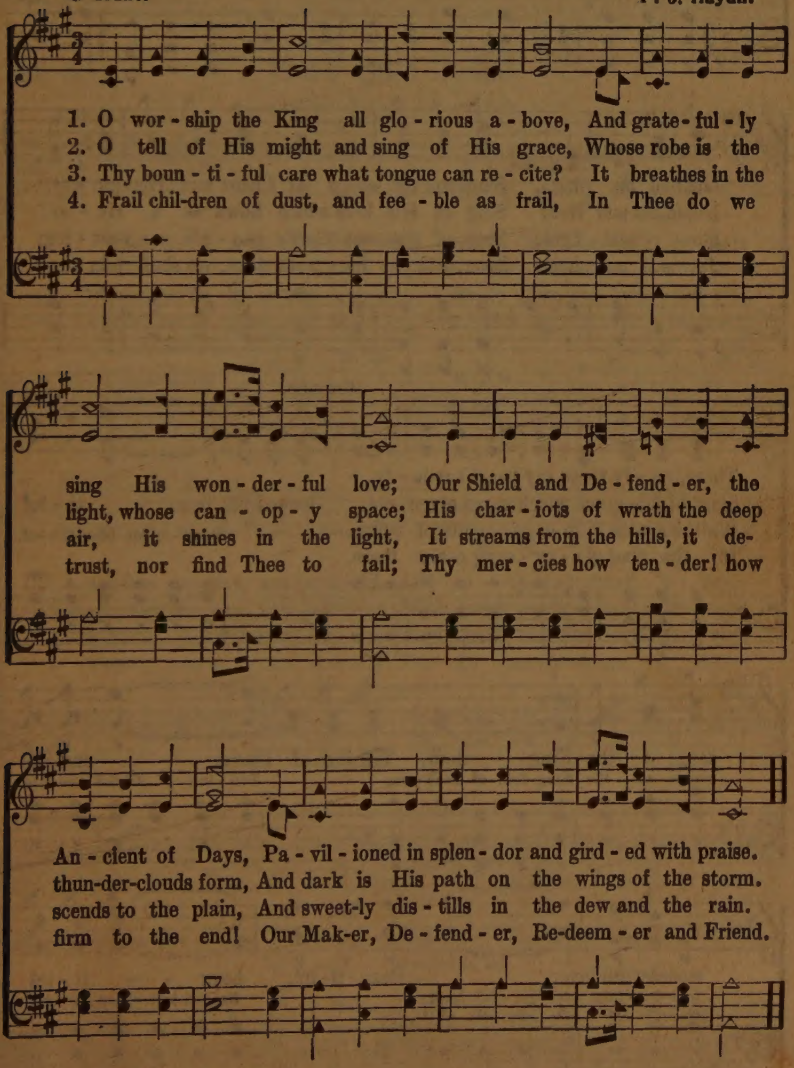
Kingdom Songs.

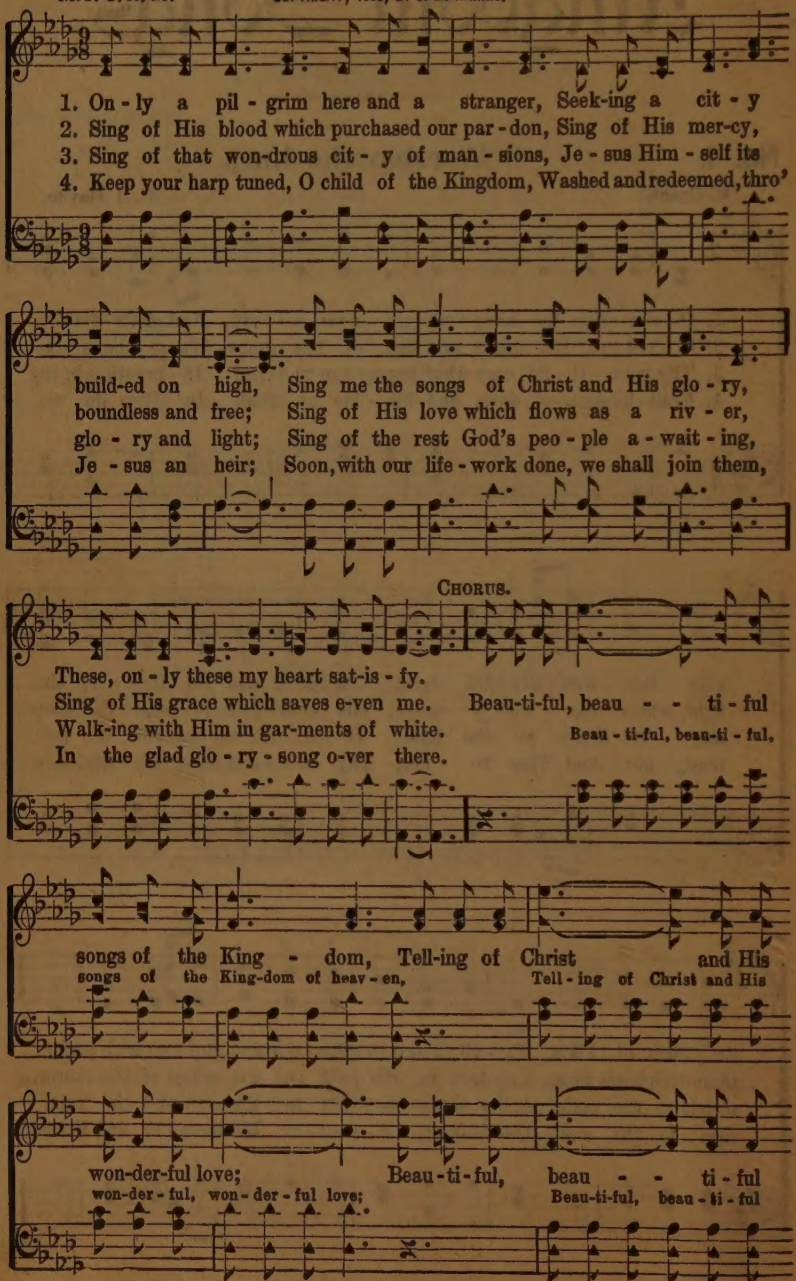
No. 1. O Worship the King.

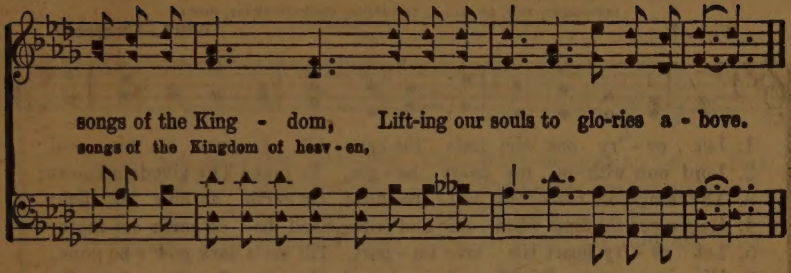
R. Grant. F. J. Haydn.


1. O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - op - y space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how
An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with praise.
thun-der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De - fend - er, Re-deem - er and Friend.

No. 2. Songs of the Kingdom.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY J. H. HARRIS. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. On - ly a pil - grim here and a stranger, Seek-ing a cit - y
2. Sing of His blood which purchased our par - don, Sing of His mer-cy,
3. Sing of that won-drous cit - y of man - sions, Je - sus Him - self its
4. Keep your harp tuned, O child of the Kingdom, Washed and redeemed, thro'
build-ed on high, Sing me the songs of Christ and His glo - ry,
boundless and free; Sing of His love which flows as a riv - er,
glo - ry and light; Sing of the rest God's peo - ple a - wait - ing,
Je - sus an heir; Soon, with our life - work done, we shall join them,
CHORUS.
These, on - ly these my heart sat-is - fy.
Sing of His grace which saves e-ven me. Beau-ti-ful, beau - - ti - ful
Walk-ing with Him in gar-ments of white. Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti - ful,
In the glad glo - ry - song o-ver there.
songs of the King - dom, Tell-ing of Christ and His
songs of the King-dom of heav - en, Tell - ing of Christ and His
won-der-ful love; Beau - ti - ful, beau - - ti - ful
won-der - ful, won - der - ful love; Beau-ti-ful, beau - ti - ful



No. 3. More Like Jesus.

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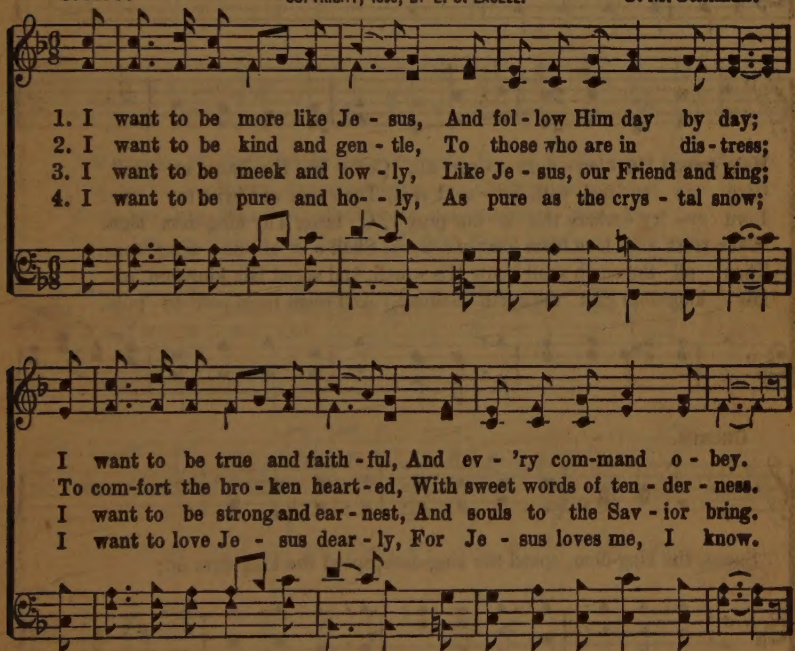
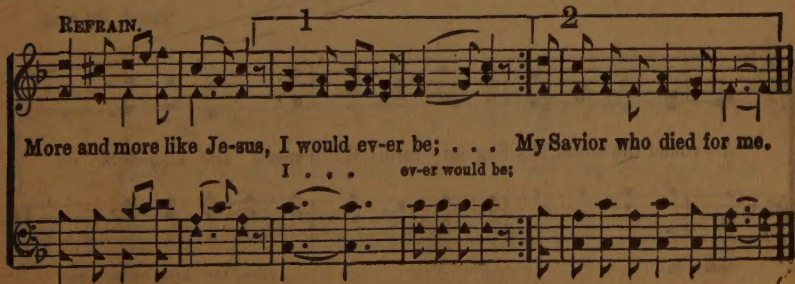
J. M. S. J. M. Stillman.

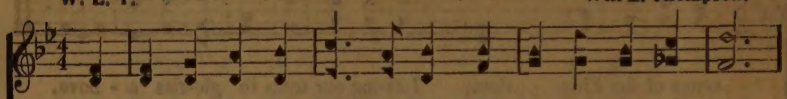

1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and king;
4. I want to be pure and ho - - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;
I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com-fort the bro - ken heart - ed, With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.



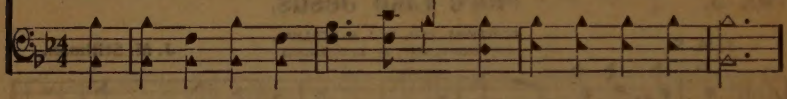
No. 4. Speed the Kingdom.

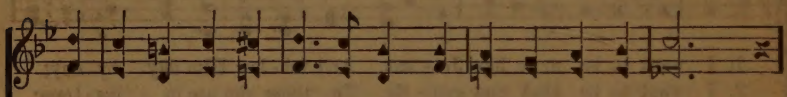
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.



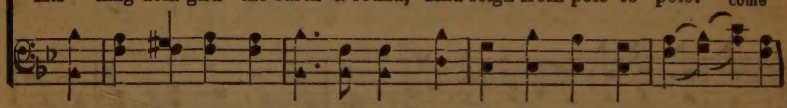
1. Let ev - 'ry one who feels the call, Of Je - sus in his soul,
2. Lord now with - in my heart be - gin, To make Thy kingdom known;
3. Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done, On earth as now on high;
4. Help speed the time when sin and crime, Shall be on earth no more;
5. Let ev - 'ry heart His love im - part, Till sin's dark pow'r be gone,
6. His name and teach-ings shall a - bound, As on the a - ges roll;



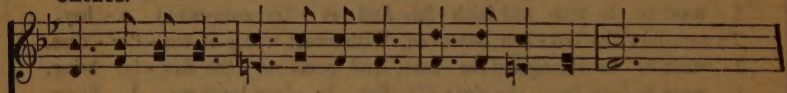


Help spread His king - dom o - ver all, Come in His cause en - roll.
Give me to feel with fer - vent zeal, The cause of Christ my own.
Lord ev - 'ry - where this is our pray'r, O bring Thy king-dom nigh.
When truth and love from heav'n a-bove, Shall o'er all na - tions soar.
Then all the earth shall know His worth, And speed His kingdom on.
His king-dom gird the earth a-round, And reign from pole to pole.

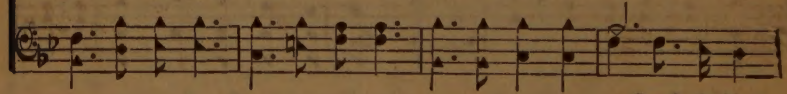
come



CHORUS.

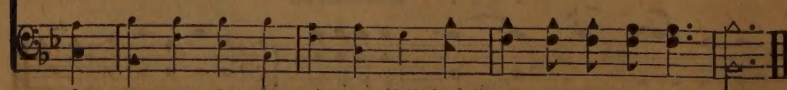


Speed the king-dom, speed the king-dom, Speed the king-dom on;



Speed the king-

A - round the world, His flag un - furled, We'll speed the king-dom on.



dom on; speed the king - dom on.

No. 5. All the Earth Shall Worship Thee.

E. E. Hewitt.

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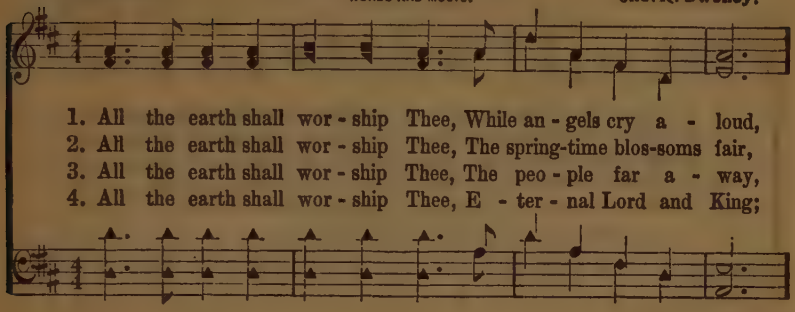
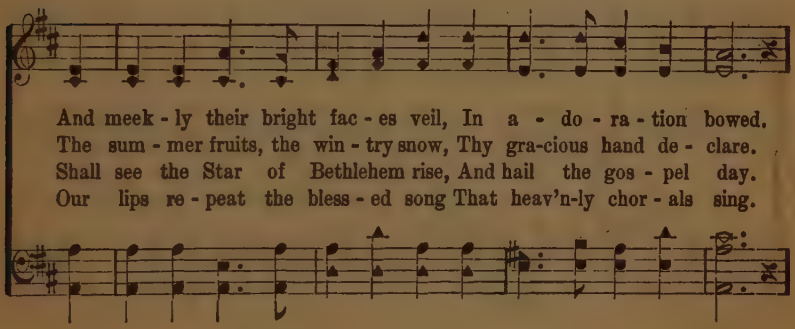
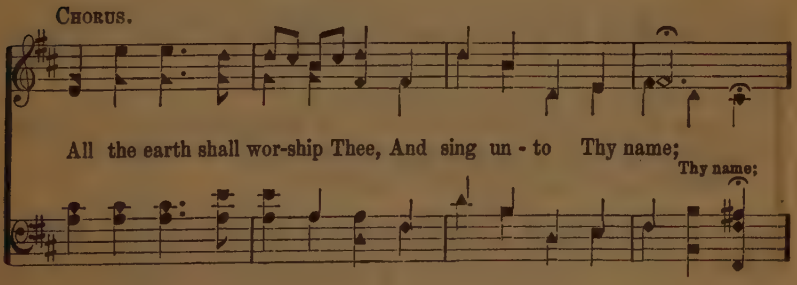
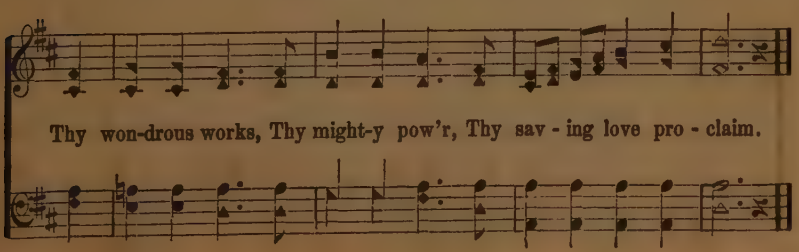
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. All the earth shall wor - ship Thee, While an - gels cry a - loud,
2. All the earth shall wor - ship Thee, The spring-time blos-soms fair,
3. All the earth shall wor - ship Thee, The peo - ple far a - way,
4. All the earth shall wor - ship Thee, E - ter - nal Lord and King;


And meek - ly their bright fac - es veil, In a - do - ra - tion bowed.
The sum - mer fruits, the win - try snow, Thy gra-cious hand de - clare.
Shall see the Star of Bethlehem rise, And hail the gos - pel day.
Our lips re - peat the bless - ed song That heav'n-ly chor - als sing.





No. 6. Praise Ye the Lord.

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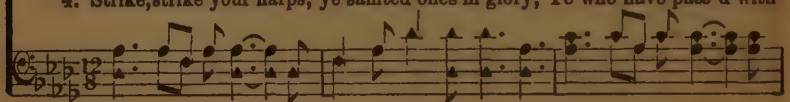
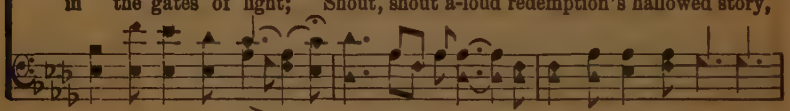
Fanny Crosby. WORDS AND MUSIC. John R. Sweney.

1. Praise ye the Lord, the God of our sal-va-tion, Lift up your hearts and
2. Praise ye the Lord whose truth a - bid-eth ev-er, Trust in His word who
3. Praise Him, ye stars, the arch of night a-dorn-ing, Ye who be - held the
4. Strike, strike your harps, ye sainted ones in glory, Ye who have pass'd with-



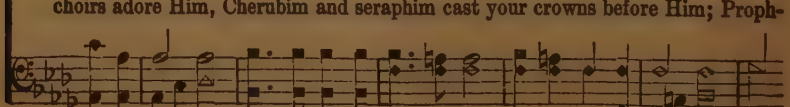
mag - ni - fy His name; Praise ye the Lord with ho - ly a - do - ra-tion,
marks the spar-rows' fall; Hope in His love whose mercy fail-eth nev-er,
new cre - a-tion's worth; Ye who re-joiced to ush - er in the morning,
in the gates of light; Shout, shout a-loud redemption's hallowed story,



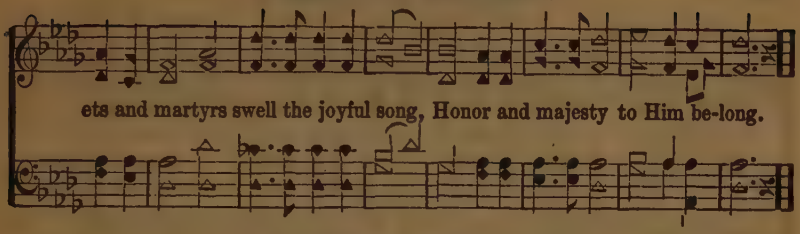
CHORUS.

Tell of His pow'r His mighty works proclaim.
Look un - to Him who watcheth o - ver all. Praise ye the Lord, ye an-gels
Bright with the smile that hail'd Messiah's birth. the Lord.
While with the King ye walk in spot-less white.

choirs adore Him, Cherubim and seraphim cast your crowns before Him; Proph-



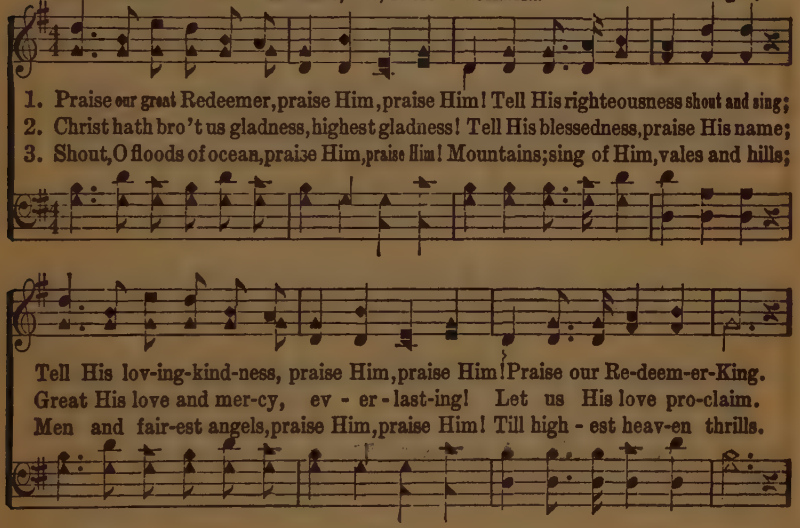
Praise Ye the Lord.

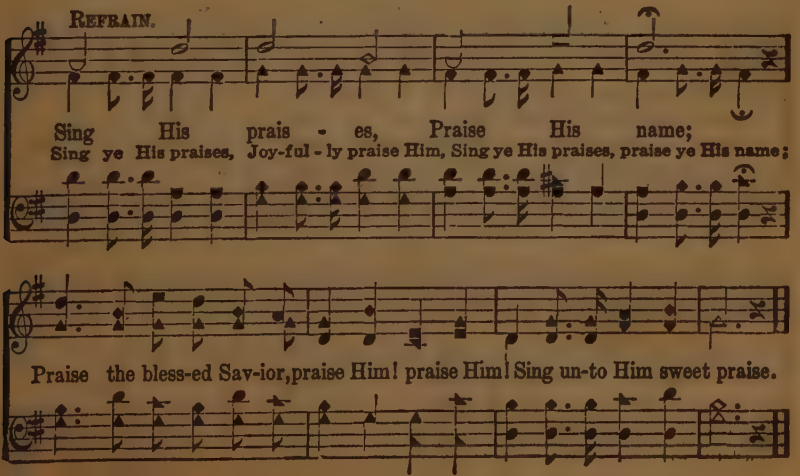


No. 7. Sweet Praise.

USED BY PER. OF MRS. SALLIE K. HOLSINGER.
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Geo. B. Holsinger.


1. Praise our great Redeemer, praise Him, praise Him! Tell His righteousness shout and sing;
2. Christ hath bro't us gladness, highest gladness! Tell His blessedness, praise His name;
3. Shout, O floods of ocean, praise Him, praise Him! Mountains; sing of Him, vales and hills;
Tell His lov-ing-kind-ness, praise Him, praise Him! Praise our Re-deem-er-King.
Great His love and mer-cy, ev - er - last-ing! Let us His love pro-claim.
Men and fair-est angels, praise Him, praise Him! Till high - est heav-en thrills.


REFRAIN.
Sing His prais - es, Praise His name;
Sing ye His praises, Joy-ful - ly praise Him, Sing ye His praises, praise ye His name;
Praise the bless-ed Sav-ior, praise Him! praise Him! Sing un-to Him sweet praise.

No. 8. All Hail, Immanuel!

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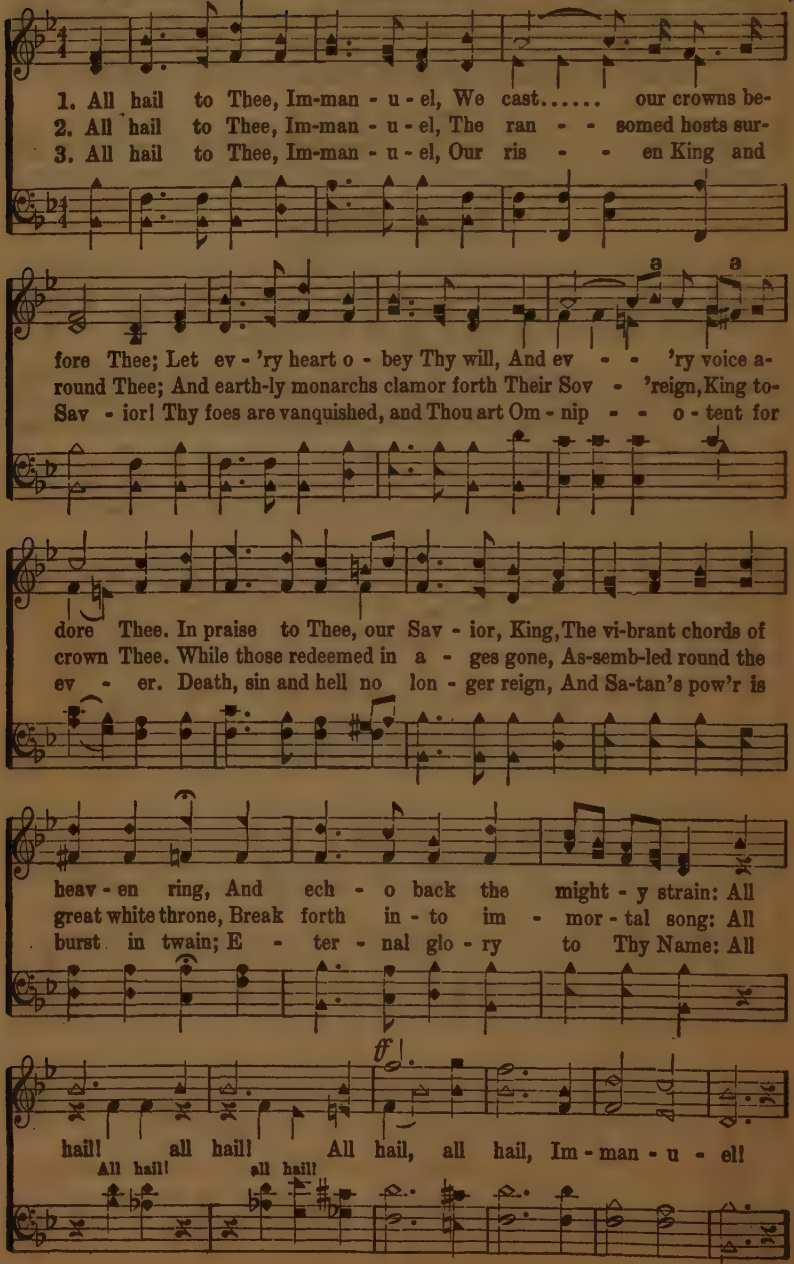
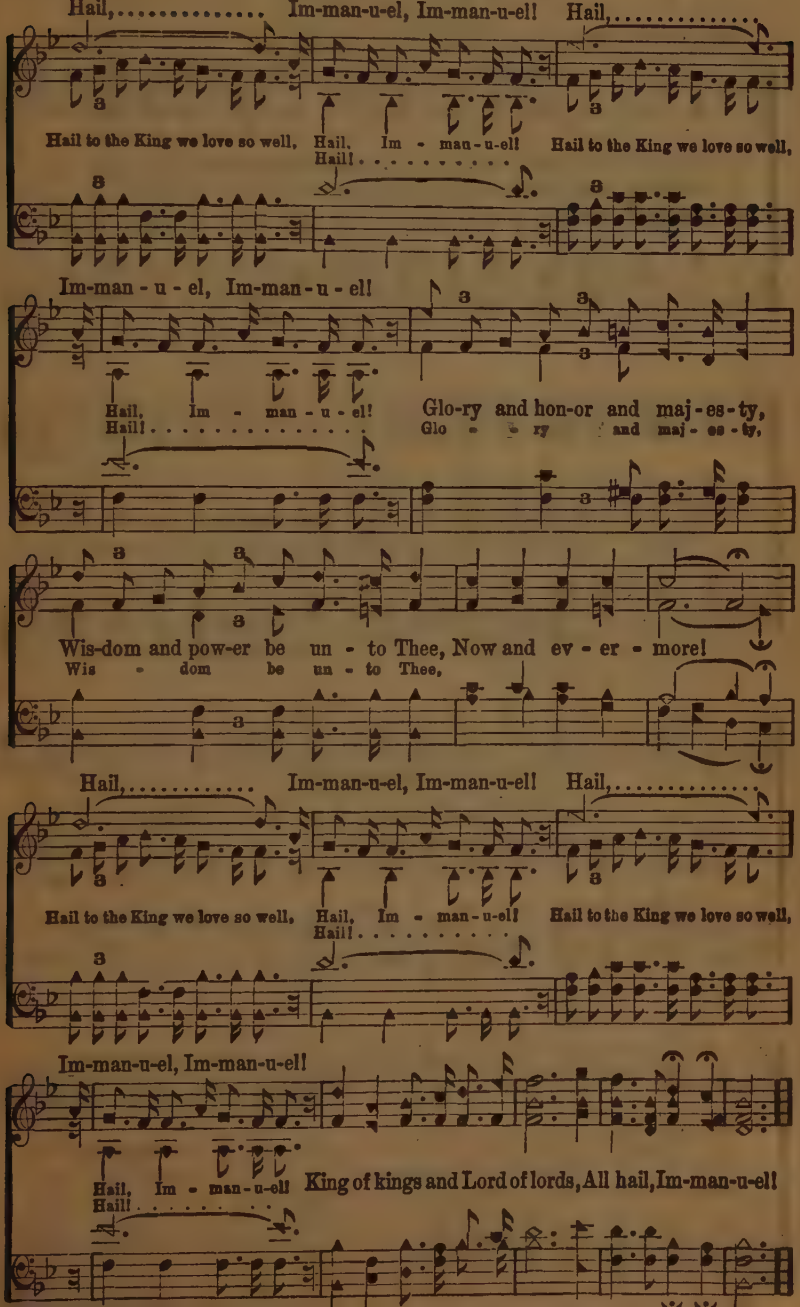
WORDS AND MUSIC.

D. R. Van Sickle. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast..... our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and
fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earth-ly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to-
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - - o - tent for
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is
heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All
ff
hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

Chorus.
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! .....
Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Hail! ..... Glo - ry and maj - es - ty,
Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - dom be un - to Thee,
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! .....
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man-u-el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! .....

No. 9. Faith's Prayer.

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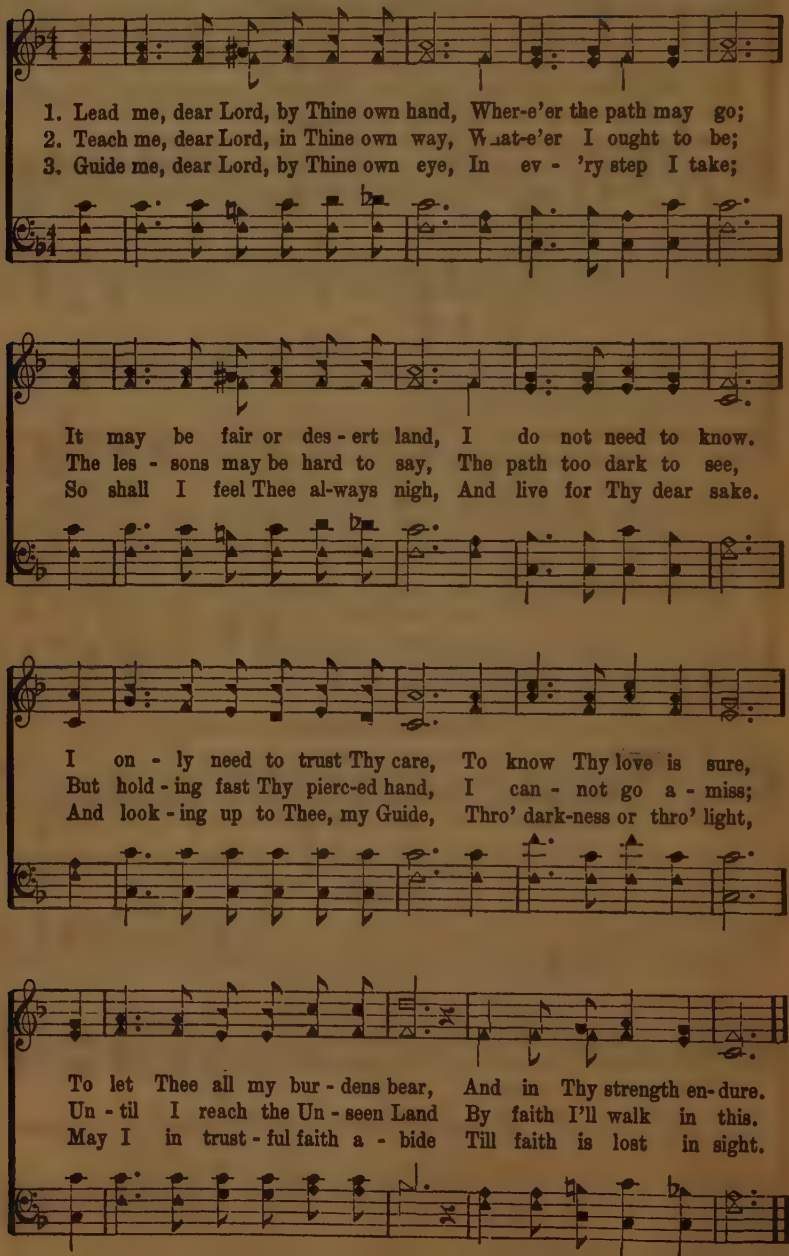
TRANSFERRED TO W. L. THOMPSON, 1904.

Emma Graves Dietrick. R. Hayes Willis.


1. Lead me, dear Lord, by Thine own hand, Wher-e'er the path may go;
2. Teach me, dear Lord, in Thine own way, W_at-e'er I ought to be;
3. Guide me, dear Lord, by Thine own eye, In ev - 'ry step I take;
It may be fair or des - ert land, I do not need to know.
The les - sons may be hard to say, The path too dark to see,
So shall I feel Thee al-ways nigh, And live for Thy dear sake.
I on - ly need to trust Thy care, To know Thy love is sure,
But hold - ing fast Thy pierc-ed hand, I can - not go a - miss;
And look - ing up to Thee, my Guide, Thro' dark-ness or thro' light,
To let Thee all my bur - dens bear, And in Thy strength en-dure.
Un - til I reach the Un - seen Land By faith I'll walk in this.
May I in trust - ful faith a - bide Till faith is lost in sight.

No. 10. The Answering Time Will Come.

Mary B. Wingate.

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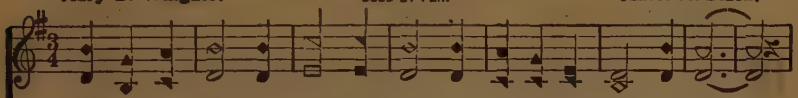
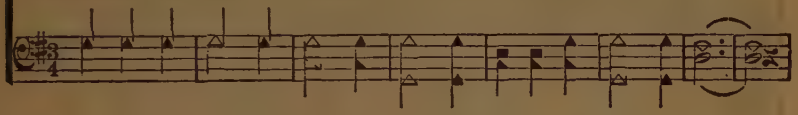
USED BY PER.

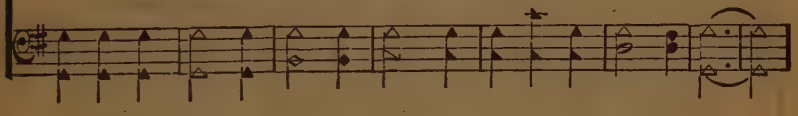
James M. Black.



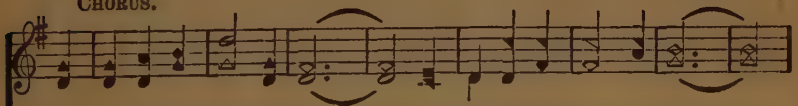
1. Ask what thou wilt, be - liev-ing heart, The an-swer-ing time will come;
2. Ask in the name of Christ thy Lord, The an-swer-ing time will come;
3. God's Word is sure, it can - not fail, The an-swer-ing time will come;
4. God will not mock be - liev-ing pray'r, The an-swer-ing time will come;



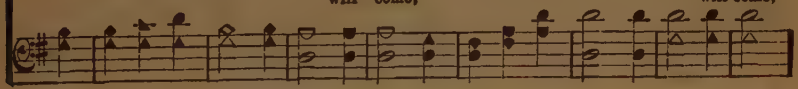
Pray and be-lieve— that is thy part, The an-swer-ing time will come.
Rest on the prom - ise of His word, The an-swer-ing time will come.
The pray'r of faith shall yet pre - vail, The an-swer-ing time will come.
He knows the bur-den thou dost bear, The an-swer-ing time will come.



CHORUS.



The an-swering time will come, The an - swer-ing time will come,
will come, will come,



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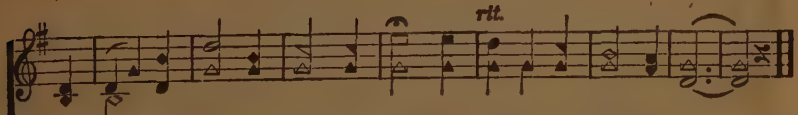
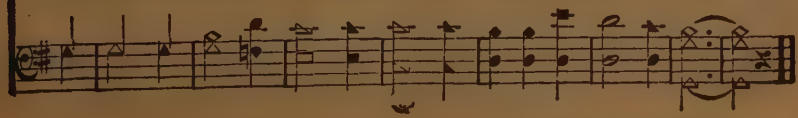
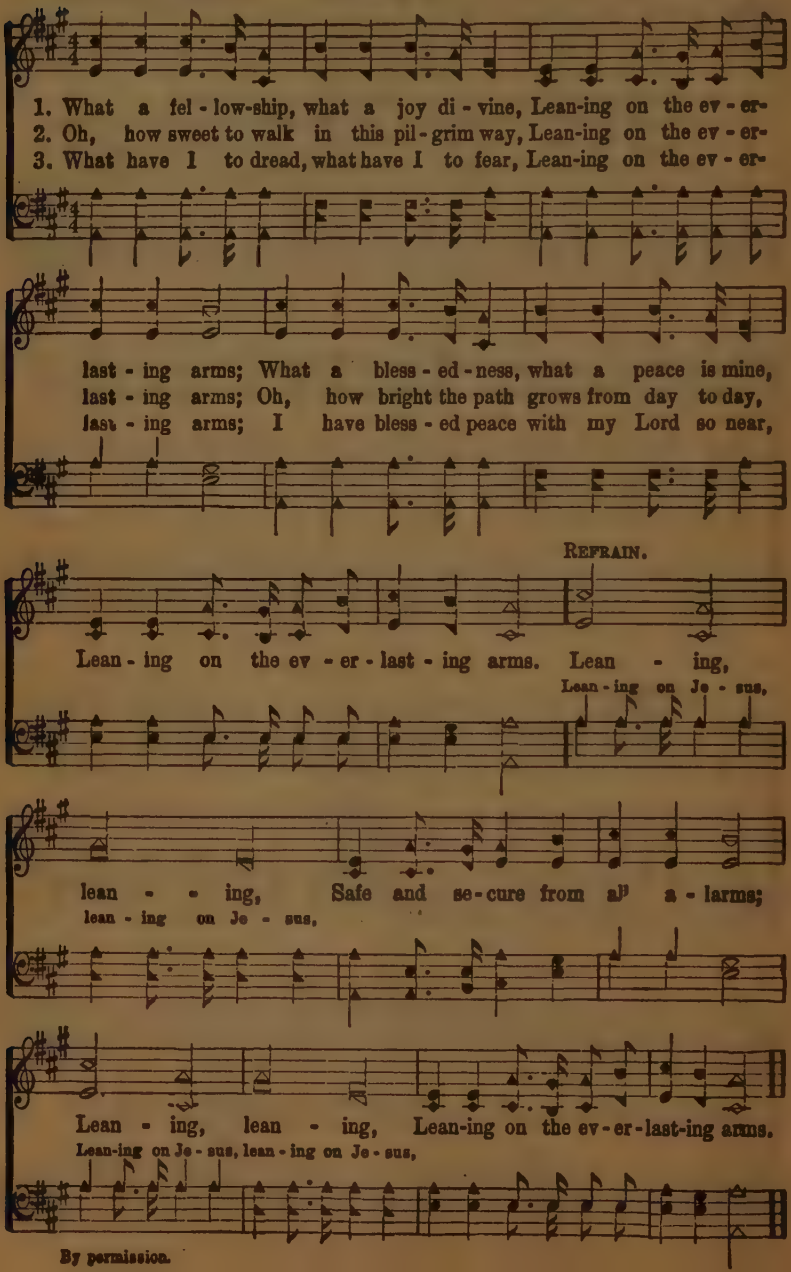


Tho' dark the way, still trust and pray, The an-swer-ing time will come.

No. 11. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER. USED BY PER. A. J. Showalter.

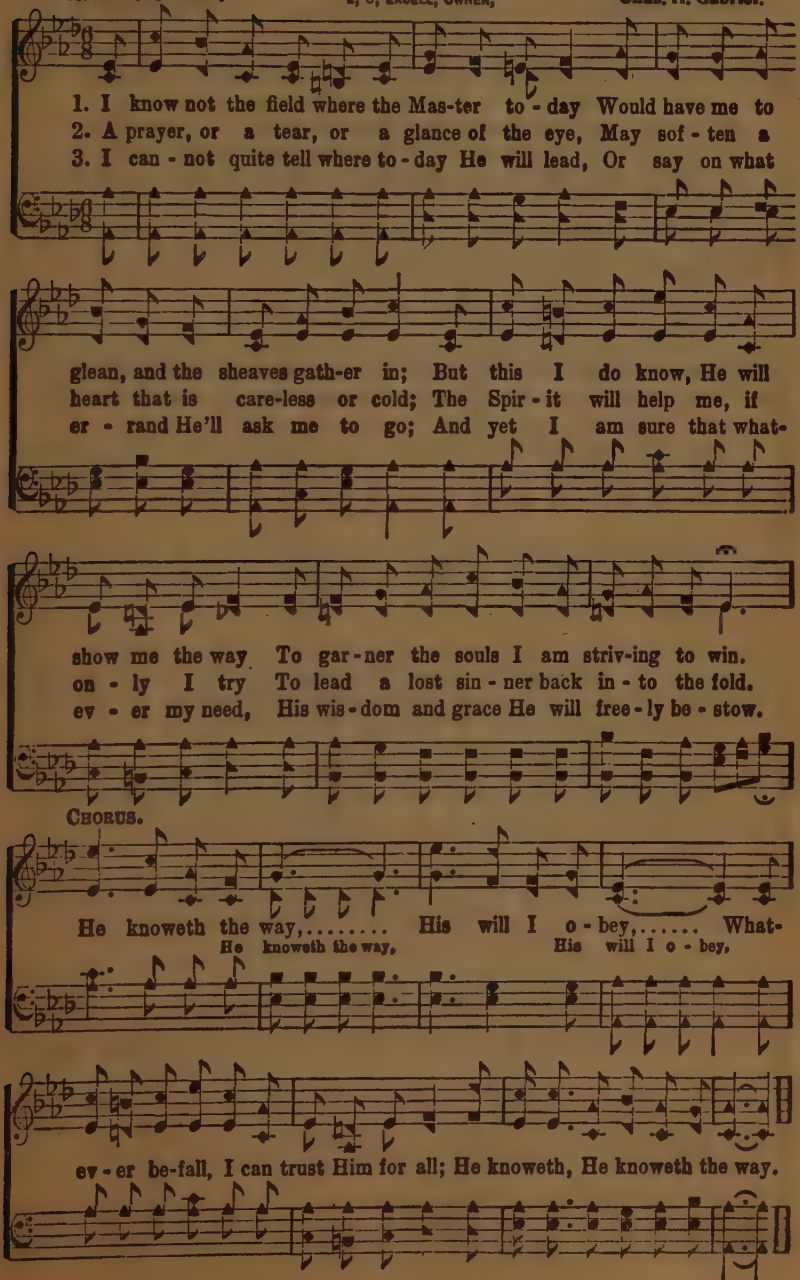

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di - vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er-
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms; I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,
REFRAIN.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on Je - sus,
lean - - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

By permission.

No. 12. He Knoweth the Way.

Rev. W. R. Fitch.

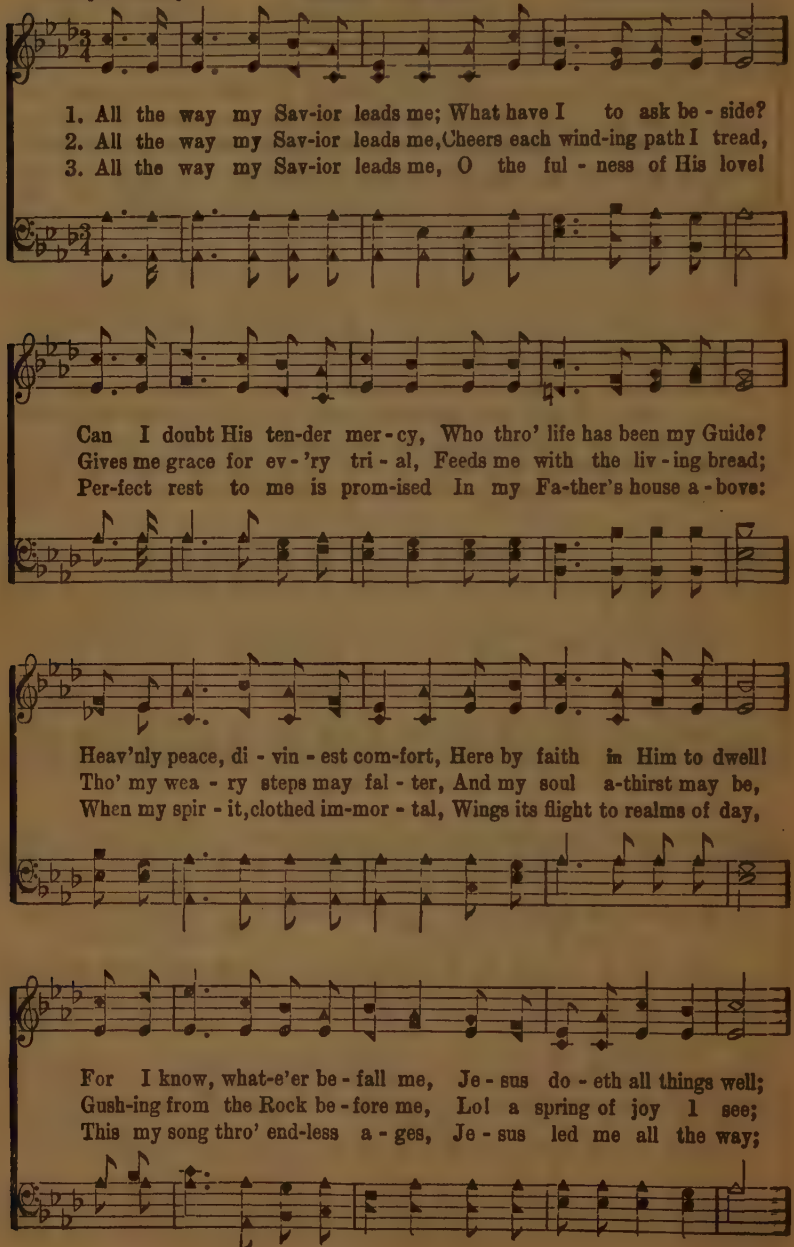
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER,

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I know not the field where the Mas-ter to-day Would have me to glean, and the sheaves gath-er in; But this I do know, He will show me the way To gar-ner the souls I am striv-ing to win.
2. A prayer, or a tear, or a glance of the eye, May sof-ten a heart that is care-less or cold; The Spir-it will help me, if on-ly I try To lead a lost sin-ner back in-to the fold.
3. I can-not quite tell where to-day He will lead, Or say on what er-rand He'll ask me to go; And yet I am sure that what-ev-er my need, His wis-dom and grace He will free-ly be-stow.
Chorus.
He knoweth the way,..... His will I o-bey,..... What-ev-er be-fall, I can trust Him for all; He knoweth, He knoweth the way.
He knoweth the way,
His will I o-bey,

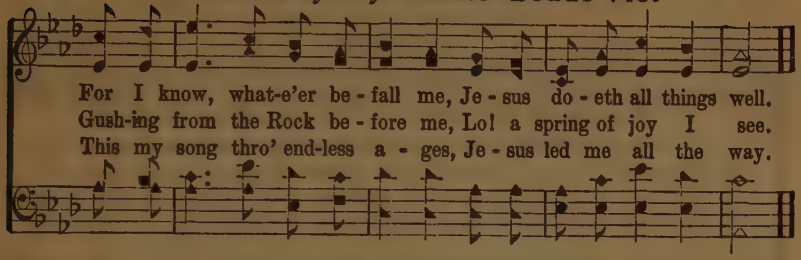
No. 13 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, O the ful - ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten-der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove:
Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a - ges, Je - sus led me all the way;

All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

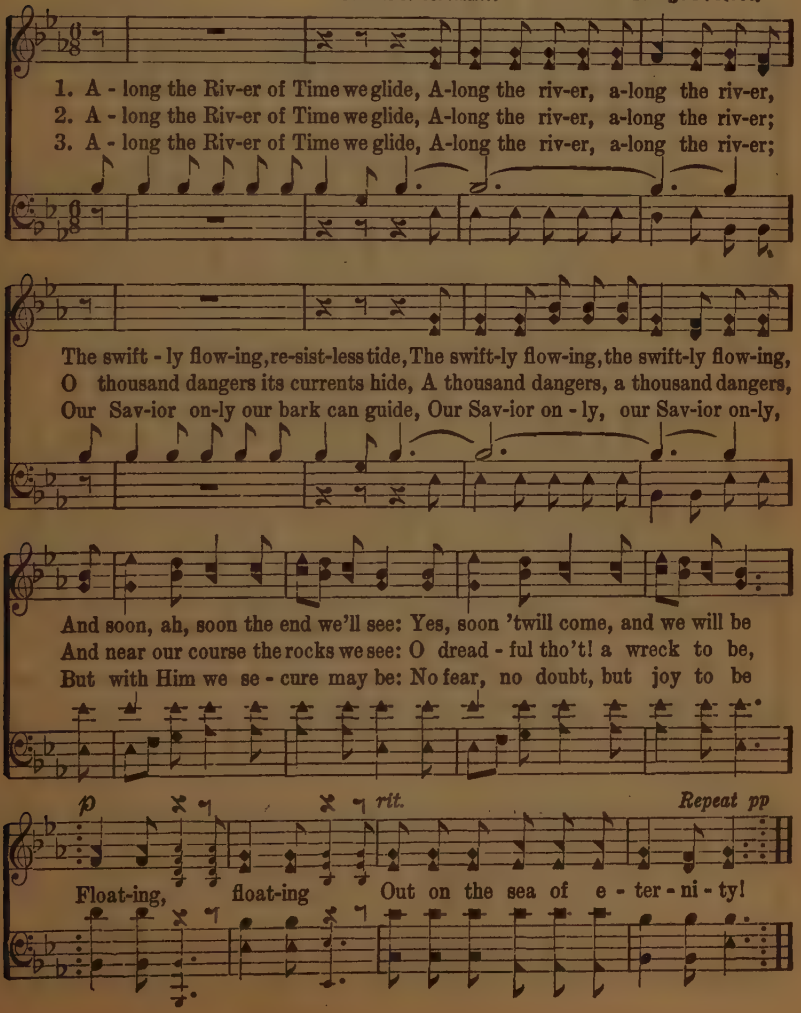

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a - ges, Je - sus led me all the way.

No. 14. Along the River of Time.

G. F. R.

USED BY PERMISSION OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO. OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

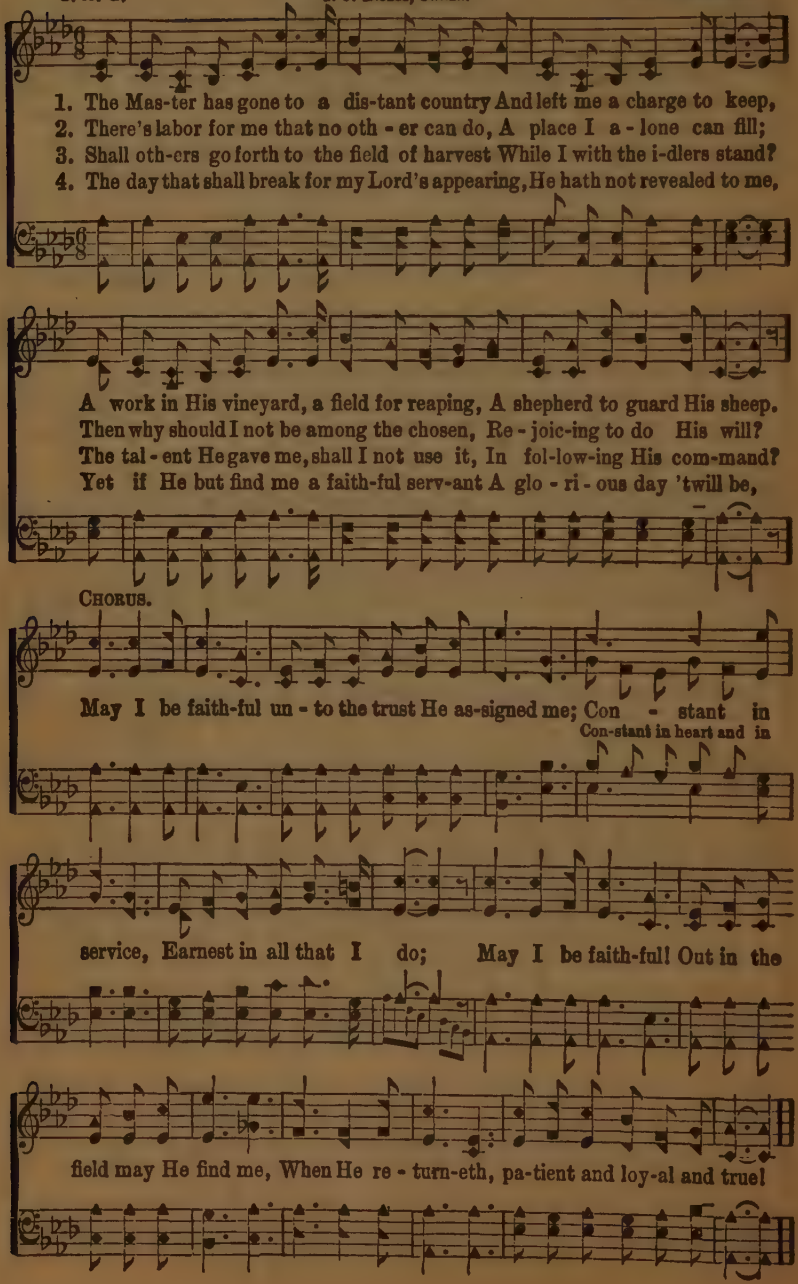
George F. Root.


1. A - long the Riv-er of Time we glide, A-long the riv-er, a-long the riv-er,
2. A - long the Riv-er of Time we glide, A-long the riv-er, a-long the riv-er;
3. A - long the Riv-er of Time we glide, A-long the riv-er, a-long the riv-er;
The swift - ly flow-ing, re-sist-less tide, The swift-ly flow-ing, the swift-ly flow-ing,
O thousand dangers its currents hide, A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers,
Our Sav-ior on-ly our bark can guide, Our Sav-ior on - ly, our Sav-ior on-ly,
And soon, ah, soon the end we'll see: Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be
And near our course the rocks we see: O dread - ful tho't! a wreck to be,
But with Him we se - cure may be: No fear, no doubt, but joy to be
p
rit.
Repeat pp
Float-ing, float-ing Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 15. May I be Faithful.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

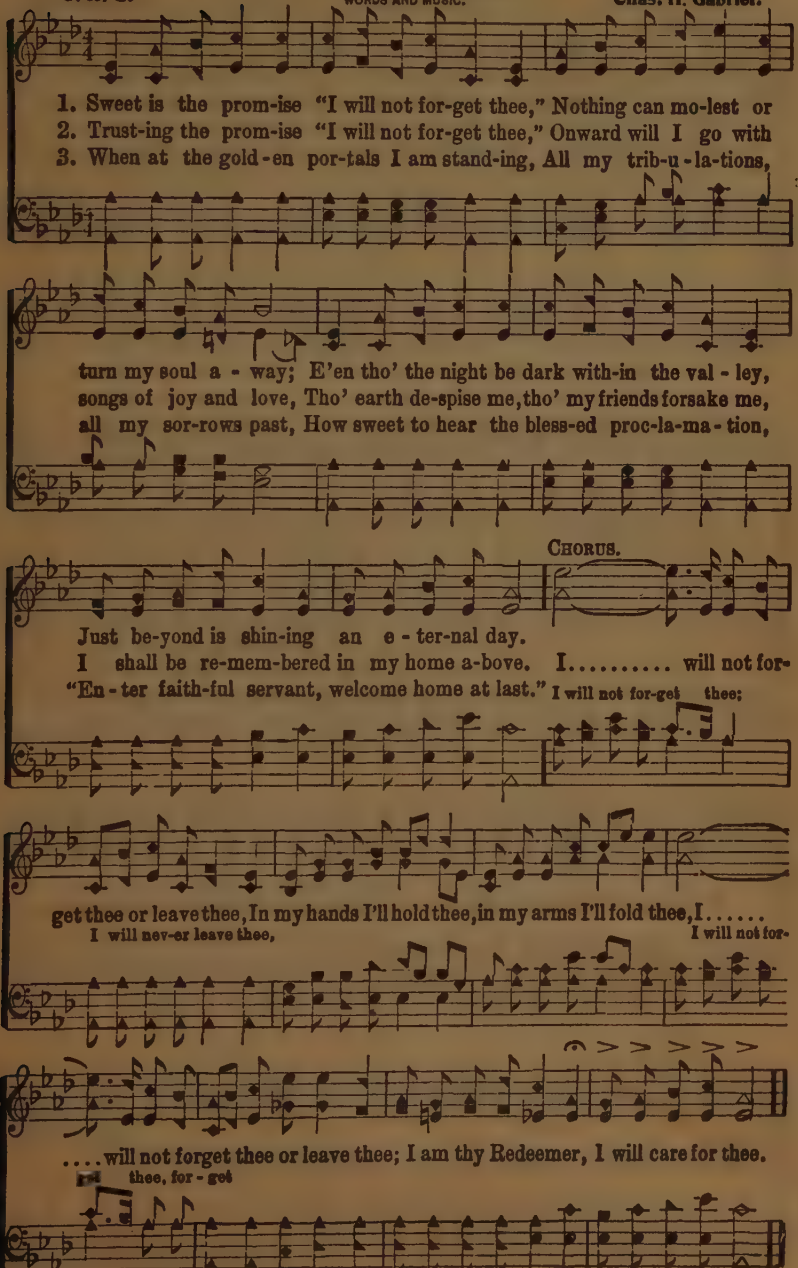
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant country And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's labor for me that no oth - er can do, A place I a - lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of harvest While I with the i-dlers stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing, He hath not revealed to me,
A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill be,
CHORUS.
May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in
Con-stant in heart and in
service, Earnest in all that I do; May I be faith-ful! Out in the
field may He find me, When He re - turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!

No. 16. I Will Not Forget Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Sweet is the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the prom-ise "I will not for-get thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am stand-ing, All my trib-u-la-tions,
turn my soul a - way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val - ley,
songs of joy and love, Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sor-rows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,
CHORUS.
Just be-yond is shin-ing an e - ter-nal day.
I shall be re-mem-bered in my home a-bove. I..... will not for-
"En - ter faith-ful servant, welcome home at last." I will not for-get thee;
get thee or leave thee, In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee, I.....
I will nev-er leave thee,
I will not for-
....will not forget thee or leave thee; I am thy Redeemer, I will care for thee.
thee, for - get

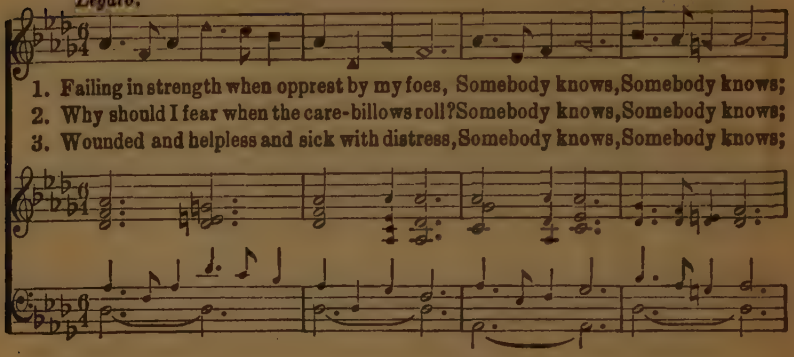
No. 17. Somebody Knows.

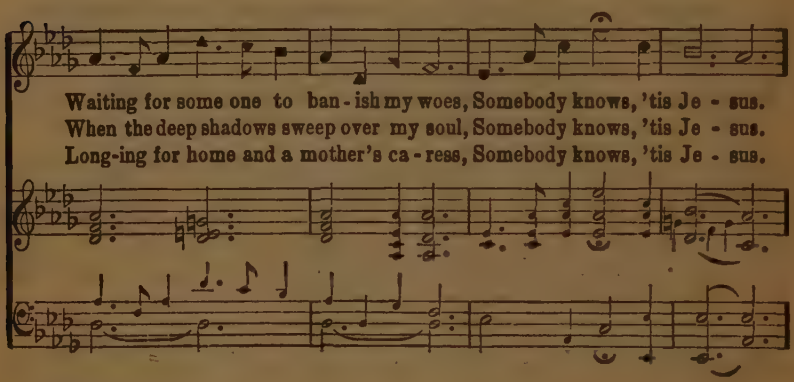
COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

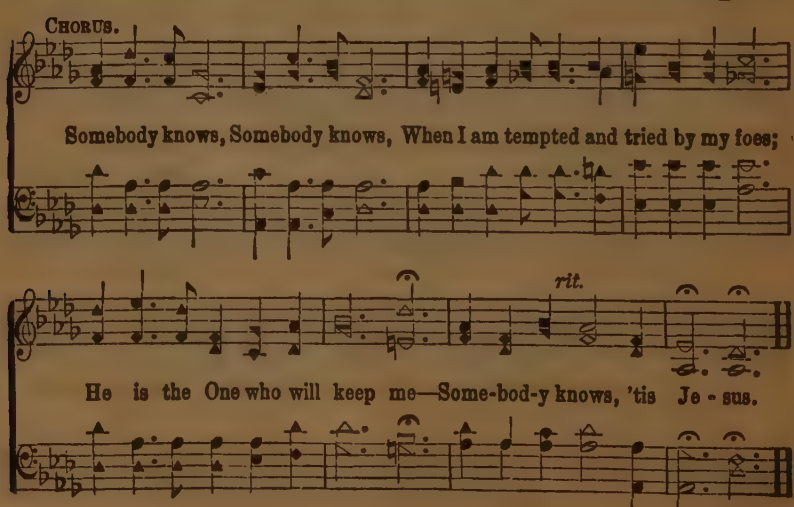
Alfred H. Ackley

B. D. Ackley.

Legato.


1. Failing in strength when oppress by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

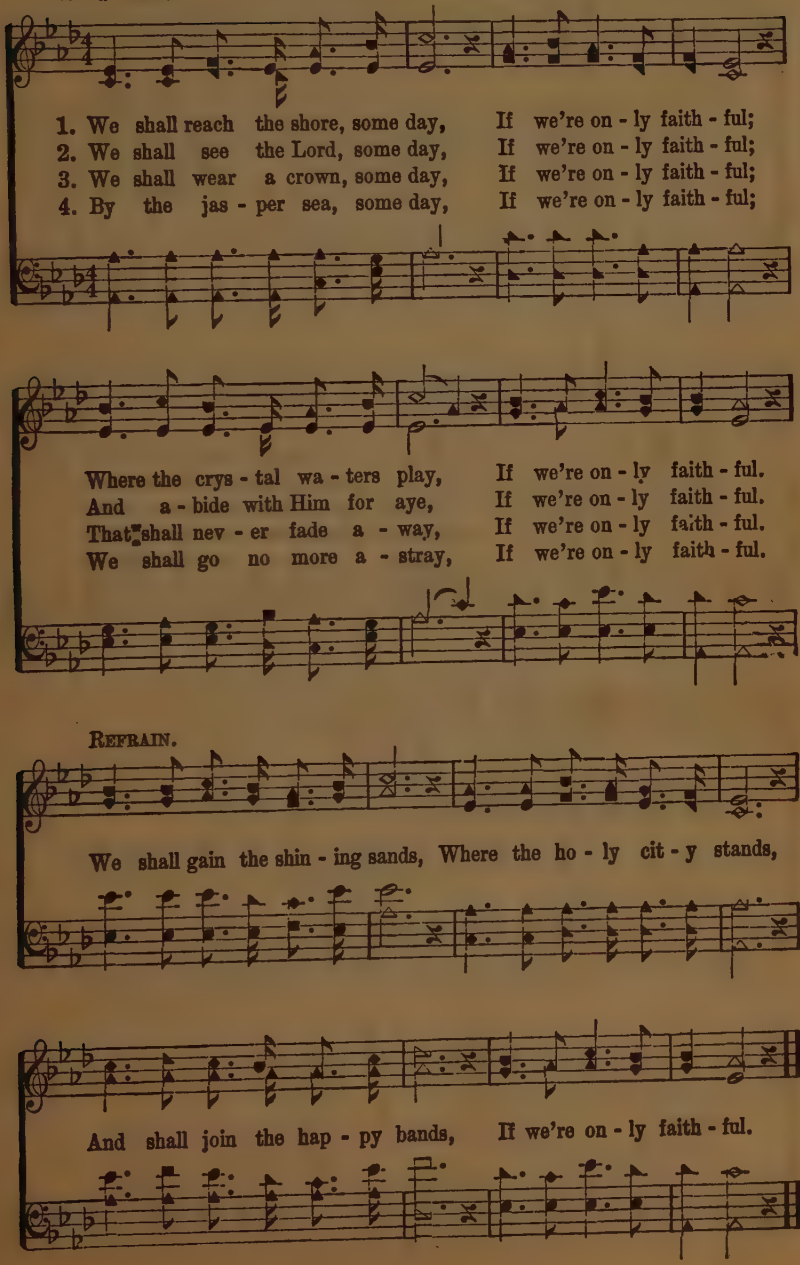

Waiting for some one to ban - ish my woes, Somebody knows, 'tis Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows, 'tis Je - sus.
Long-ing for home and a mother's ca - ress, Somebody knows, 'tis Je - sus.


CHORUS.
Somebody knows, Somebody knows, When I am tempted and tried by my foes;
rit.
He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows, 'tis Je - sus.

No. 18. If We're Only Faithful.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

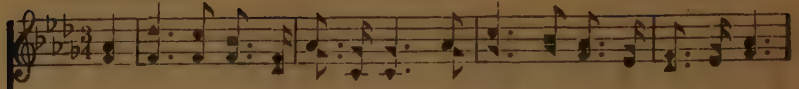
E. R. Latta. J. M. Showalter.


1. We shall reach the shore, some day, If we're on - ly faith - ful;
2. We shall see the Lord, some day, If we're on - ly faith - ful;
3. We shall wear a crown, some day, If we're on - ly faith - ful;
4. By the jas - per sea, some day, If we're on - ly faith - ful;
Where the crys - tal wa - ters play, If we're on - ly faith - ful.
And a - bide with Him for aye, If we're on - ly faith - ful.
That shall nev - er fade a - way, If we're on - ly faith - ful.
We shall go no more a - stray, If we're on - ly faith - ful.
REFRAIN.
We shall gain the shin - ing sands, Where the ho - ly cit - y stands,
And shall join the hap - py bands, If we're on - ly faith - ful.

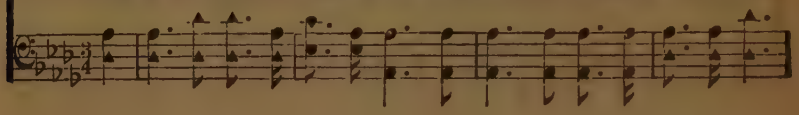
No. 19. My Father Knows.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

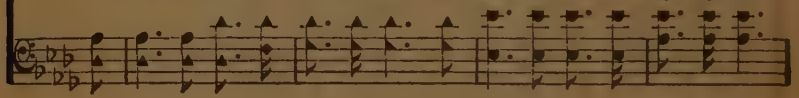
S. M. I. Henry. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.



1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,



But He can drive the clouds a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di - vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,



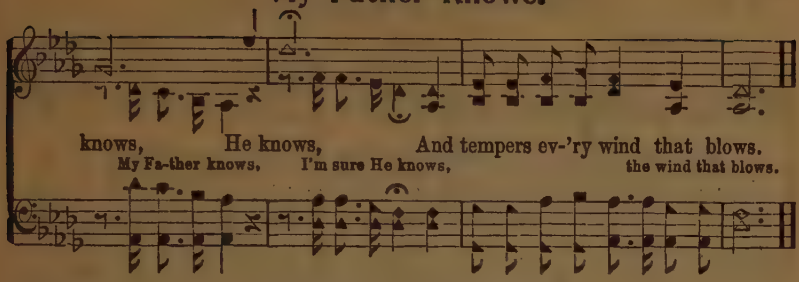
REFRAIN.

And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
He heals this wound - ed soul of mine.
Up - hold and keep me to the end.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

He knows, He
My Fa - ther knows.

knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;

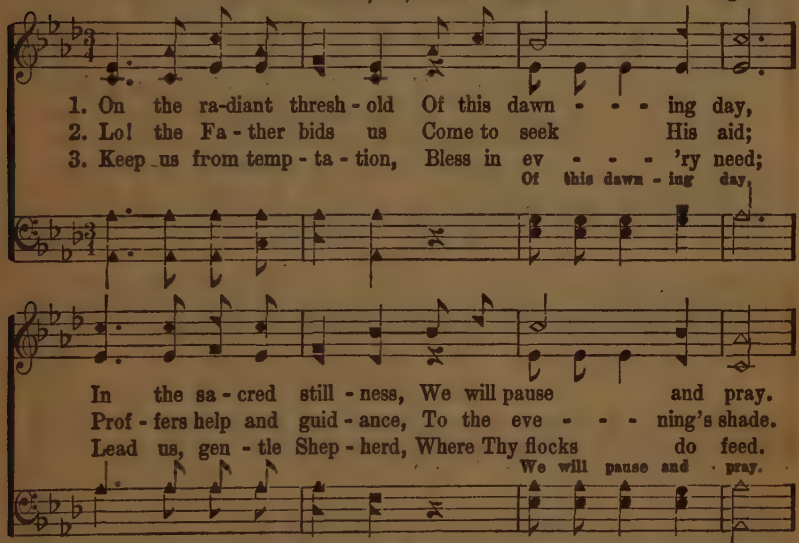
My Father Knows.



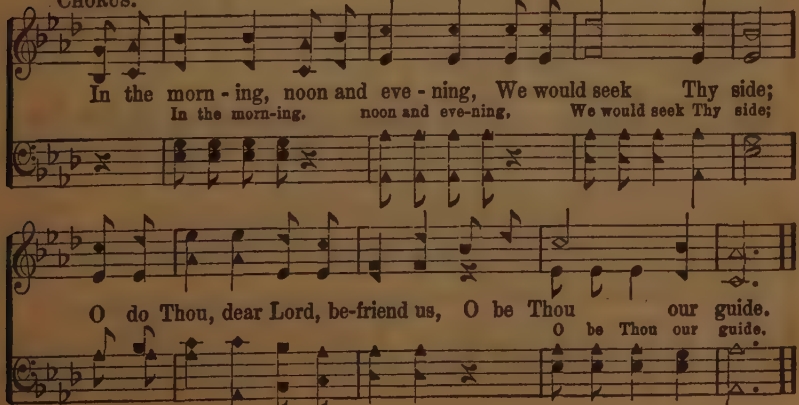
No. 20. Be Thou Our Guide.

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. SALLIE K. HOLSINGER

Albert Cassel Wieand. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY GEO. B. HOLSINGER. Geo. B. Holsinger.

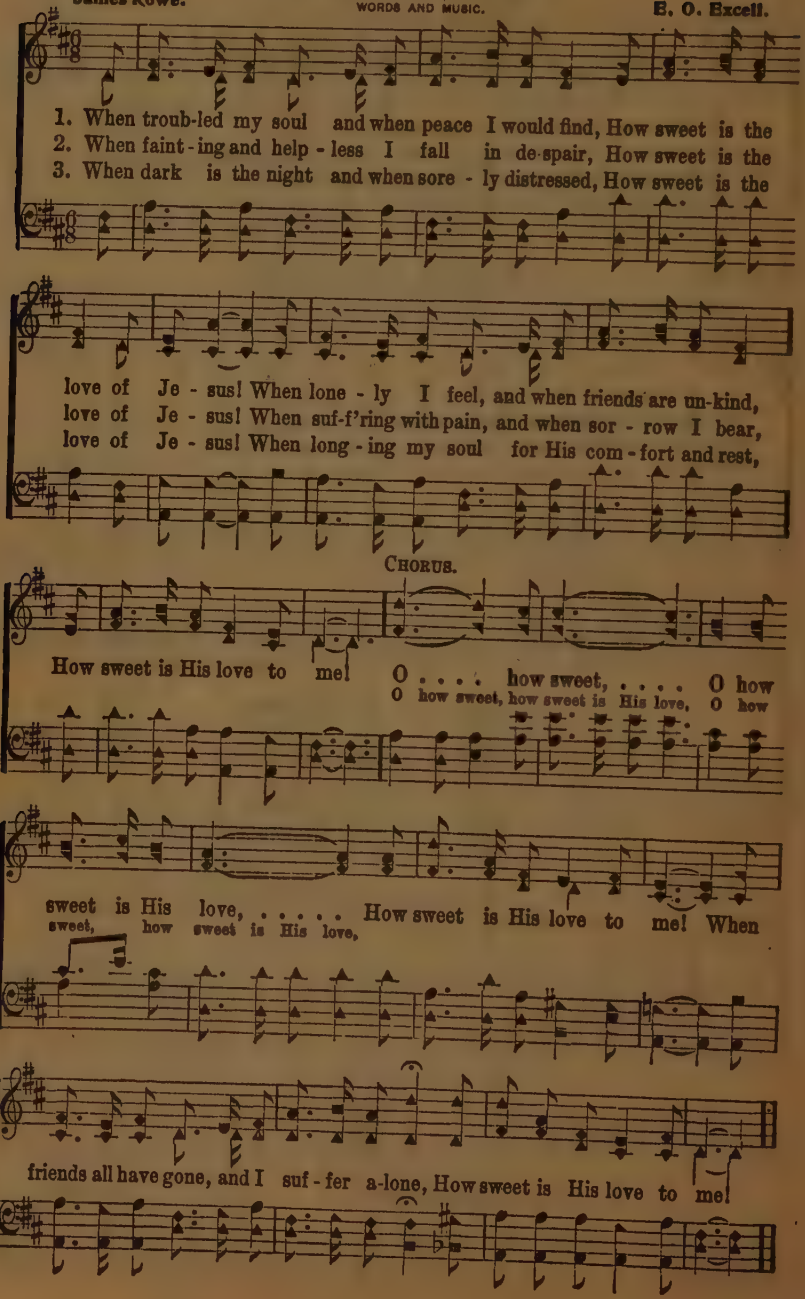

1. On the ra-diant thresh - old Of this dawn - - - ing day,
2. Lo! the Fa - ther bids us Come to seek His aid;
3. Keep us from temp - ta - tion, Bless in ev - - - 'ry need;
Of this dawn - ing day.
In the sa - cred still - ness, We will pause and pray.
Prof - fers help and guid - ance, To the eve - - - ning's shade.
Lead us, gen - tle Shep - herd, Where Thy flocks do feed.
We will pause and pray.

CHORUS.


In the morn - ing, noon and eve - ning, We would seek Thy side;
In the morn-ing. noon and eve-ning, We would seek Thy side;
O do Thou, dear Lord, be-friend us, O be Thou our guide.
O be Thou our guide.

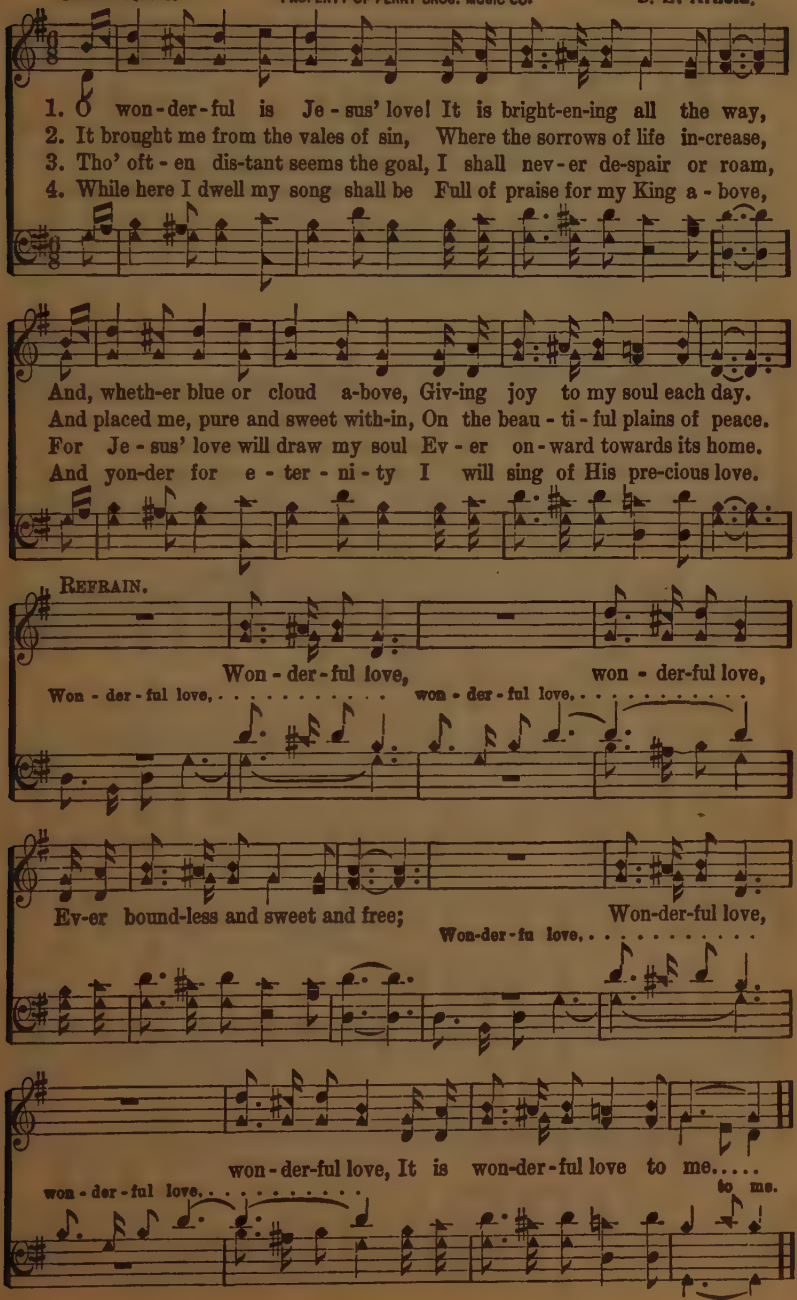
No. 21. How Sweet is His Love.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. When troub-led my soul and when peace I would find, How sweet is the
2. When faint-ing and help-less I fall in de-spair, How sweet is the
3. When dark is the night and when sore-ly distressed, How sweet is the
love of Je-sus! When lone-ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind,
love of Je-sus! When suf-f'ring with pain, and when sor-row I bear,
love of Je-sus! When long-ing my soul for His com-fort and rest,
CHORUS.
How sweet is His love to me! O . . . . how sweet, ... O how
O how sweet, how sweet is His love, O how
sweet is His love, ... How sweet is His love to me! When
sweet, how sweet is His love,
friends all have gone, and I suf-fer a-lone, How sweet is His love to me!

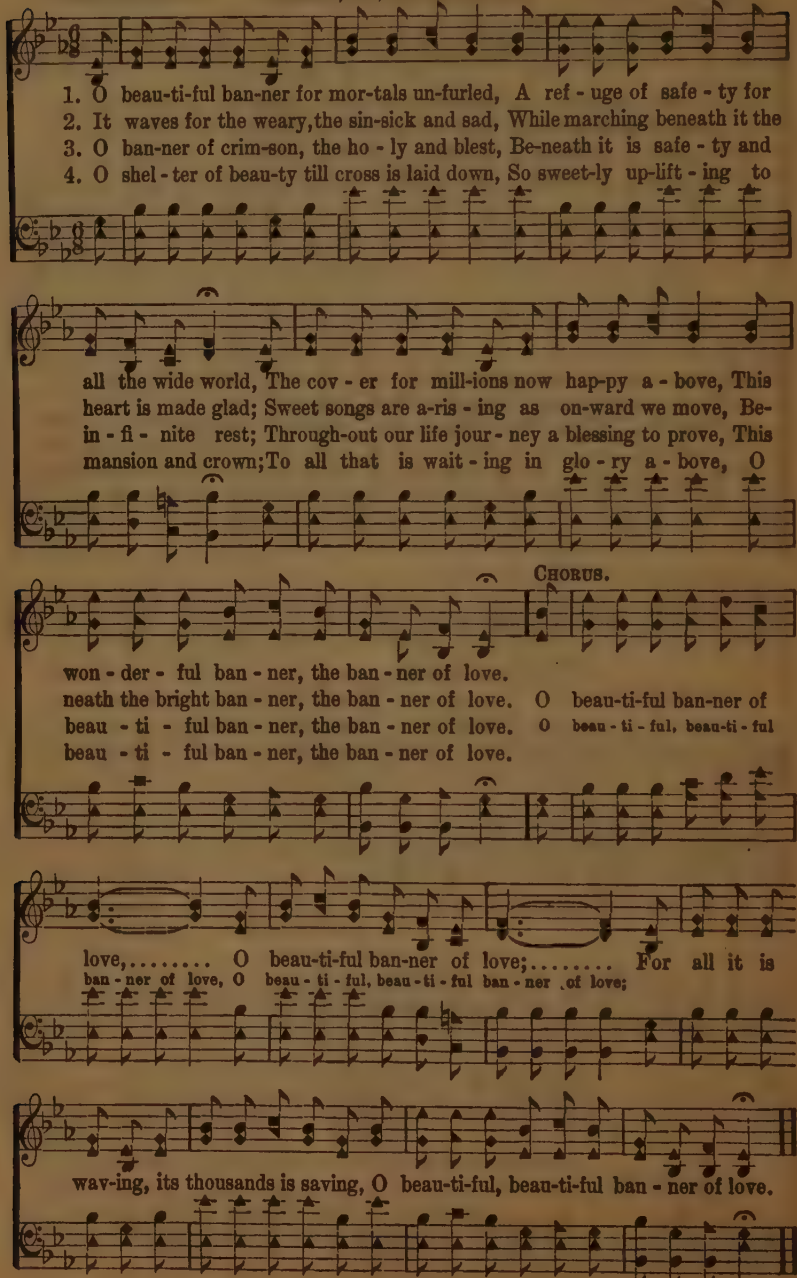
No. 22. It is Wonderful Love to Me.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. S. E. Arnold.


1. O won-der-ful is Je-sus' love! It is bright-en-ing all the way,
2. It brought me from the vales of sin, Where the sorrows of life in-crease,
3. Tho' oft-en dis-tant seems the goal, I shall nev-er de-spair or roam,
4. While here I dwell my song shall be Full of praise for my King a-bove,
And, wheth-er blue or cloud a-bove, Giv-ing joy to my soul each day.
And placed me, pure and sweet with-in, On the beau-ti-ful plains of peace.
For Je-sus' love will draw my soul Ev-er on-ward towards its home.
And yon-der for e-ter-ni-ty I will sing of His pre-cious love.
REFRAIN.
Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love,
Won-der-ful love,
won-der-ful love,
Ev-er bound-less and sweet and free;
Won-der-ful love,
Won-der-fu love,
won-der-ful love, It is won-der-ful love to me.....
won-der-ful love,
to me.

No. 23. The Beautiful Banner of Love.

Harriet E. Jones. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JAMES D. VAUGHAN. James D. Vaughan.


1. O beau-ti-ful ban-ner for mor-tals un-furled, A ref - uge of safe - ty for
2. It waves for the weary, the sin-sick and sad, While marching beneath it the
3. O ban-ner of crim-son, the ho - ly and blest, Be-neath it is safe - ty and
4. O shel - ter of beau-ty till cross is laid down, So sweet-ly up-lift - ing to
all the wide world, The cov - er for mill-ions now hap-py a - bove, This
heart is made glad; Sweet songs are a-ris - ing as on-ward we move, Be-
in - fi - nite rest; Through-out our life jour - ney a blessing to prove, This
mansion and crown; To all that is wait - ing in glo - ry a - bove, O
Chorus.
won - der - ful ban - ner, the ban - ner of love.
neath the bright ban - ner, the ban - ner of love. O beau-ti-ful ban-ner of
beau - ti - ful ban - ner, the ban - ner of love. O beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful
beau - ti - ful ban - ner, the ban - ner of love.
love,..... O beau-ti-ful ban-ner of love;..... For all it is
ban - ner of love, O beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful ban - ner of love;
wav-ing, its thousands is saving, O beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful ban - ner of love.

No. 24. Whom Having Not Seen, I Love.

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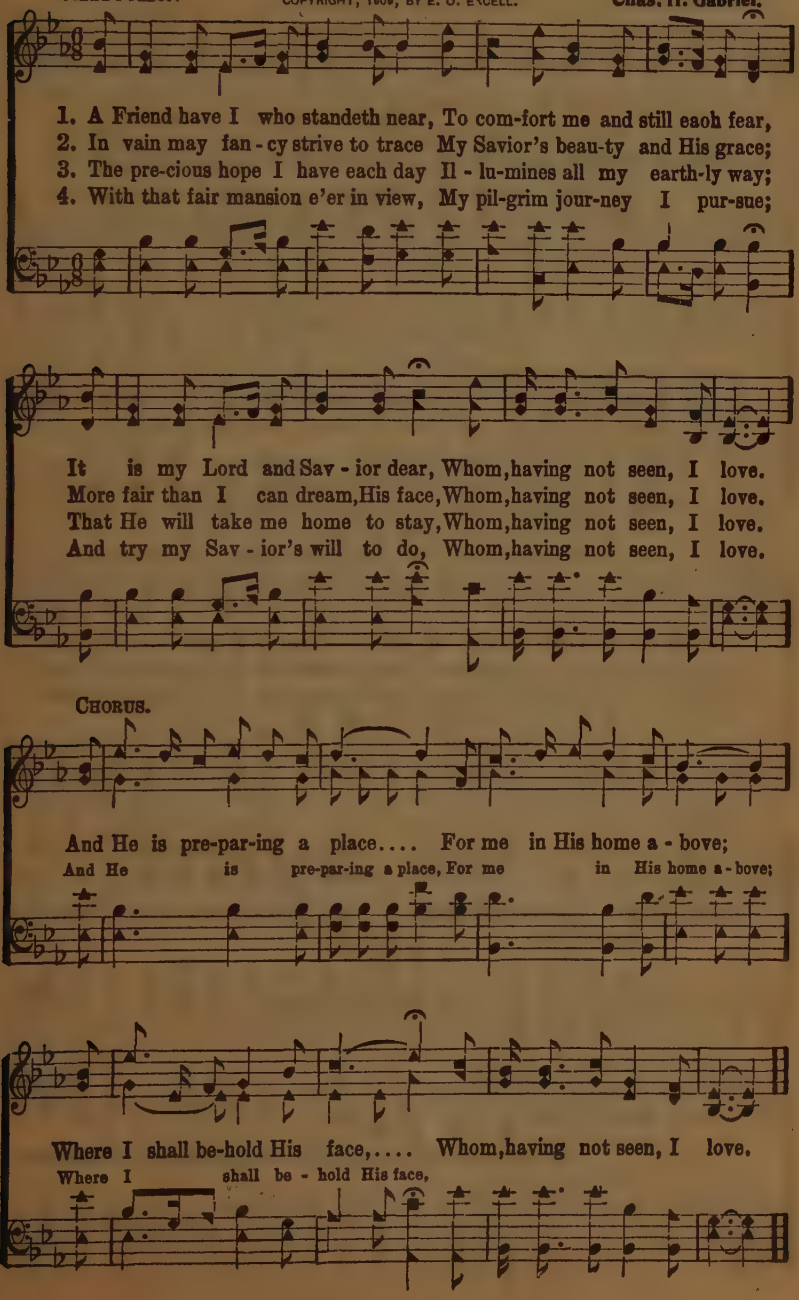
Maud Frazer. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear,
2. In vain may fan-cy strive to trace My Savior's beau-ty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il-lu-mines all my earth-ly way;
4. With that fair mansion e'er in view, My pil-grim jour-ney I pur-sue;
It is my Lord and Sav-ior dear, Whom, having not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, having not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, having not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, having not seen, I love.
CHORUS.
And He is pre-par-ing a place.... For me in His home a-bove;
And He is pre-par-ing a place, For me in His home a-bove;
Where I shall be-hold His face,.... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I shall be-hold His face,

No. 25. What a Blessing is His Love!

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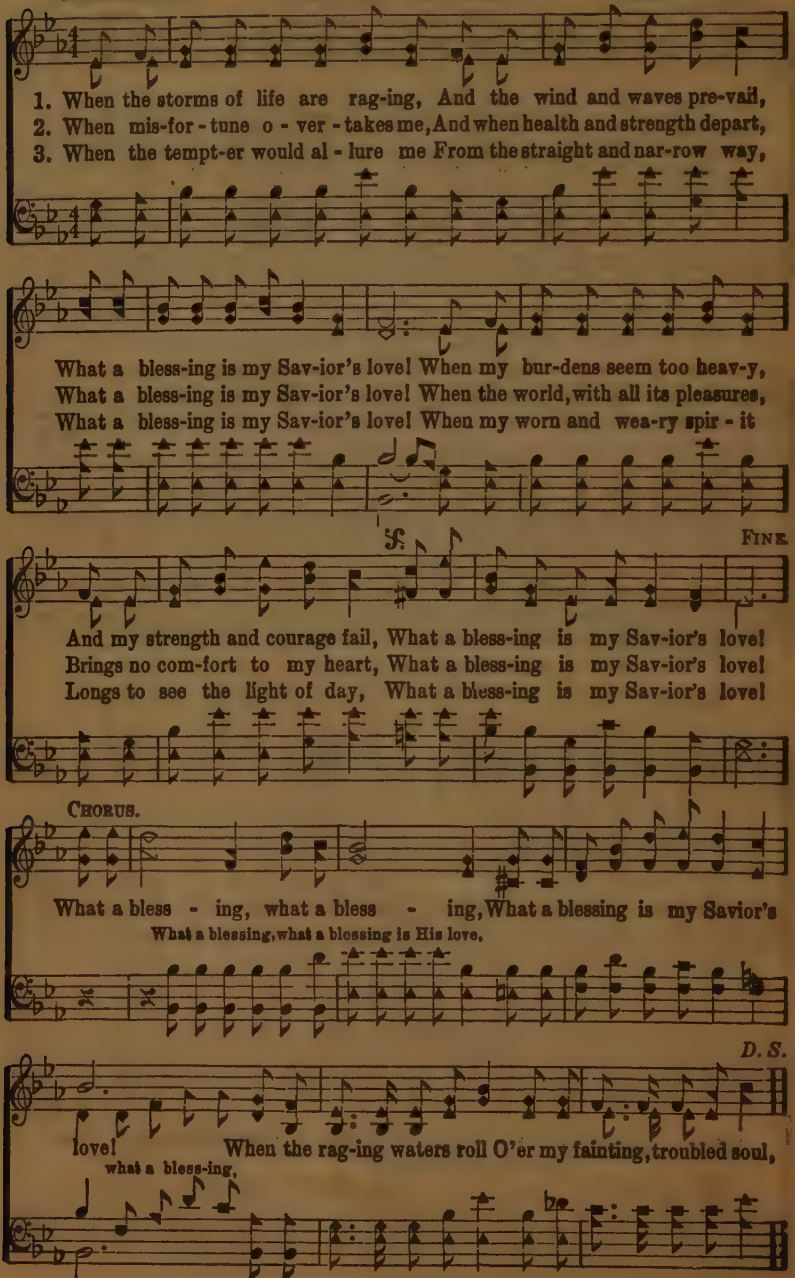
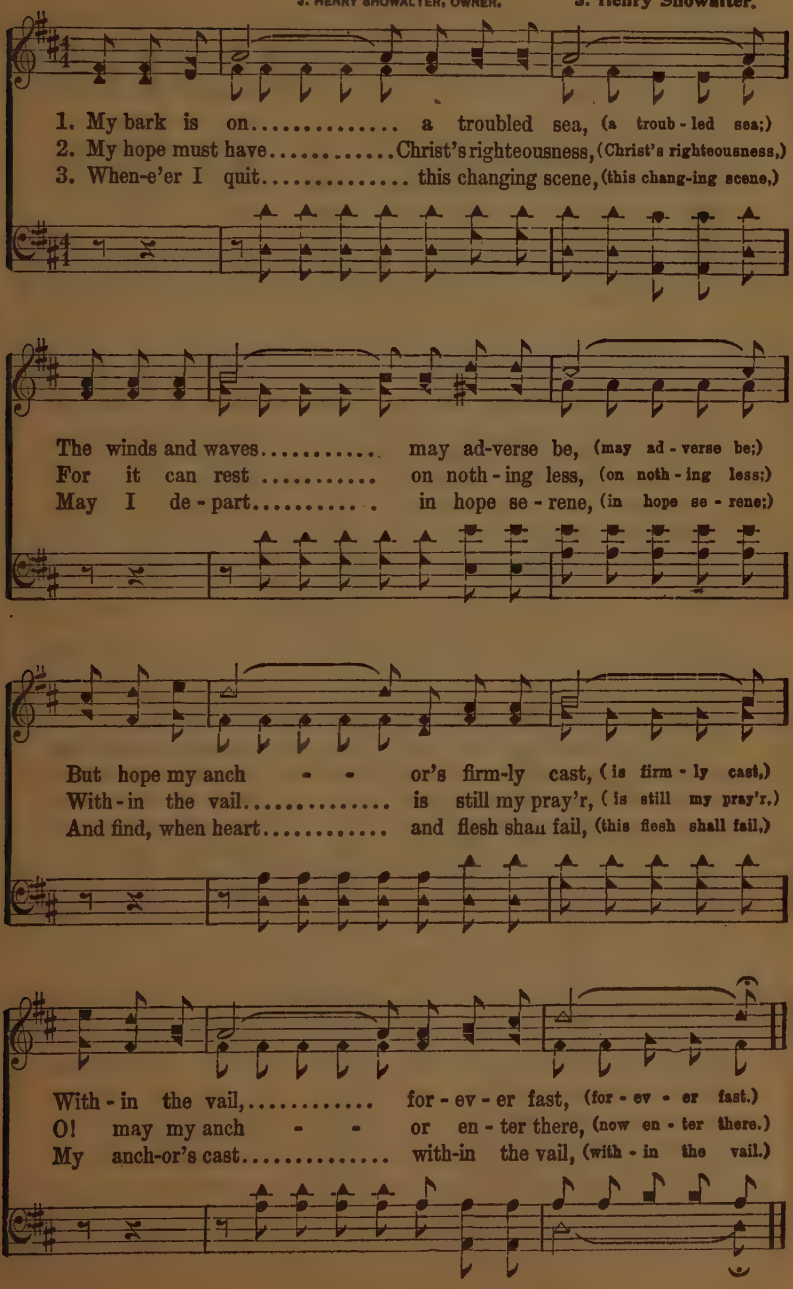
James Rowe. Ira B. Wilson.


1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, And the wind and waves pre-vail,
2. When mis-for-tune o-ver-takes me, And when health and strength depart,
3. When the tempt-er would al-lure me From the straight and nar-row way,
What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love! When my bur-dens seem too heav-y,
What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love! When the world, with all its pleasures,
What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love! When my worn and wea-ry spir-it
F.
FINE.
And my strength and courage fail, What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love!
Brings no com-fort to my heart, What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love!
Longs to see the light of day, What a bless-ing is my Sav-ior's love!
CHORUS.
What a bless-ing, what a bless-ing, What a blessing is my Savior's
What a blessing, what a blessing is His love.
D. S.
love! When the rag-ing waters roll O'er my fainting, troubled soul,
what a bless-ing,

No, 26. Hope Enters Within the Vail.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. My bark is on..... a troubled sea, (a troub - led sea;)
2. My hope must have.....Christ's righteousness, (Christ's righteousness,)
3. When-e'er I quit..... this changing scene, (this chang-ing scene,)
The winds and waves..... may ad-verse be, (may ad - verse be;)
For it can rest ..... on noth - ing less, (on noth - ing less;)
May I de - part..... in hope se - rene, (in hope se - rene;)
But hope my anch - - or's firm-ly cast, (is firm - ly cast,)
With - in the vail..... is still my pray'r, (is still my pray'r,)
And find, when heart..... and flesh shall fail, (this flesh shall fail,)
With - in the vail,..... for - ev - er fast, (for - ev - er fast.)
O! may my anch - - or en - ter there, (now en - ter there.)
My anch-or's cast..... with-in the vail, (with - in the vail.)

No. 27. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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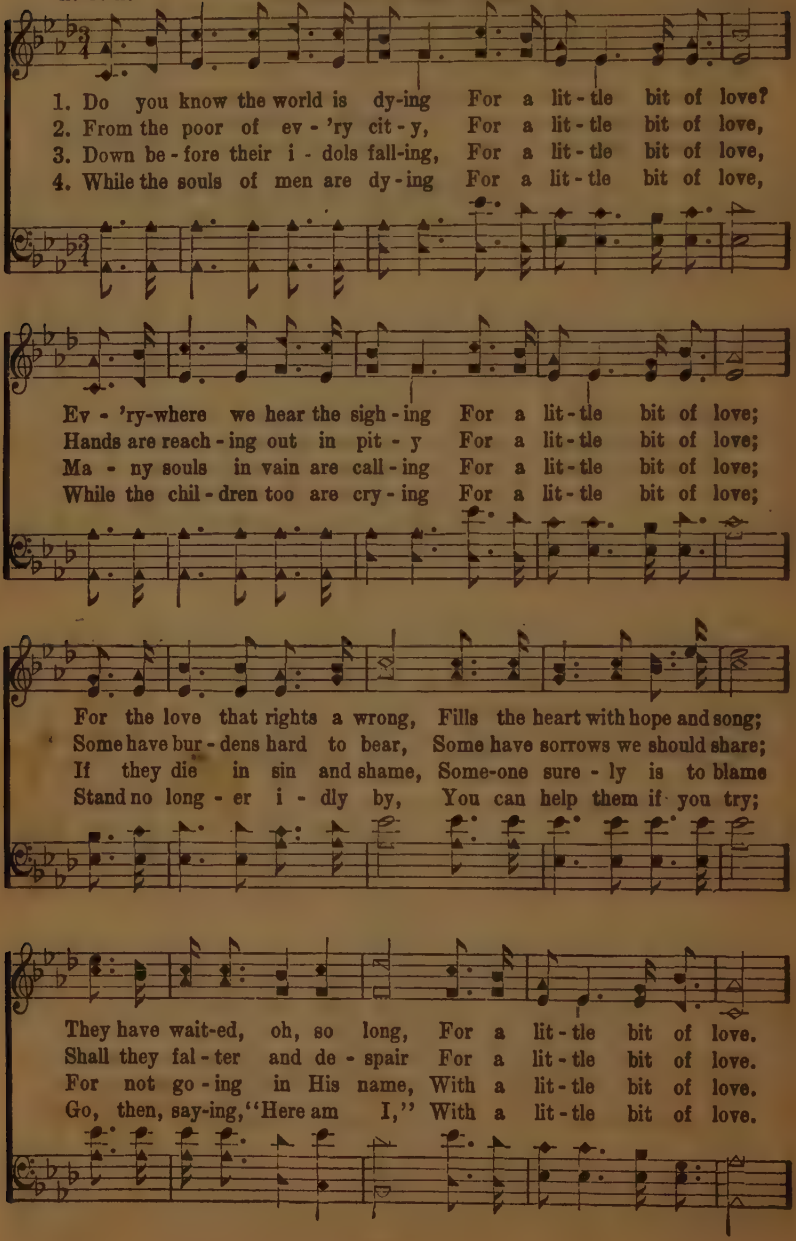
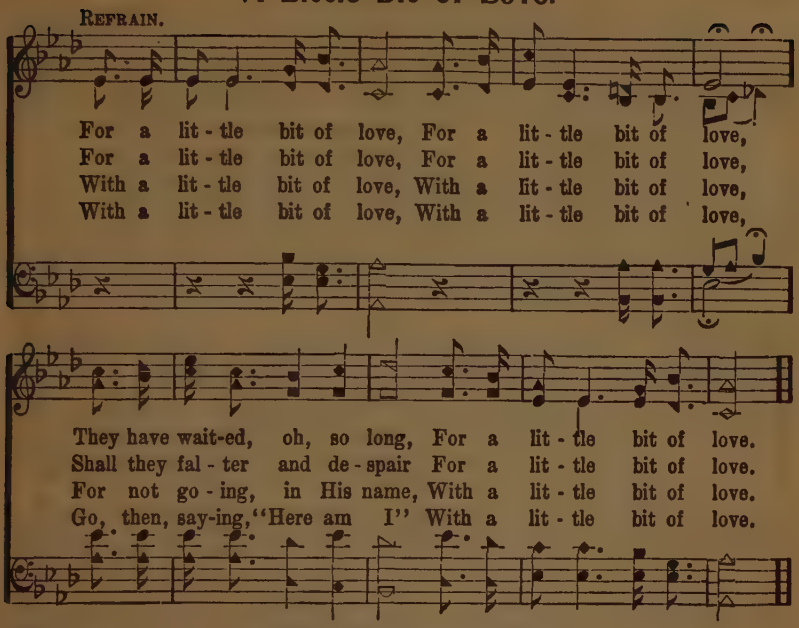
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

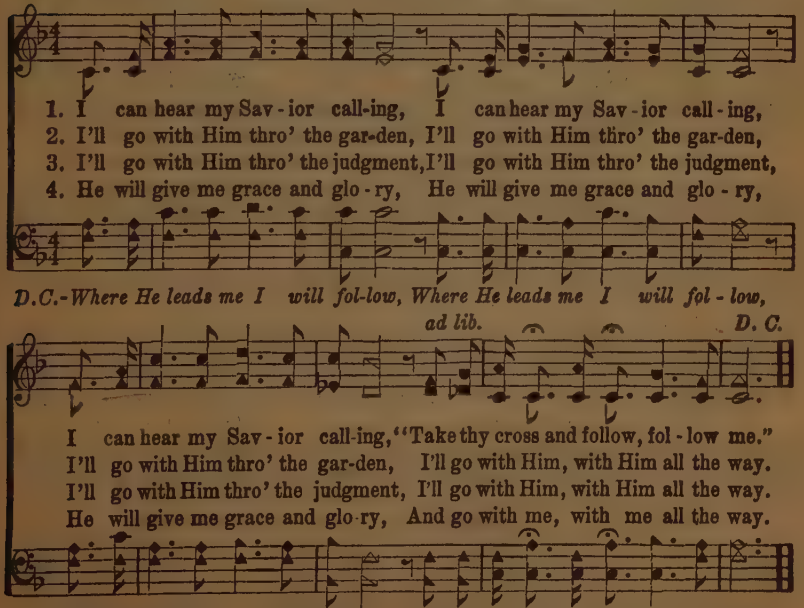

1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,
Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;
They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

A Little Bit of Love.


Refrain.
For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
For a lit - tle bit of love, For a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
With a lit - tle bit of love, With a lit - tle bit of love,
They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit - tle bit of love.
Shall they fal - ter and de - spair For a lit - tle bit of love.
For not go - ing, in His name, With a lit - tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I" With a lit - tle bit of love.

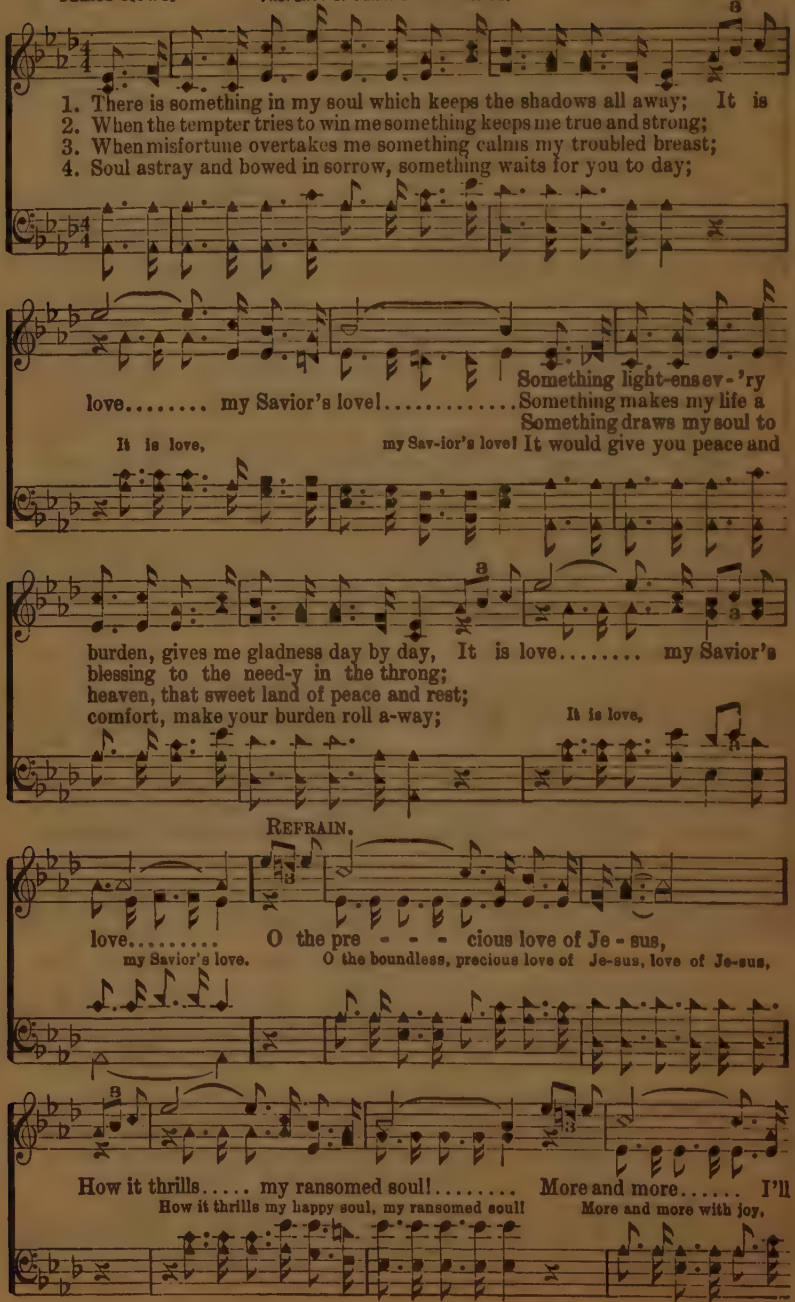
No. 28. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PER. J. S. Norris.

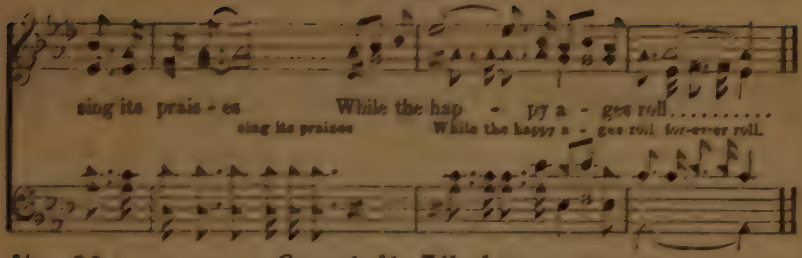

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.
D. C.
I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 29. It Is Love.

James Rowe. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. R. Edwin Perry.


1. There is something in my soul which keeps the shadows all away; It is
2. When the tempter tries to win me something keeps me true and strong;
3. When misfortune overtakes me something calms my troubled breast;
4. Soul astray and bowed in sorrow, something waits for you to day;
love..... my Savior's love!.....
Something light-ens ev-'ry
Something makes my life a
Something draws my soul to
It is love,
my Sav-ior's love! It would give you peace and
burden, gives me gladness day by day, It is love..... my Savior's
blessing to the need-y in the throng;
heaven, that sweet land of peace and rest;
comfort, make your burden roll a-way;
It is love,
REFRAIN.
love.....
my Savior's love.
O the pre - - - cious love of Je - sus,
O the boundless, precious love of Je-sus, love of Je-sus,
How it thrills..... my ransomed soul!.....
How it thrills my happy soul, my ransomed soul!
More and more.....
More and more with joy,
I'll

It is Love.



No. 30. Count It All Joy.

Jennie Wilson.

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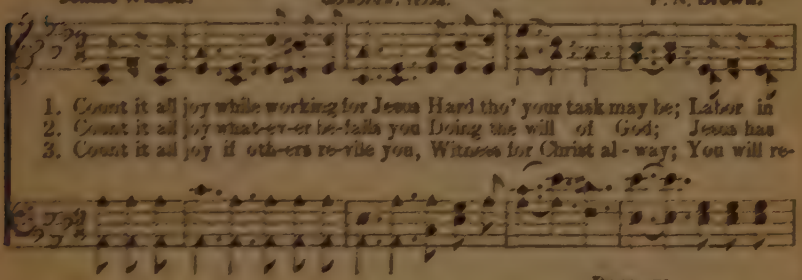
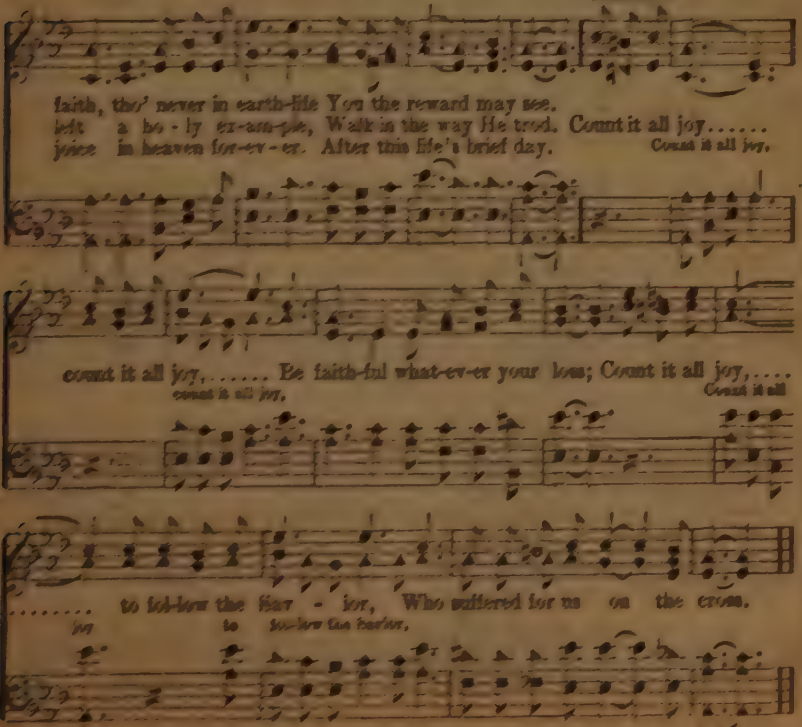
F. N. Brown.

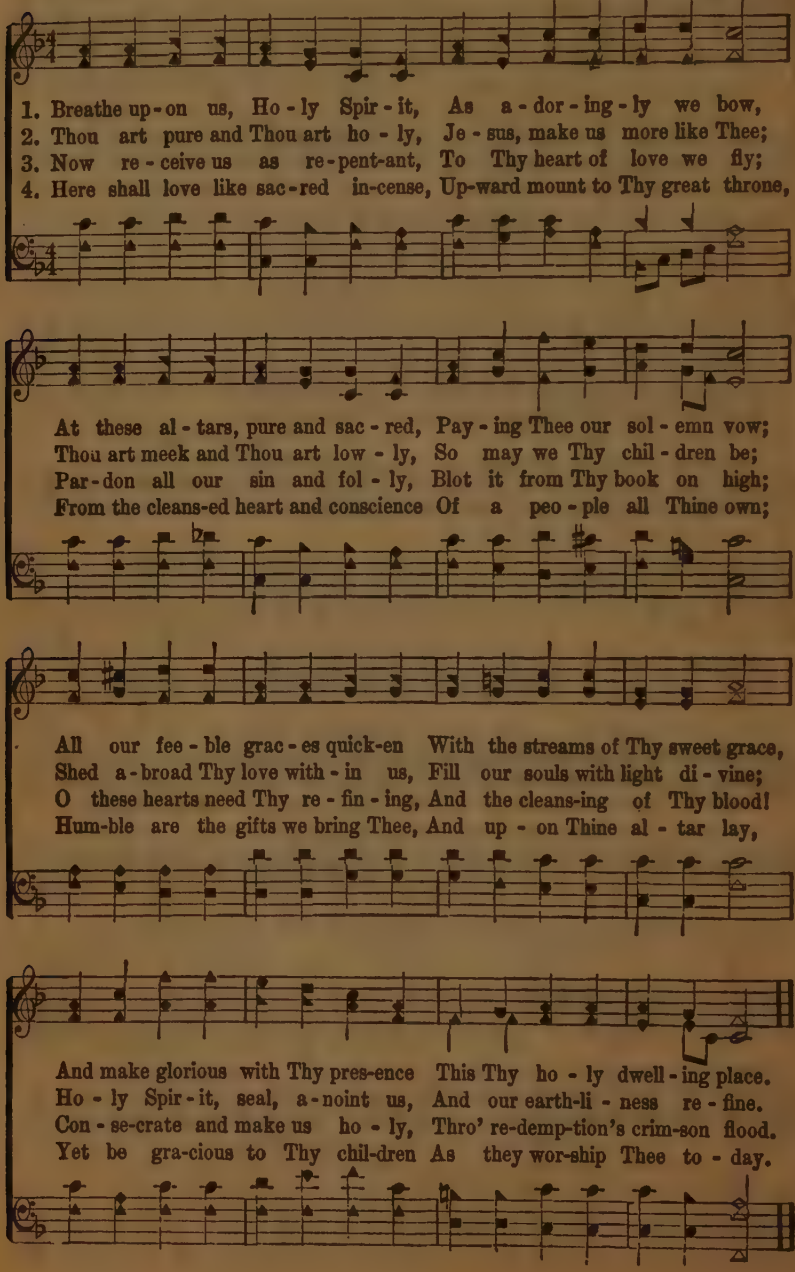

1. Count it all joy while working for Jesus Hard tho' your task may be; Labor in
2. Count it all joy what-ev-er be-falls you Doing the will of God; Jesus has
3. Count it all joy if oth-ers re-vile you, Witness for Christ al - way; You will re-

REFRAIN.


faith, tho' never in earth-life You the reward may see.
left a ho - ly ex-am-ple, Walk in the way He trod. Count it all joy.....
joice in heaven for-ev - er. After this life's brief day. Count it all joy.
count it all joy,..... Be faith-ful what-ev-er your loss; Count it all joy,....
count it all joy. Count it all
..... to fol-low the Sav - ior, Who suffered for us on the cross.
joy to follow the Savior.

No. 31. Breathe Upon Us, Holy Spirit.

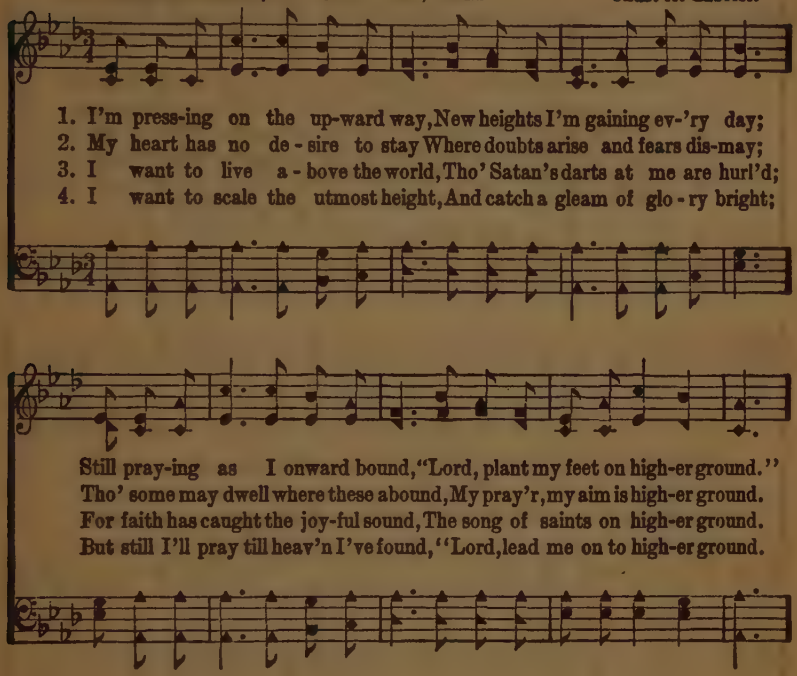
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY J. HENRY SHOWALTER. J. Henry Showalter.

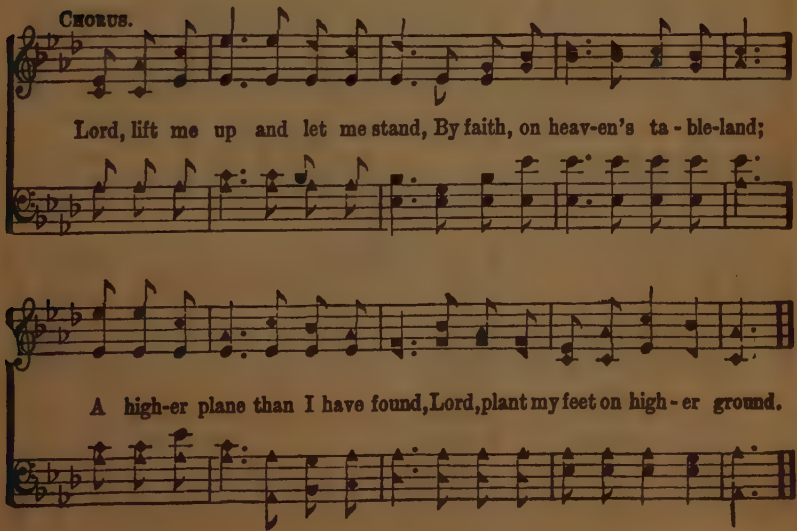

1. Breathe up-on us, Ho-ly Spir-it, As a-dor-ing-ly we bow,
2. Thou art pure and Thou art ho-ly, Je-sus, make us more like Thee;
3. Now re-ceive us as re-pent-ant, To Thy heart of love we fly;
4. Here shall love like sac-red in-cense, Up-ward mount to Thy great throne,
At these al-tars, pure and sac-red, Pay-ing Thee our sol-emn vow;
Thou art meek and Thou art low-ly, So may we Thy chil-dren be;
Par-don all our sin and fol-ly, Blot it from Thy book on high;
From the cleans-ed heart and conscience Of a peo-ple all Thine own;
All our fee-ble grac-es quick-en With the streams of Thy sweet grace,
Shed a-broad Thy love with-in us, Fill our souls with light di-vine;
O these hearts need Thy re-fin-ing, And the cleans-ing of Thy blood!
Hum-ble are the gifts we bring Thee, And up-on Thine al-tar lay,
And make glorious with Thy pres-ence This Thy ho-ly dwell-ing place.
Ho-ly Spir-it, seal, a-noint us, And our earth-li-ness re-fine.
Con-se-crate and make us ho-ly, Thro' re-demp-tion's crim-son flood.
Yet be gra-cious to Thy chil-dren As they wor-ship Thee to-day.

No. 32. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

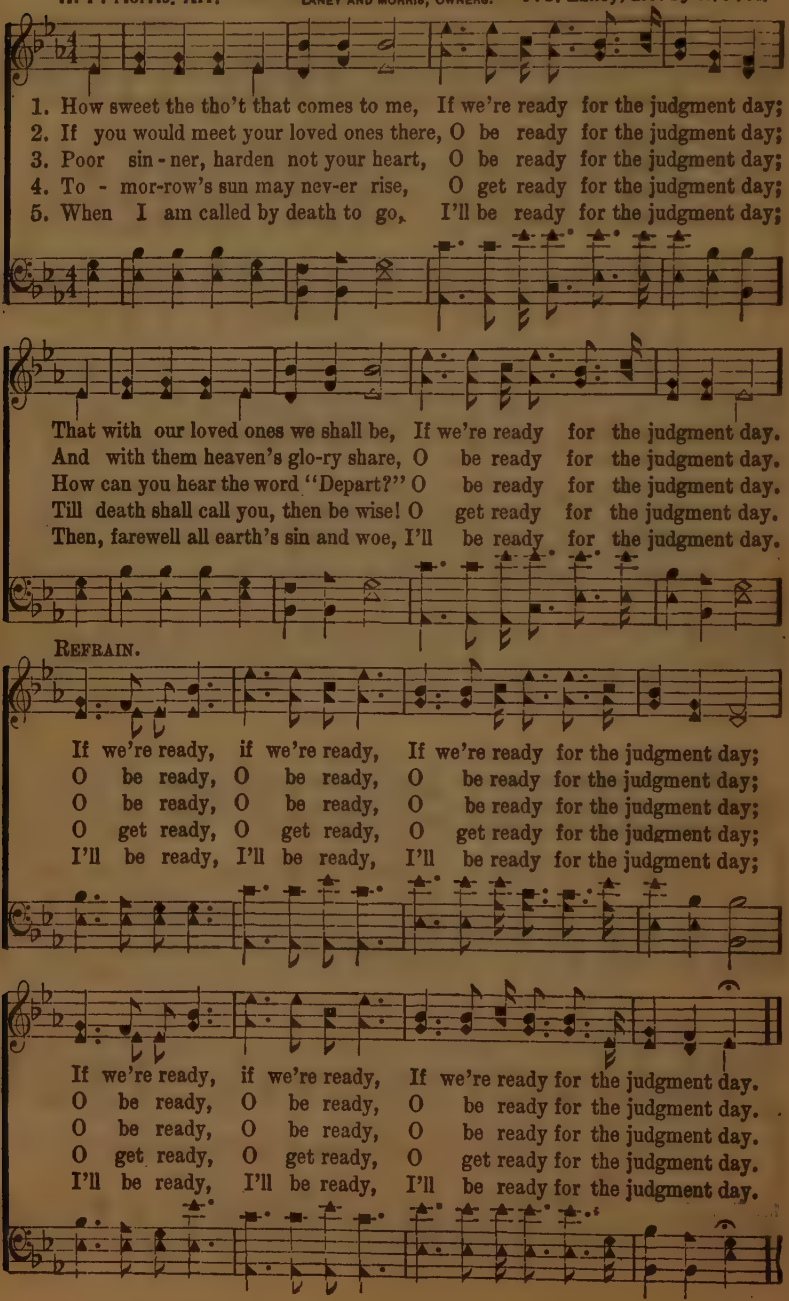
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. Chas. M. Gabriel.


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground.


Chorus.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.

No. 33. Ready for the Judgment Day.

H. F. Morris, Arr. LANEY AND MORRIS, OWNERS. T. J. Laney, arr. by H. F. M.


1. How sweet the tho't that comes to me, If we're ready for the judgment day;
2. If you would meet your loved ones there, O be ready for the judgment day;
3. Poor sin-ner, harden not your heart, O be ready for the judgment day;
4. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, O get ready for the judgment day;
5. When I am called by death to go, I'll be ready for the judgment day;
That with our loved ones we shall be, If we're ready for the judgment day.
And with them heaven's glo-ry share, O be ready for the judgment day.
How can you hear the word "Depart?" O be ready for the judgment day.
Till death shall call you, then be wise! O get ready for the judgment day.
Then, farewell all earth's sin and woe, I'll be ready for the judgment day.
REFRAIN.
If we're ready, if we're ready, If we're ready for the judgment day;
O be ready, O be ready, O be ready for the judgment day;
O be ready, O be ready, O be ready for the judgment day;
O get ready, O get ready, O get ready for the judgment day;
I'll be ready, I'll be ready, I'll be ready for the judgment day;
If we're ready, if we're ready, If we're ready for the judgment day.
O be ready, O be ready, O be ready for the judgment day.
O be ready, O be ready, O be ready for the judgment day.
O get ready, O get ready, O get ready for the judgment day.
I'll be ready, I'll be ready, I'll be ready for the judgment day.

No. 34. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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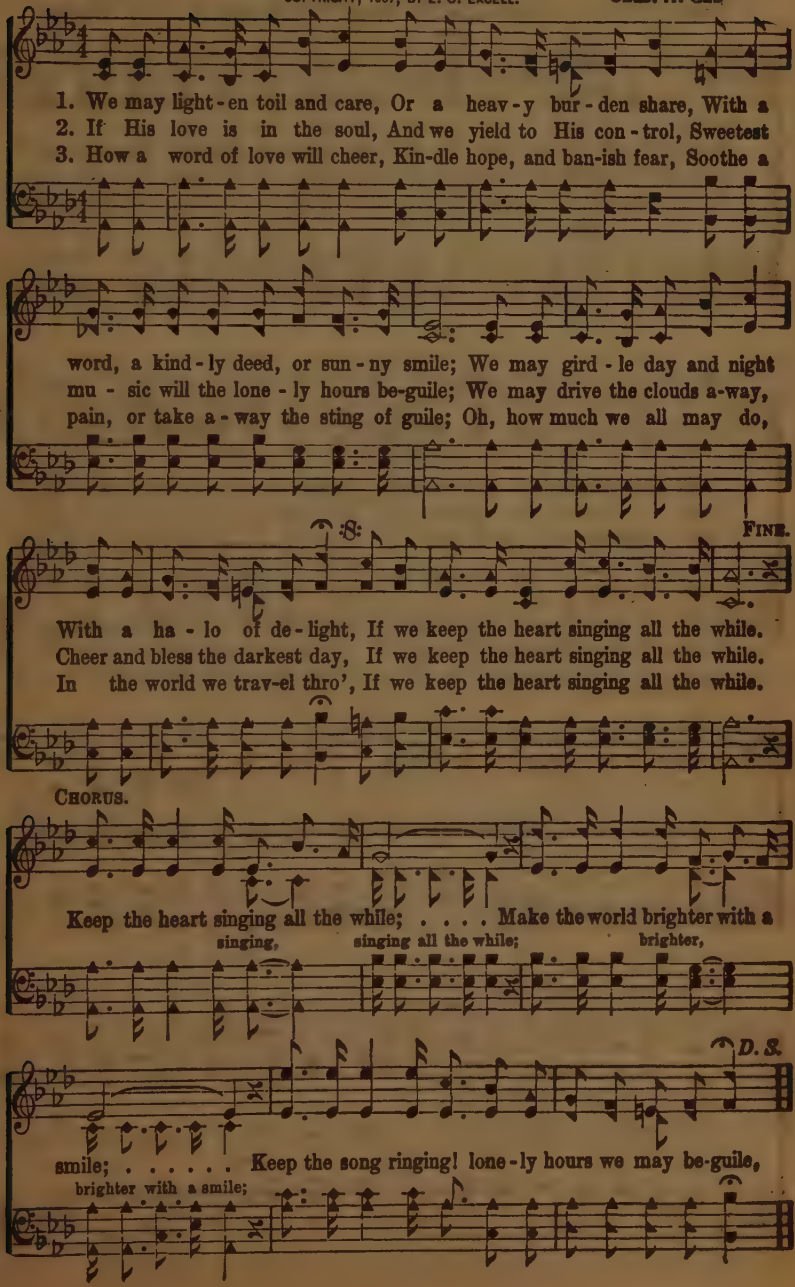
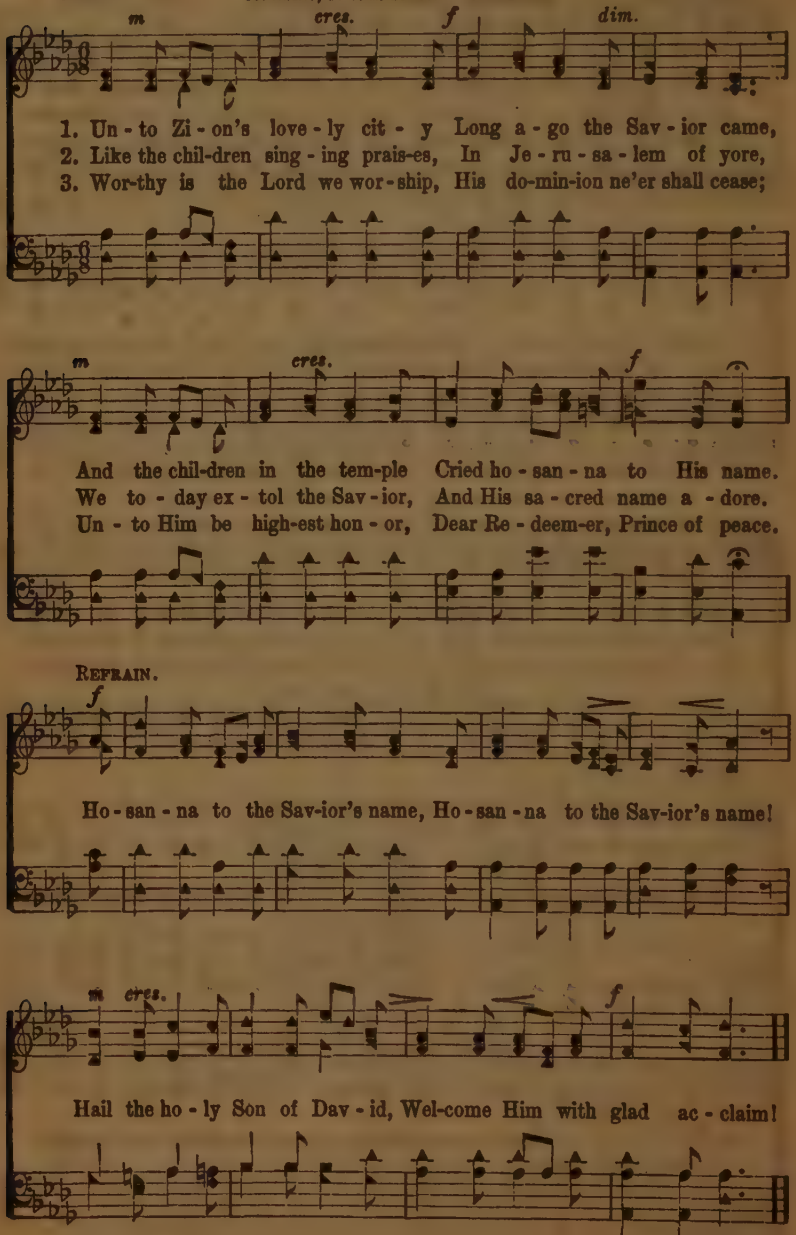
Chas. H. Gab


1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,
FINE.
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.
CHORUS.
Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a
singing,
singing all the while;
brighter,
D. S.
smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
brighter with a smile;

No. 35. Hosanna to the Savior's Name.

Hosanna to the Son of David.—Matt. 21: 9.

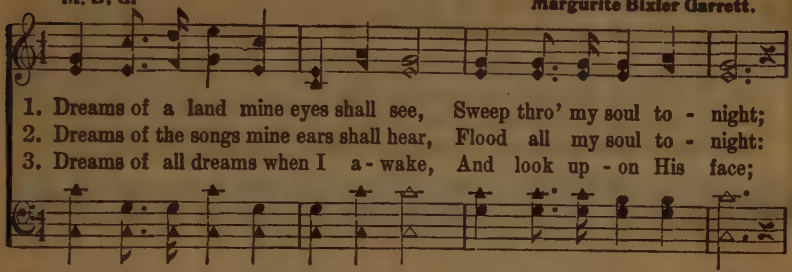
Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, BY T. M. BOWDISH. USED BY PER. T. M. Bowdish.

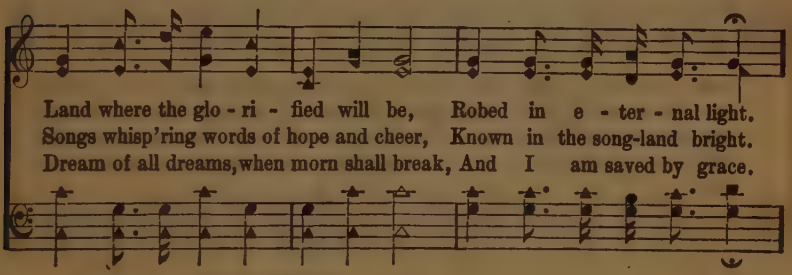

m
cres.
f
dim.
1. Un - to Zi - on's love - ly cit - y Long a - go the Sav - ior came,
2. Like the chil-dren sing - ing prais-es, In Je - ru - sa - lem of yore,
3. Wor-thy is the Lord we wor - ship, His do-min-ion ne'er shall cease;
m
cres.
f
And the chil-dren in the tem-ple Cried ho - san - na to His name.
We to - day ex - tol the Sav - ior, And His sa - cred name a - dore.
Un - to Him be high-est hon - or, Dear Re - deem-er, Prince of peace.
REFRAIN.
f
Ho - san - na to the Sav-ior's name, Ho - san - na to the Sav-ior's name!
m
cres.
f
Hail the ho - ly Son of Dav - id, Wel-come Him with glad ac - claim!

No. 36. Dreams.

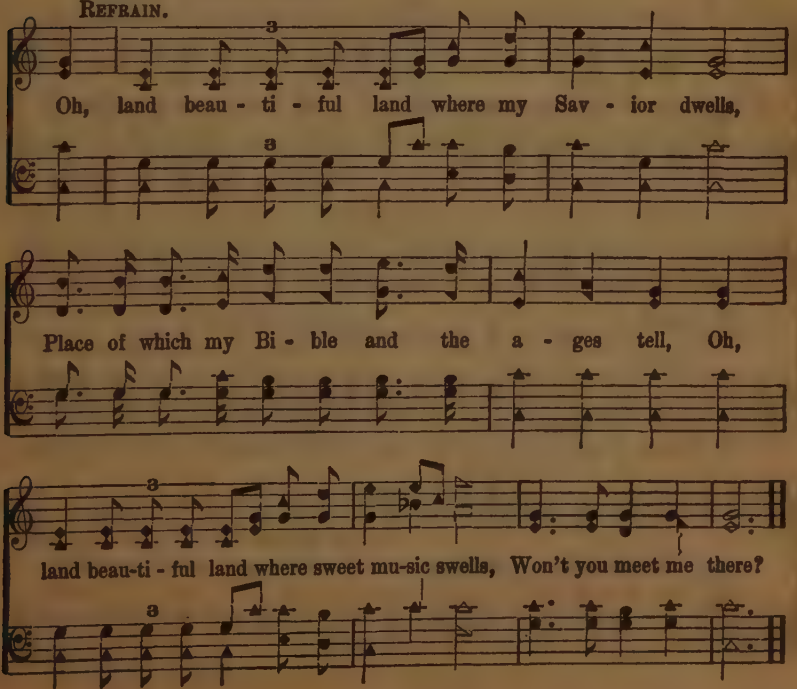
"Dreams" was suggested when I stood upon the summit of Mt. Tabor, of Galilee. The view from this isolated mountain is one of the finest in Palestine.
MARG. B. GARRETT, OWNER.

M. B. G. Margurite Bixler Garrett.


1. Dreams of a land mine eyes shall see, Sweep thro' my soul to - night;
2. Dreams of the songs mine ears shall hear, Flood all my soul to - night:
3. Dreams of all dreams when I a - wake, And look up - on His face;


Land where the glo - ri - fied will be, Robed in e - ter - nal light.
Songs whisp'ring words of hope and cheer, Known in the song-land bright.
Dream of all dreams, when morn shall break, And I am saved by grace.

REFRAIN.


Oh, land beau - ti - ful land where my Sav - ior dwells,
Place of which my Bi - ble and the a - ges tell, Oh,
land beau-ti - ful land where sweet mu-sic swells, Won't you meet me there?

No. 37. He is So Precious to Me.

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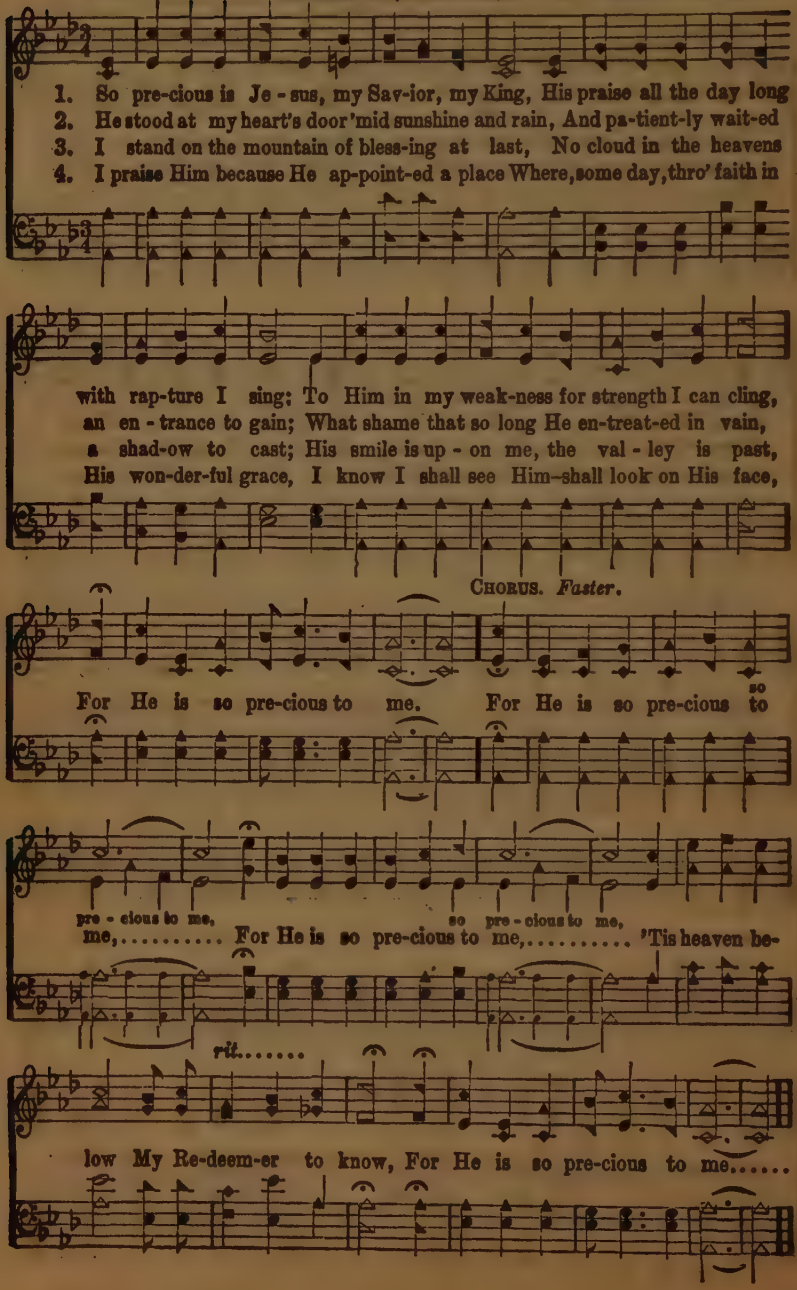
COPYRIGHT 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-ed
3. I stand on the mountain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heavens
4. I praise Him because He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in
with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en - trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
Chorus. Faster.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
so
pre - cious to me, so pre - cious to me,
me,..... For He is so pre-cious to me,..... 'Tis heaven be-
rit.....
low My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.....

No. 38. Growing Dearer Each Day.

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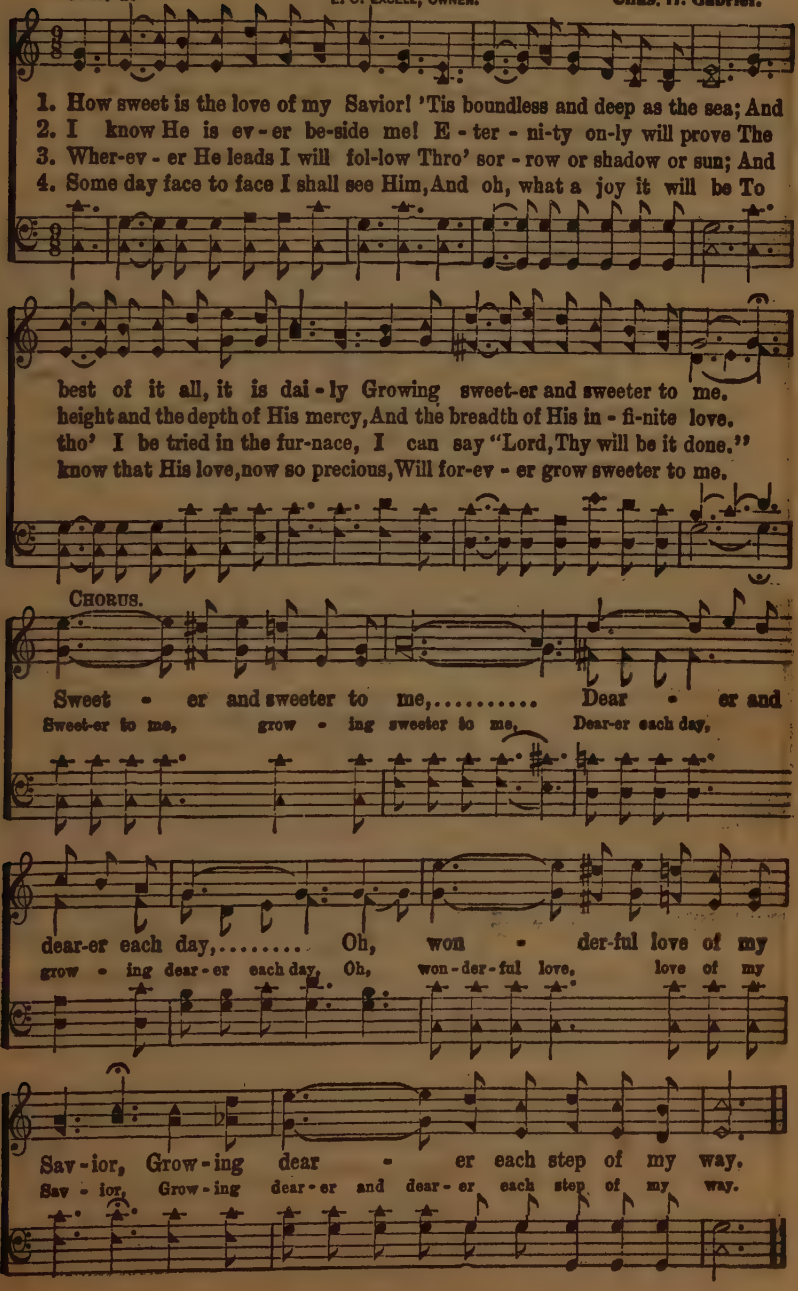
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

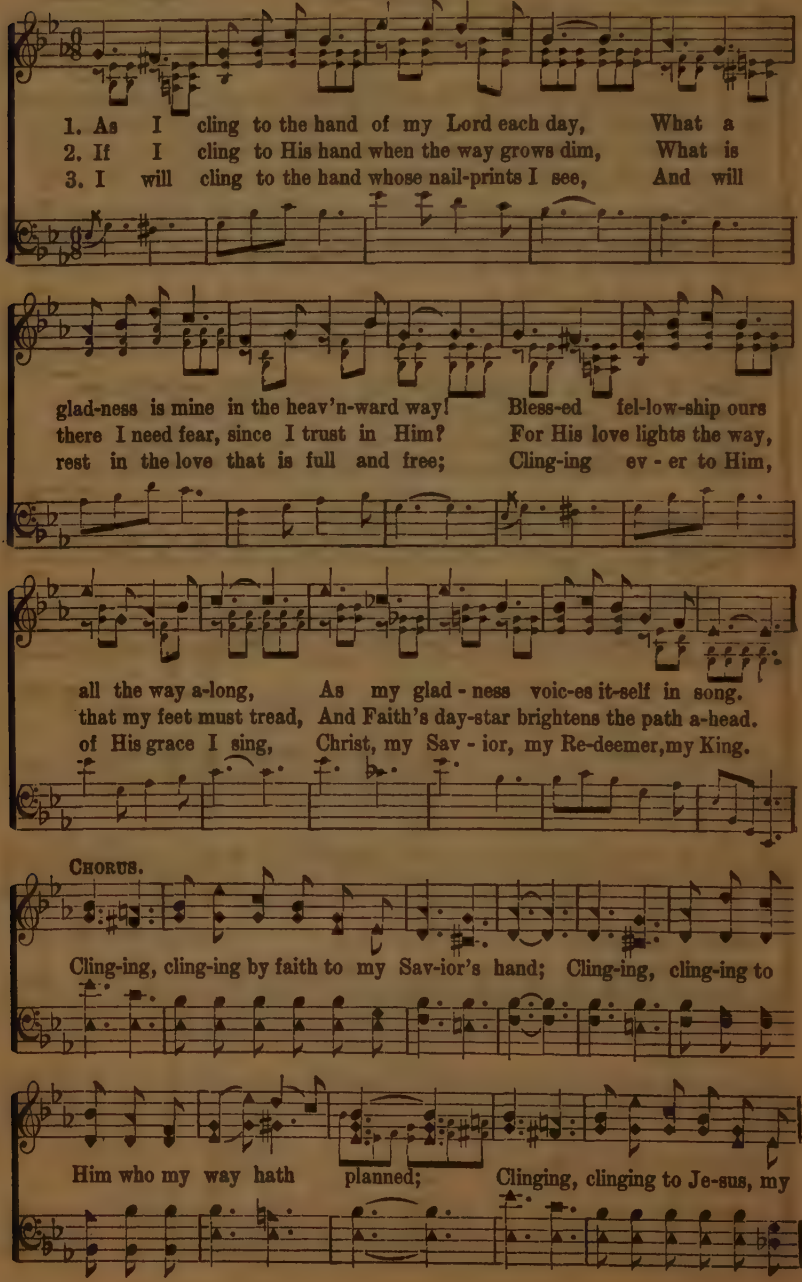
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis boundless and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev - er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low Thro' sor - row or shadow or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai - ly Growing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi-nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me.
CHORUS.
Sweet - er and sweeter to me,..... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweeter to me, Dear-er each day,
dear-er each day,..... Oh, won - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear - er each day, Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er each step of my way.
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way.

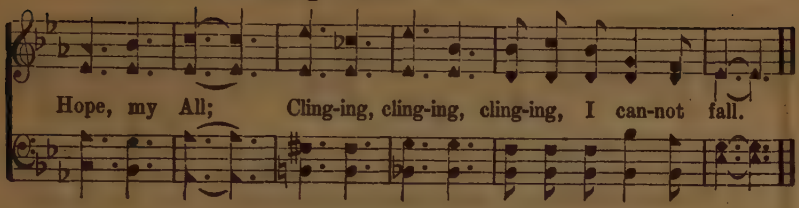
No. 39. Clinging Close to His Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Lizzie DeArmond. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

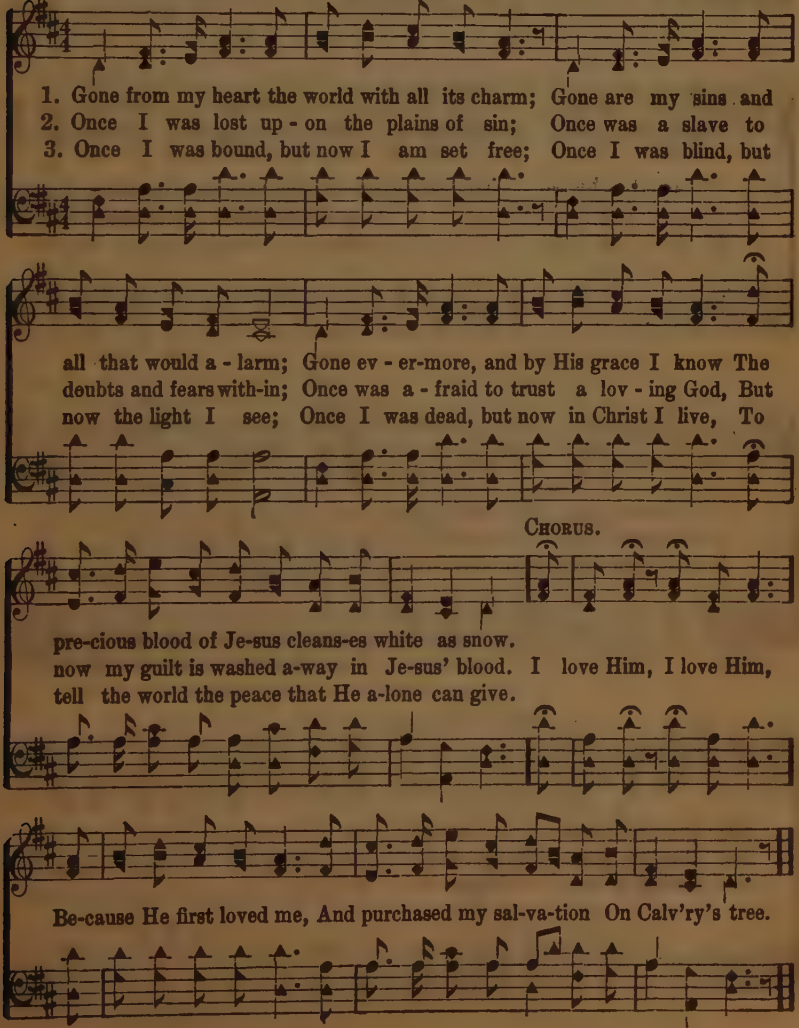

1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, What a
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, What is
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, And will
glad-ness is mine in the heav'n-ward way! Bless-ed fel-low-ship ours
there I need fear, since I trust in Him? For His love lights the way,
rest in the love that is full and free; Cling-ing ev - er to Him,
all the way a-long, As my glad - ness voic-es it-self in song.
that my feet must tread, And Faith's day-star brightens the path a-head.
of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, my Re-deemer, my King.
CHORUS.
Cling-ing, cling-ing by faith to my Sav-ior's hand; Cling-ing, cling-ing to
Him who my way hath planned; Clinging, clinging to Je-sus, my

Clinging Close to His Hand.



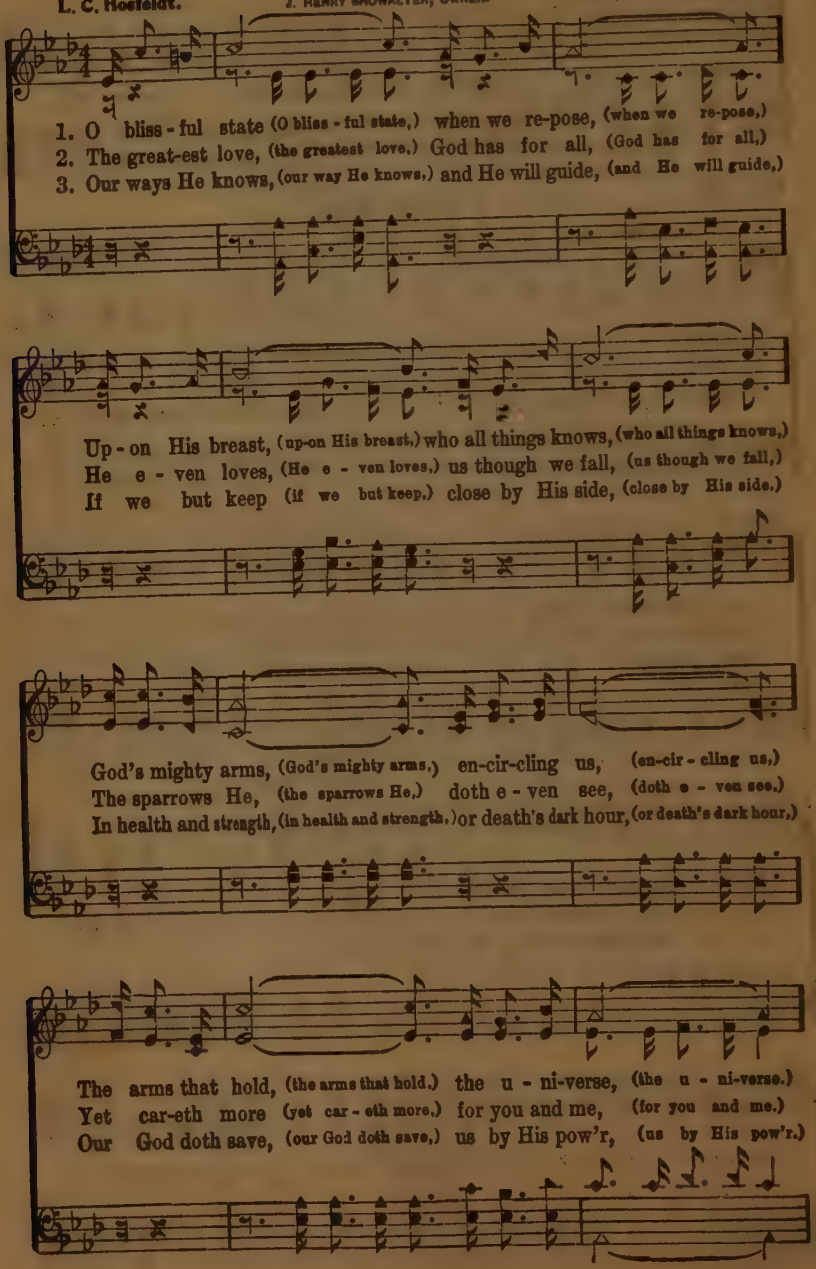
No. 40. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.


1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears with-in; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
CHORUS.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleans-es white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.
Be-cause He first loved me, And purchased my sal-va-tion On Calv'ry's tree.

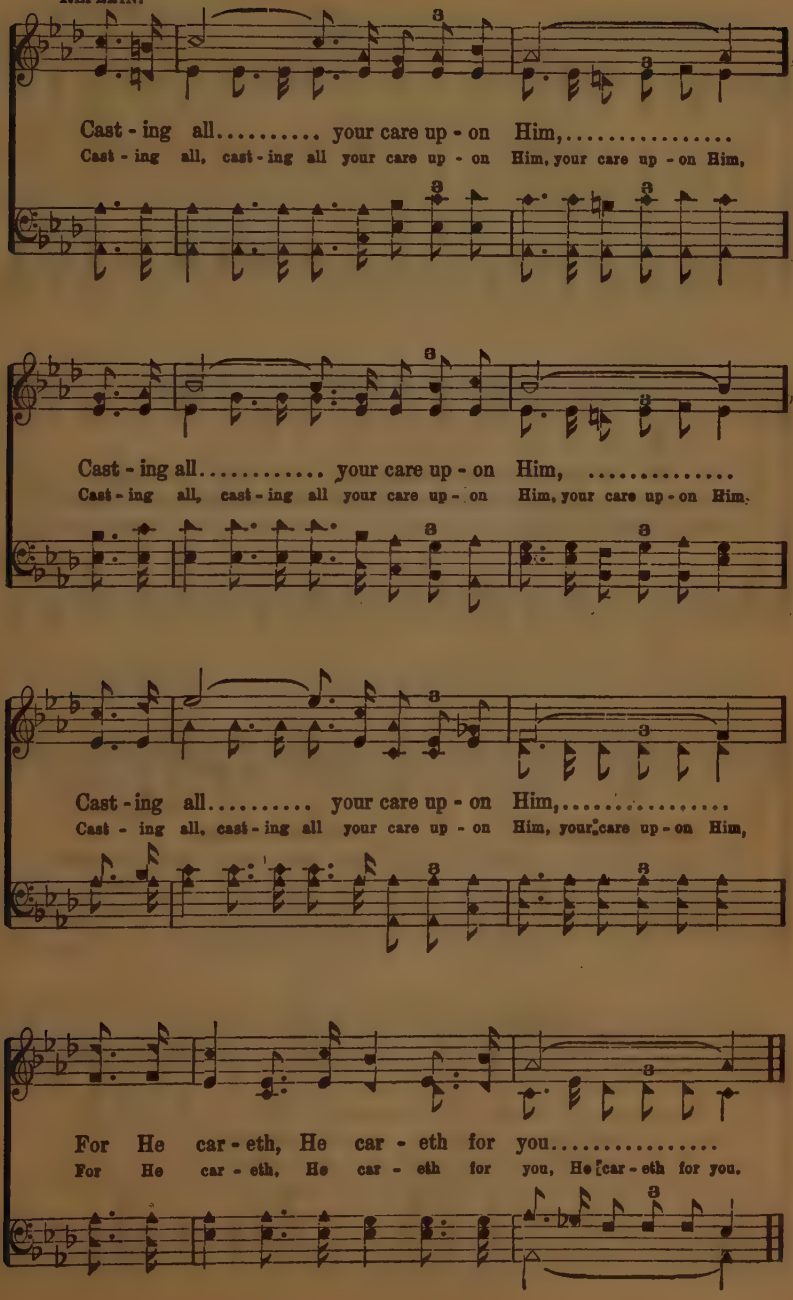
No. 41. For He Careth for You.

L. C. Hoefeldt. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. Hilry N. Caraway.


1. O bliss - ful state (O bliss - ful state,) when we re-pose, (when we re-pose,)
2. The great-est love, (the greatest love,) God has for all, (God has for all,)
3. Our ways He knows, (our way He knows,) and He will guide, (and He will guide,)
Up - on His breast, (up-on His breast,) who all things knows, (who all things knows,)
He e - ven loves, (He e - ven loves,) us though we fall, (us though we fall,)
If we but keep (if we but keep,) close by His side, (close by His side.)
God's mighty arms, (God's mighty arms,) en-cir-cling us, (en-cir - cling us,)
The sparrows He, (the sparrows He,) doth e - ven see, (doth e - ven see.)
In health and strength, (in health and strength,) or death's dark hour, (or death's dark hour,)
The arms that hold, (the arms that hold,) the u - ni-verse, (the u - ni-verse.)
Yet car-eth more (yet car - eth more,) for you and me, (for you and me.)
Our God doth save, (our God doth save,) us by His pow'r, (us by His pow'r.)

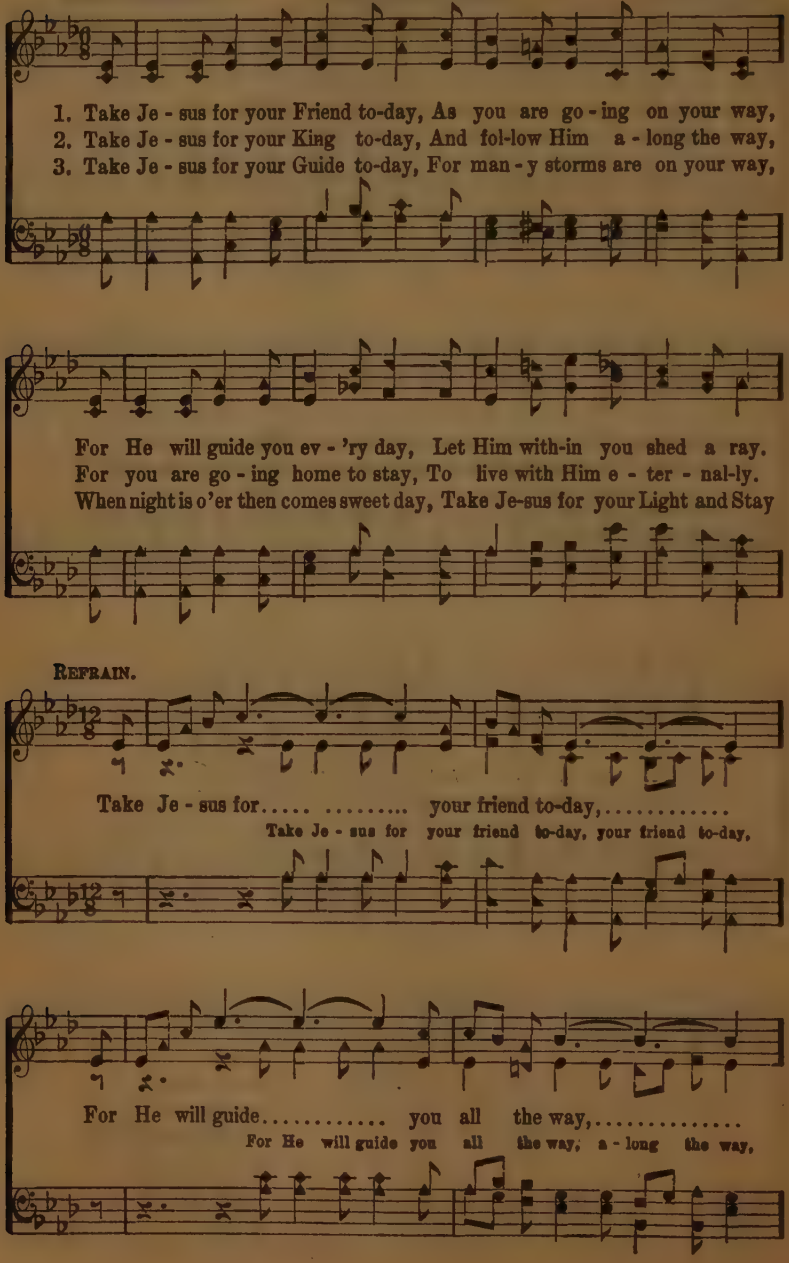
For He Careth for You.

REFRAIN.

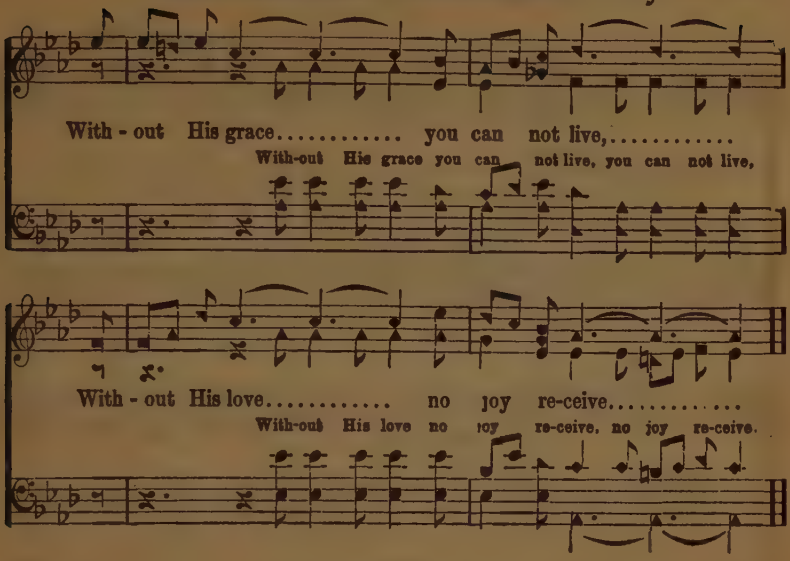

Cast - ing all..... your care up - on Him,.....
Cast - ing all, cast - ing all your care up - on Him, your care up - on Him,
Cast - ing all..... your care up - on Him, ...
Cast - ing all, cast - ing all your care up - on Him, your care up - on Him.
Cast - ing all..... your care up - on Him,.....
Cast - ing all, cast - ing all your care up - on Him, your care up - on Him,
For He car - eth, He car - eth for you.....
For He car - eth, He car - eth for you, He car - eth for you.

No. 42. Take Jesus for Your Friend Today.

Edgar M. Hoffer. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. M. Moore.

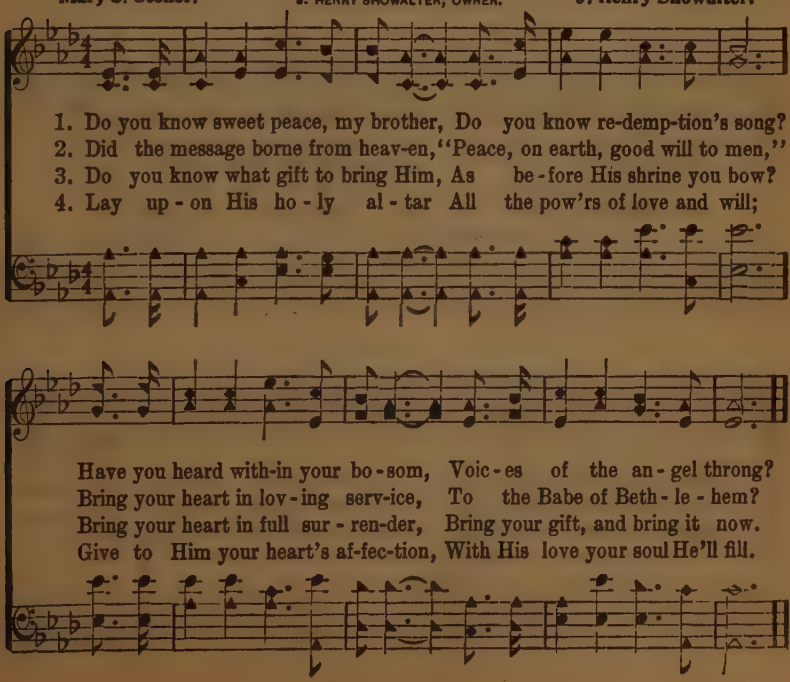

1. Take Je - sus for your Friend to-day, As you are go - ing on your way,
2. Take Je - sus for your King to-day, And fol-low Him a - long the way,
3. Take Je - sus for your Guide to-day, For man - y storms are on your way,
For He will guide you ev - 'ry day, Let Him with-in you shed a ray.
For you are go - ing home to stay, To live with Him e - ter - nal-ly.
When night is o'er then comes sweet day, Take Je-sus for your Light and Stay
REFRAIN.
Take Je - sus for..... ..... your friend to-day,.....
Take Je - sus for your friend to-day, your friend to-day,
For He will guide..... you all the way,.....
For He will guide you all the way, a - long the way,

Take Jesus for Your Friend Today.


With - out His grace..... you can not live,.....
With-out His grace you can not live, you can not live,
With - out His love..... no joy re-ceive.....
With-out His love no joy re-ceive, no joy re-ceive.

No. 43. The Best Gift.

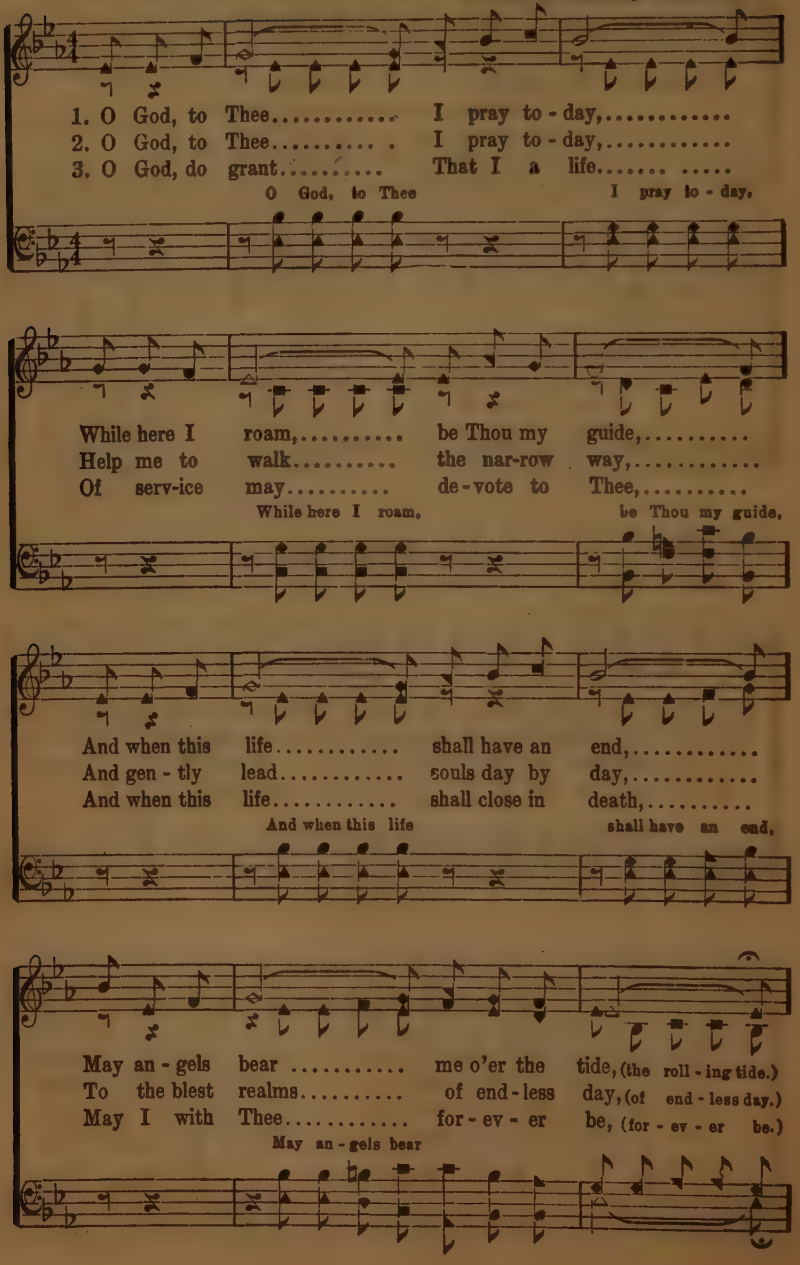
Mary C. Stoner. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. Do you know sweet peace, my brother, Do you know re-demp-tion's song?
2. Did the message borne from heav-en, "Peace, on earth, good will to men,"
3. Do you know what gift to bring Him, As be-fore His shrine you bow?
4. Lay up-on His ho-ly al-tar All the pow'rs of love and will;
Have you heard with-in your bo-som, Voic-es of the an-gel throng?
Bring your heart in lov-ing serv-ice, To the Babe of Beth-le-hem?
Bring your heart in full sur-ren-der, Bring your gift, and bring it now.
Give to Him your heart's af-fec-tion, With His love your soul He'll fill.

No. 44. O God, to Thee I Pray.

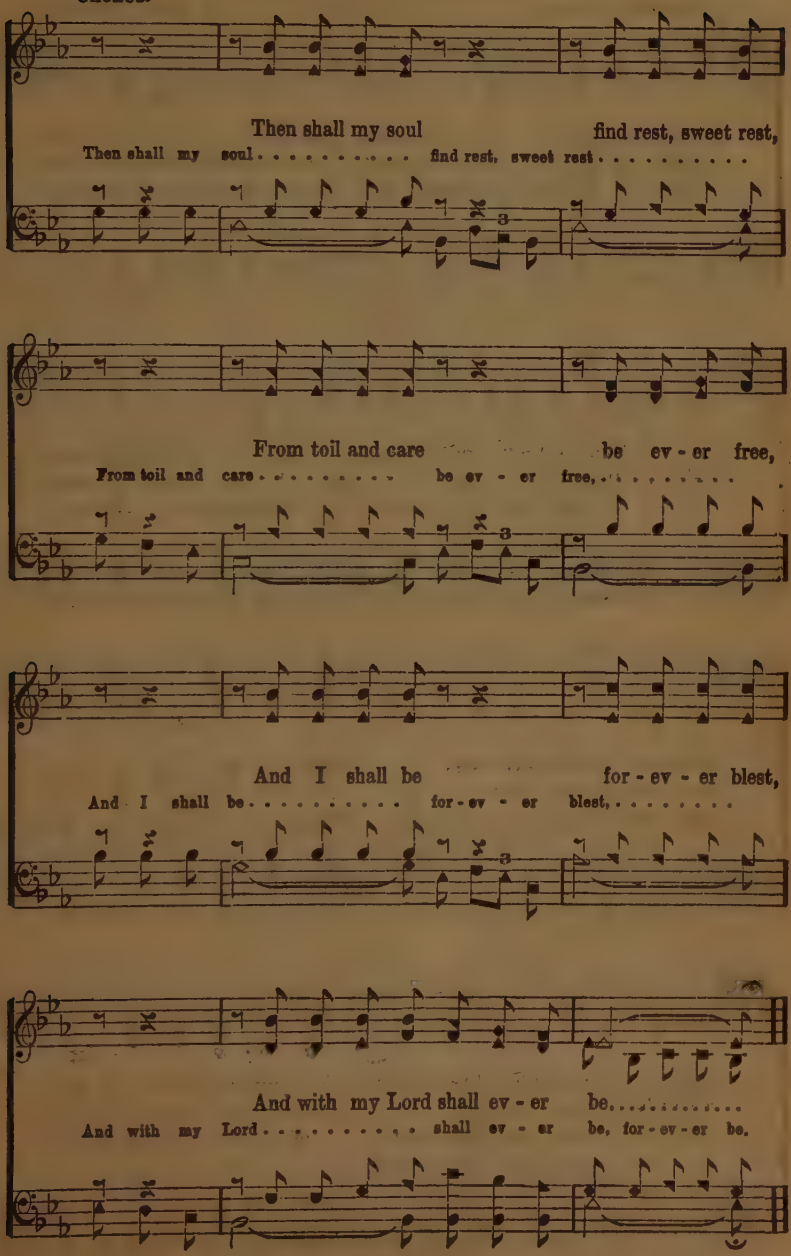
J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER.

Words and music by Nadie Vice.


1. O God, to Thee..... I pray to - day,.....
2. O God, to Thee..... I pray to - day,.....
3. O God, do grant..... That I a life.....
O God, to Thee I pray to - day,
While here I roam,..... be Thou my guide,.....
Help me to walk..... the nar-row way,.....
Of serv-ice may..... de-vote to Thee,.....
While here I roam, be Thou my guide,
And when this life..... shall have an end,.....
And gen - tly lead..... souls day by day,.....
And when this life..... shall close in death,.....
And when this life shall have an end,
May an - gels bear ..... me o'er the tide, (the roll - ing tide.)
To the blest realms..... of end - less day, (of end - less day.)
May I with Thee..... for - ev - er be, (for - ev - er be.)
May an - gels bear

O God, to Thee I Pray.

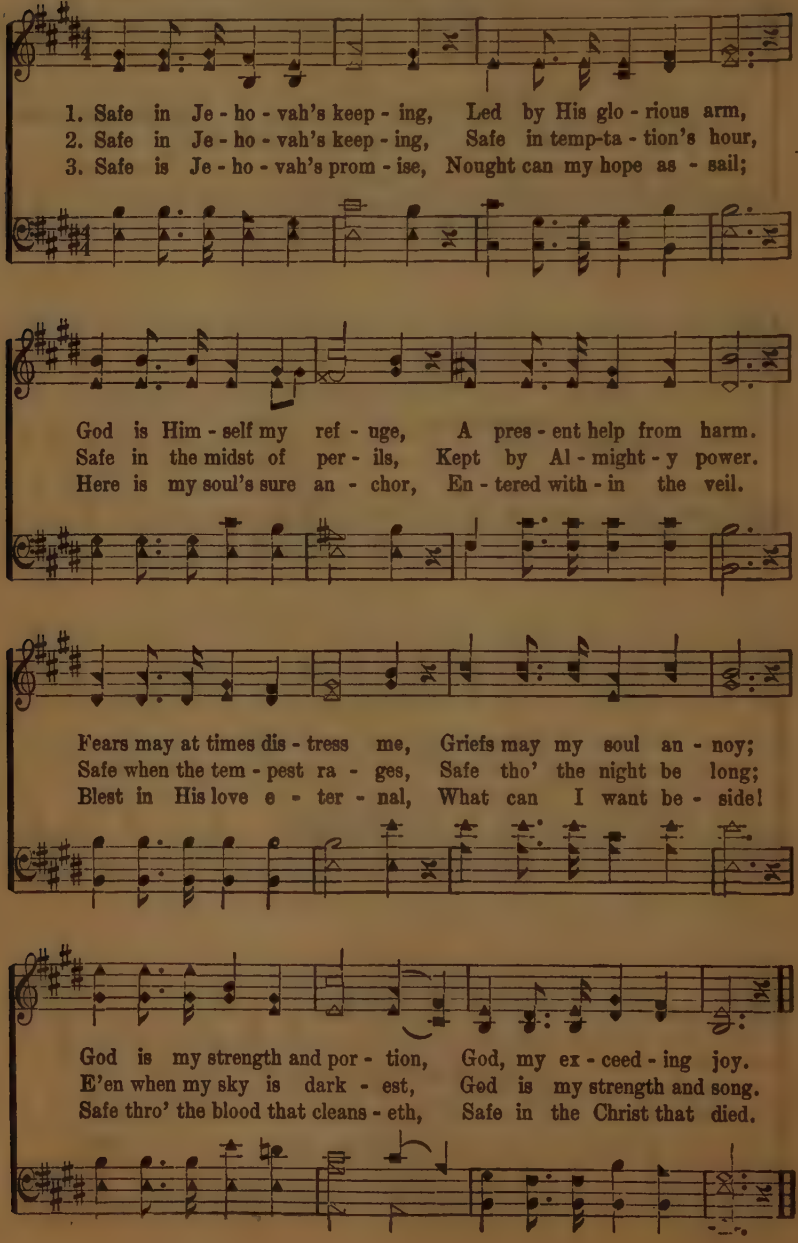
CHORUS.


Then shall my soul find rest, sweet rest,
Then shall my soul . . . . . find rest, sweet rest . . . . . .
From toil and care be ev - er free,
From toil and care . . . . . be ev - er free, ...
And I shall be for - ev - er blest,
And I shall be . . . . . for - ev - er blest, ...
And with my Lord shall ev - er be. . . . . .
And with my Lord . . . . . shall ev - er be, for - ev - er be.

No. 45. Safe.

(Hymn selected by Eld. D. L. Miller.)

Sir Robert Anderson. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. Safe in Je - ho - vah's keep - ing, Led by His glo - rious arm,
2. Safe in Je - ho - vah's keep - ing, Safe in temp-ta - tion's hour,
3. Safe is Je - ho - vah's prom - ise, Nought can my hope as - sail;
God is Him - self my ref - uge, A pres - ent help from harm.
Safe in the midst of per - ils, Kept by Al - might - y power.
Here is my soul's sure an - chor, En - tered with - in the veil.
Fears may at times dis - tress me, Griefs may my soul an - noy;
Safe when the tem - pest ra - ges, Safe tho' the night be long;
Blest in His love e - ter - nal, What can I want be - side!
God is my strength and por - tion, God, my ex - ceed - ing joy.
E'en when my sky is dark - est, God is my strength and song.
Safe thro' the blood that cleans - eth, Safe in the Christ that died.

No. 46. I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

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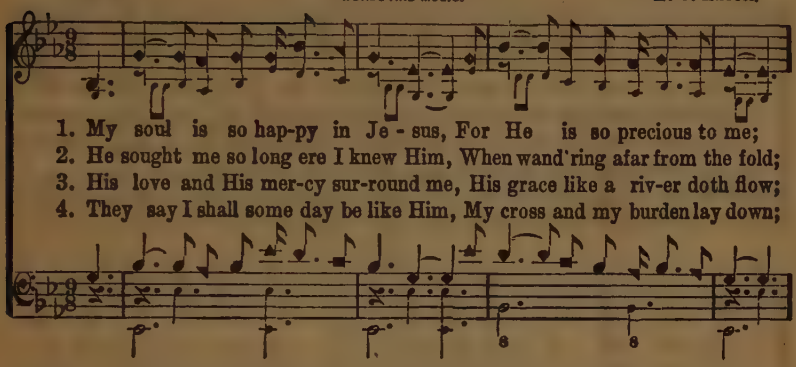
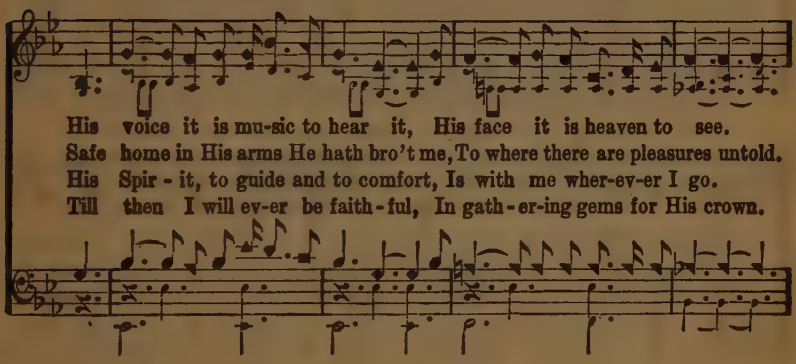
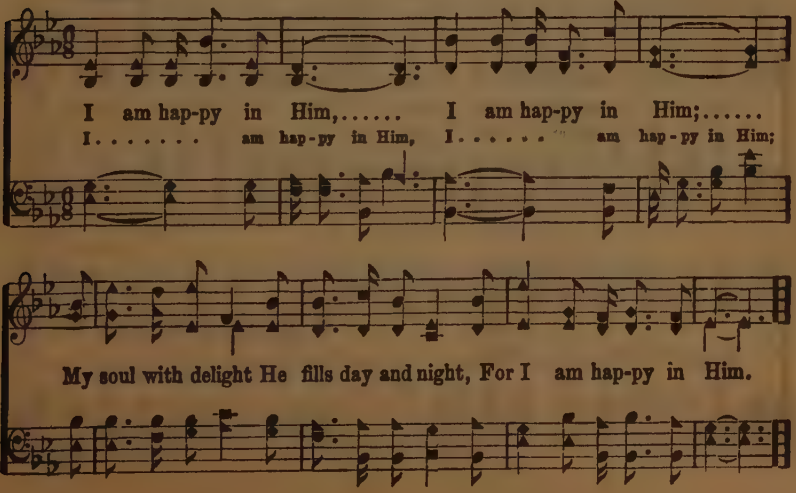
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

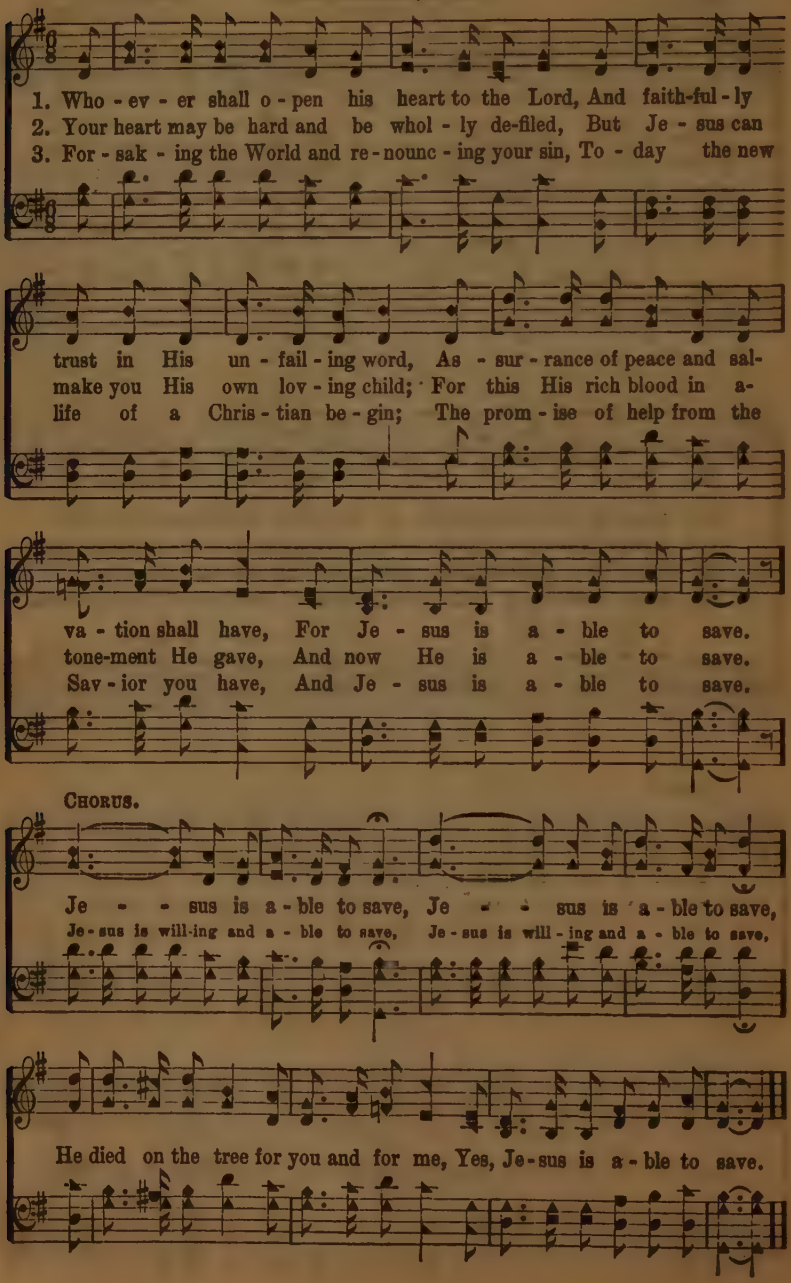

1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy sur-round me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;


His voice it is mu-sic to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath-er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.

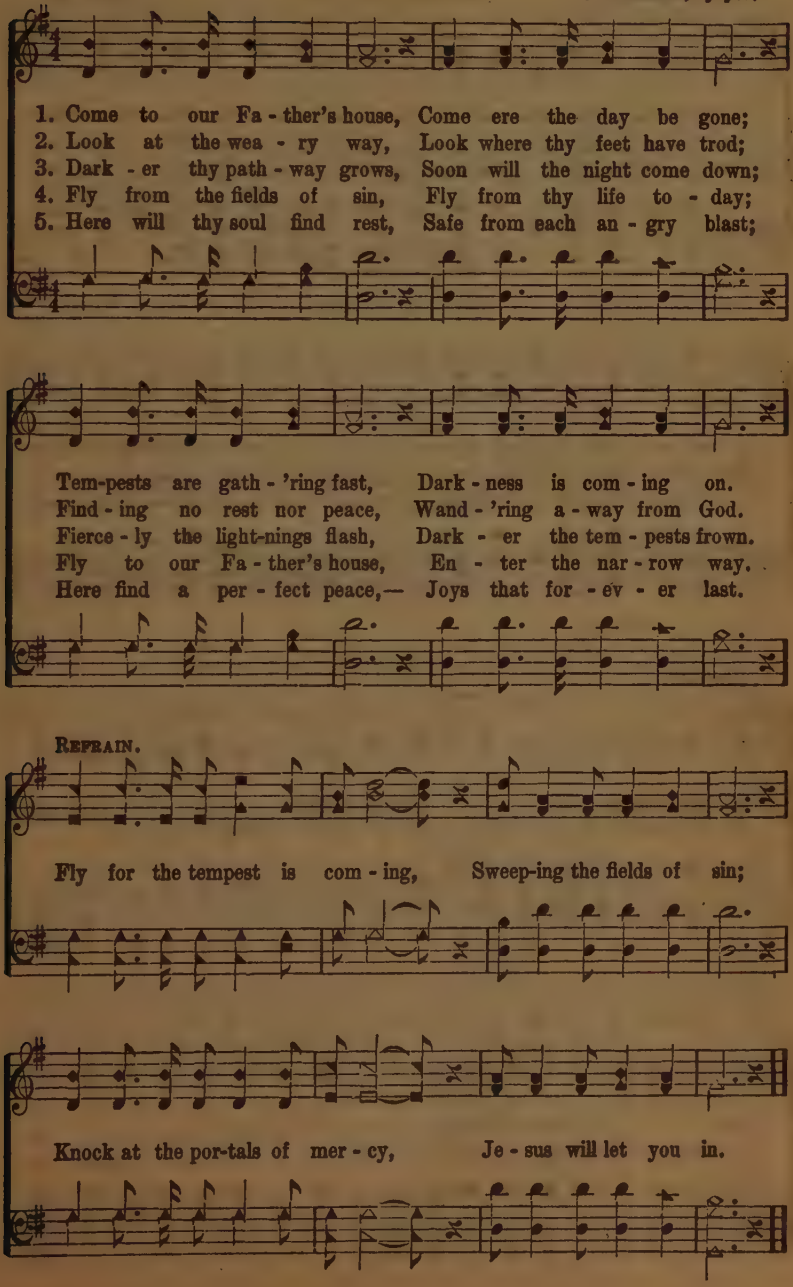

I am hap-py in Him,..... I am hap-py in Him;.....
I..... am hap-py in Him, I..... am hap-py in Him;
My soul with delight He fills day and night, For I am hap-py in Him.

No. 47. Jesus Is Able To Save.

E. A. Hoffman. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. M. O. Wyers.

1. Who - ev - er shall o - pen his heart to the Lord, And faith-ful - ly
2. Your heart may be hard and be whol - ly de-filed, But Je - sus can
3. For - sak - ing the World and re - nounc - ing your sin, To - day the new
trust in His un - fail - ing word, As - sur - rance of peace and sal-
make you His own lov - ing child; For this His rich blood in a-
life of a Chris - tian be - gin; The prom - ise of help from the
va - tion shall have, For Je - sus is a - ble to save.
tone-ment He gave, And now He is a - ble to save.
Sav - ior you have, And Je - sus is a - ble to save.
CHORUS.
Je - - sus is a - ble to save, Je - - sus is a - ble to save,
Je - sus is will - ing and a - ble to save, Je - sus is will - ing and a - ble to save.
He died on the tree for you and for me, Yes, Je - sus is a - ble to save.

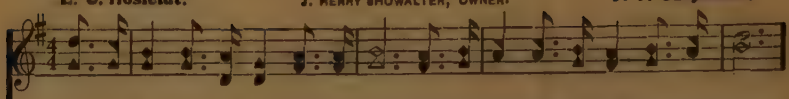
No. 48. Jesus Will Let You In.

A. S. K. A. S. Kieffer, by per.

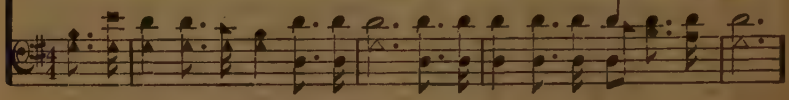

1. Come to our Fa - ther's house, Come ere the day be gone;
2. Look at the wea - ry way, Look where thy feet have trod;
3. Dark - er thy path - way grows, Soon will the night come down;
4. Fly from the fields of sin, Fly from thy life to - day;
5. Here will thy soul find rest, Safe from each an - gry blast;
Tem-pests are gath - 'ring fast, Dark - ness is com - ing on.
Find - ing no rest nor peace, Wand - 'ring a - way from God.
Fierce - ly the light-nings flash, Dark - er the tem - pests frown.
Fly to our Fa - ther's house, En - ter the nar - row way.
Here find a per - fect peace,— Joys that for - ev - er last.
Refrain.
Fly for the tempest is com - ing, Sweep-ing the fields of sin;
Knock at the por-tals of mer - cy, Je - sus will let you in.

No. 49. The Blood.

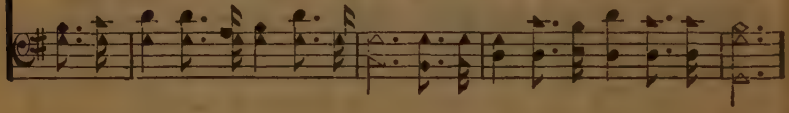
L. C. Hosfeldt. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. T. Carpenter.



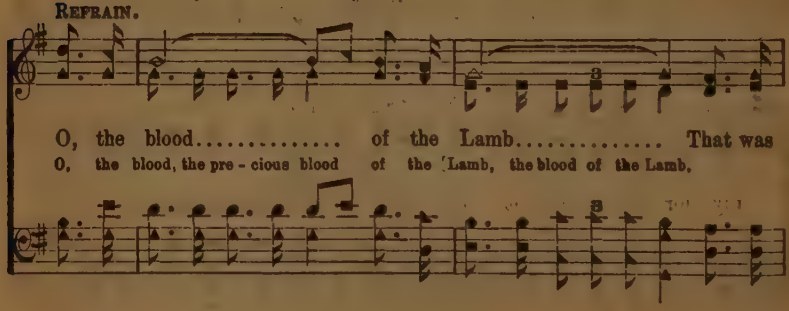
1. O the blood of the Lamb that was slain, To re-deem us from sin and the grave;
2. We can all o-ver-come by the blood, If we trust in the Lord ev - 'ry day,
3. By the blood of the Lamb we can sing, As we en - ter at last in - to rest,



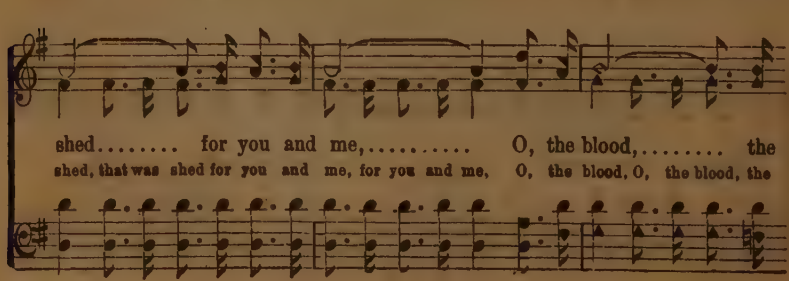
We are now jus-ti - fied and at peace, By the blood and the life that He gave.
When we're faithful to Him, He will help, And He's promised to lead all the way.
All our joy and our hope it did bring, And we're safe on the shores of the blest.



REFRAIN.

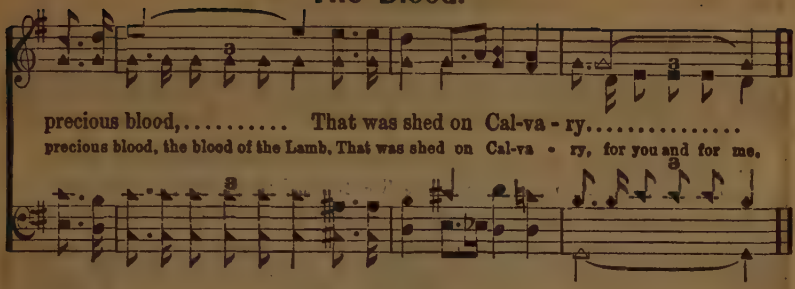


O, the blood..... of the Lamb..... That was
O, the blood, the pre - cious blood of the Lamb, the blood of the Lamb.



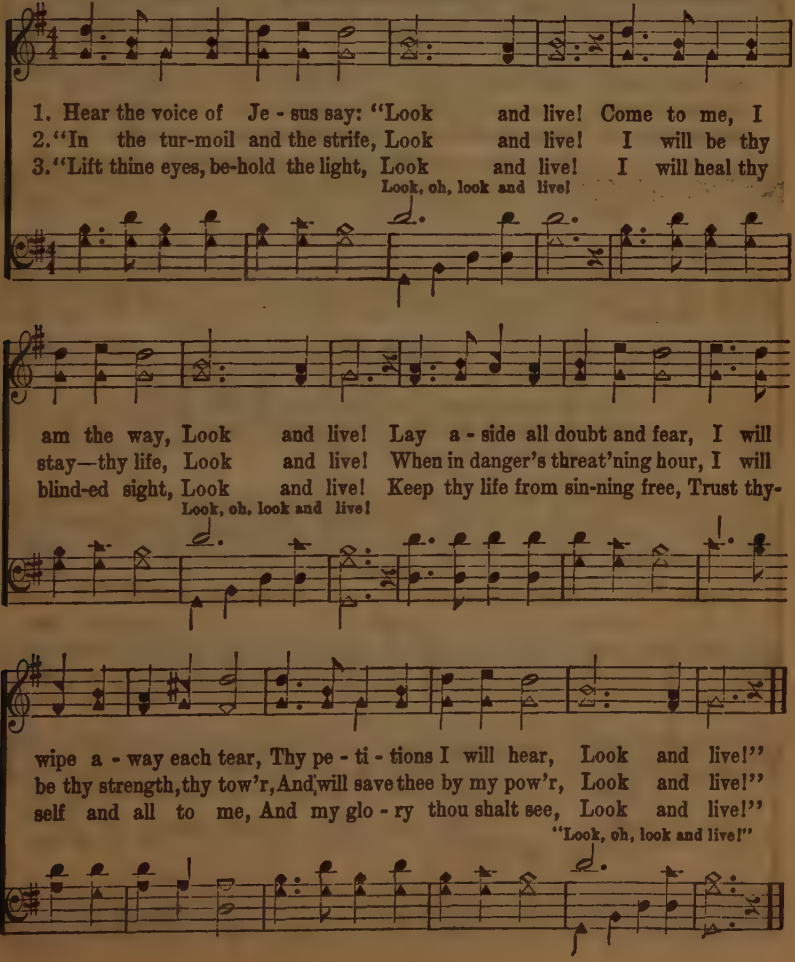
shed..... for you and me,..... O, the blood,..... the
shed, that was shed for you and me, for you and me, O, the blood, O, the blood, the

The Blood.



No. 50. Look and Live.

Geo. W. Lyon. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. John A. Showalter.


1. Hear the voice of Je - sus say: "Look and live! Come to me, I
2."In the tur-moil and the strife, Look and live! I will be thy
3."Lift thine eyes, be-hold the light, Look and live! I will heal thy
Look, oh, look and live!
am the way, Look and live! Lay a - side all doubt and fear, I will
stay—thy life, Look and live! When in danger's threat'ning hour, I will
blind-ed sight, Look and live! Keep thy life from sin-ning free, Trust thy-
Look, oh, look and live!
wipe a - way each tear, Thy pe - ti - tions I will hear, Look and live!"
be thy strength, thy tow'r, And will save thee by my pow'r, Look and live!"
self and all to me, And my glo - ry thou shalt see, Look and live!"
"Look, oh, look and live!"

No. 51. He Knows It All

Mrs. Ophelia Adams.

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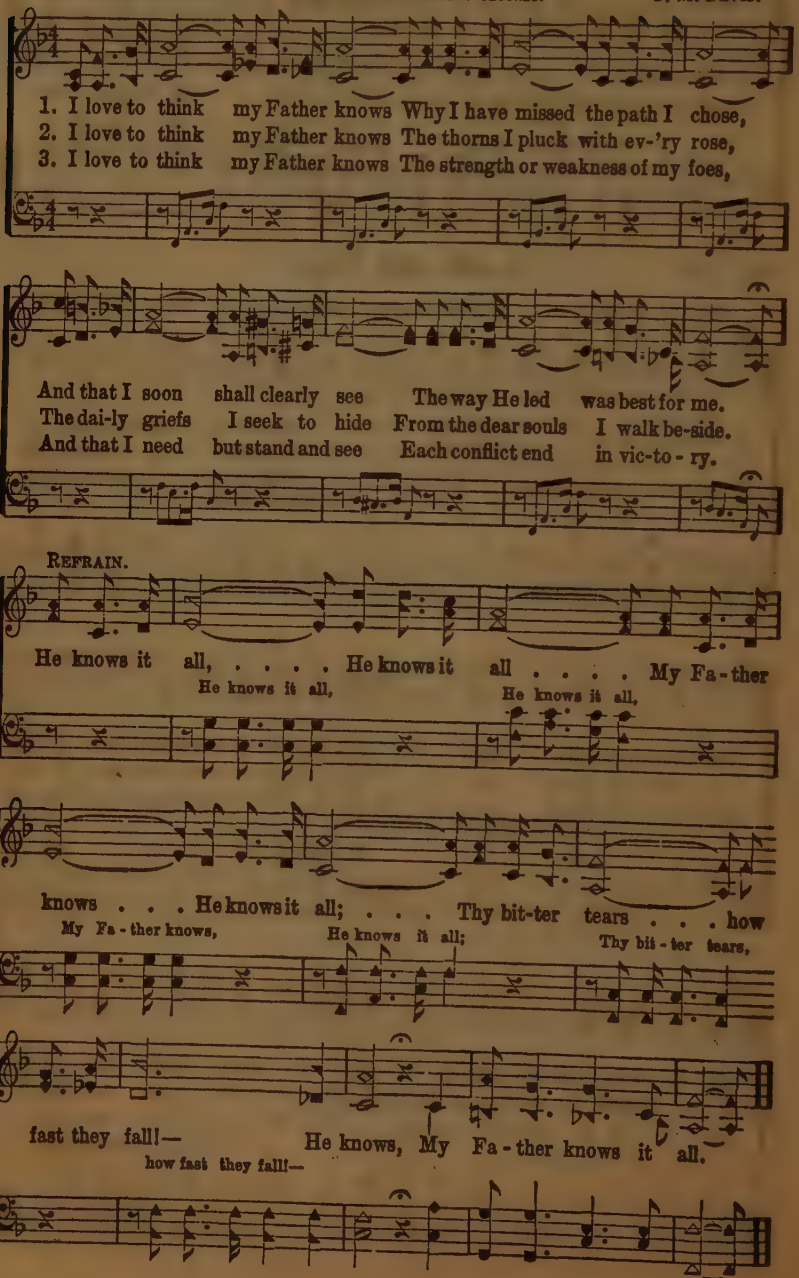
C. M. Davis.


1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,
And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to-ry.
REFRAIN.
He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa-ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,
knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,
fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

No. 52. A Sinner Made Whole.

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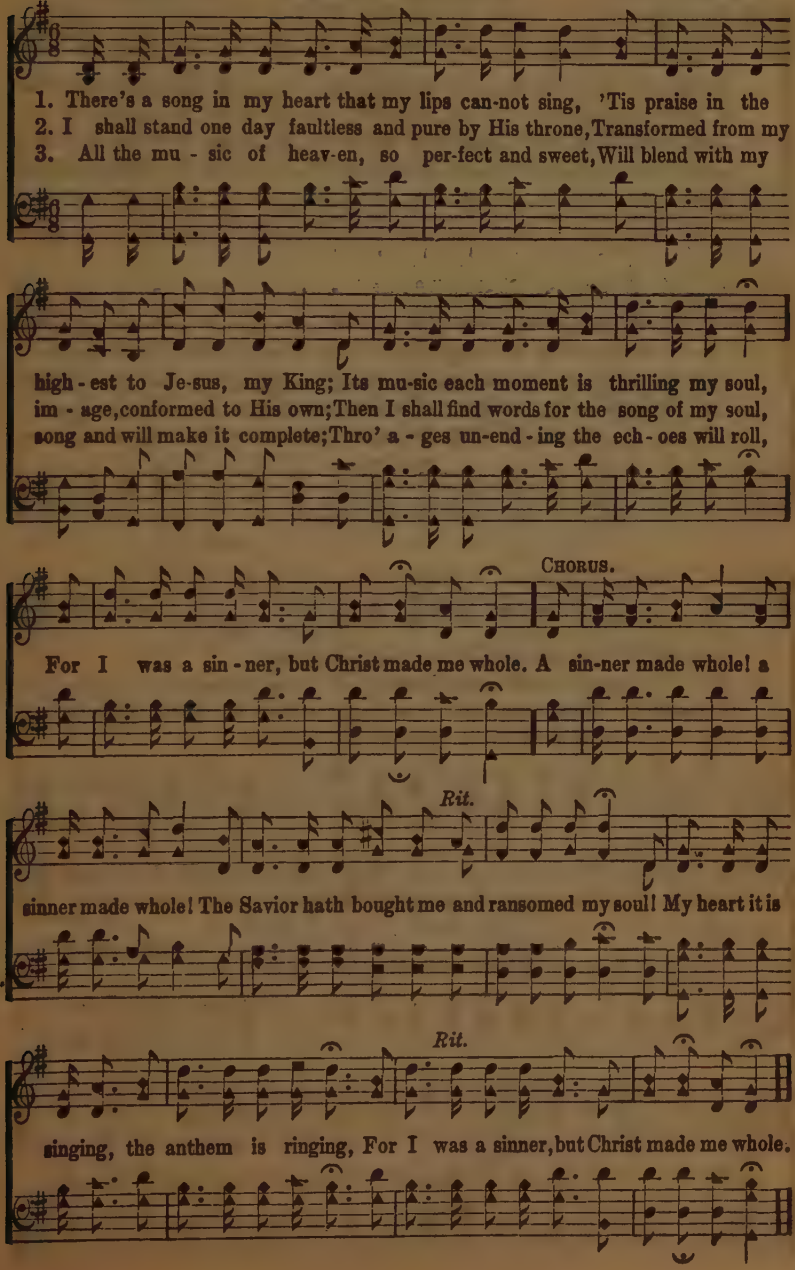
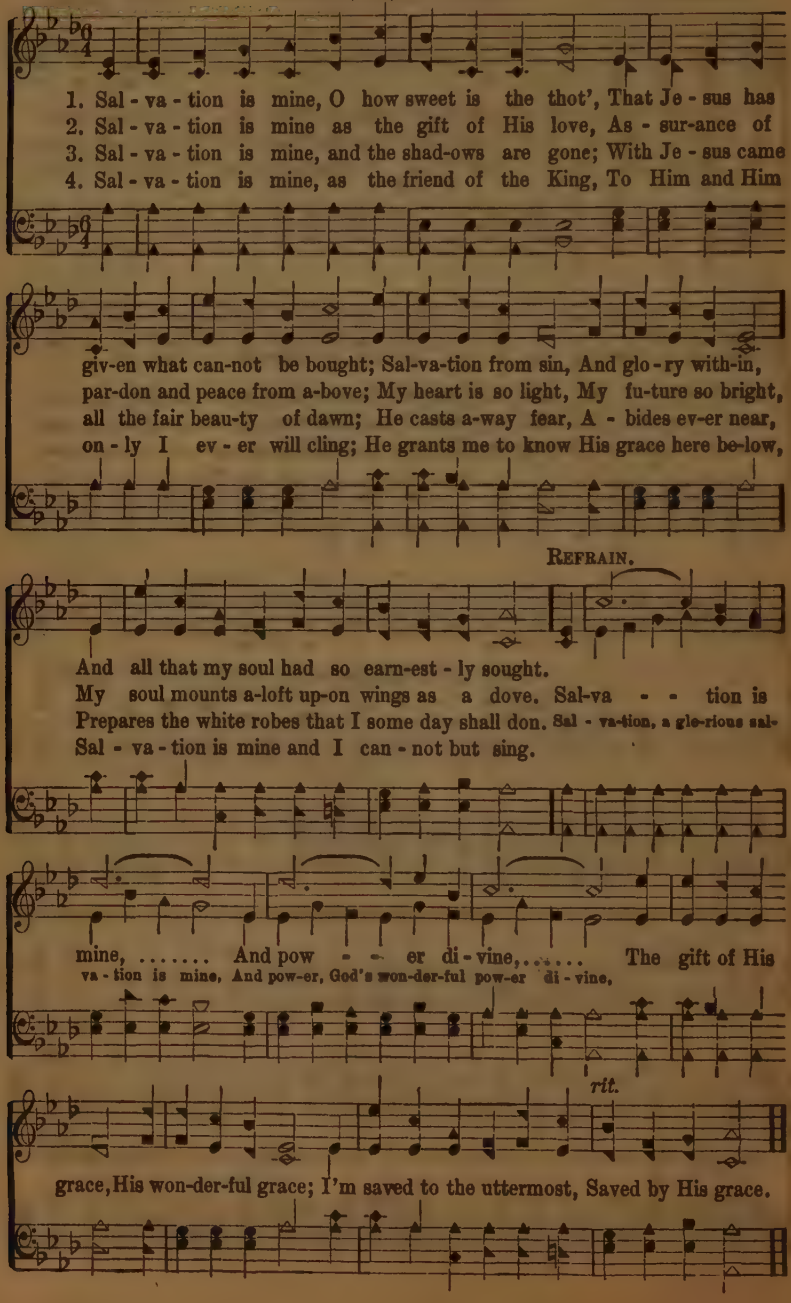
W. M. Lighthall. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my
high - est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrilling my soul,
im - age, conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,
CHORUS.
For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole. A sin-ner made whole! a
Rit.
sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is
Rit.
singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

No. 53. Salvation is Mine.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.


1. Sal - va - tion is mine, O how sweet is the thot', That Je - sus has
2. Sal - va - tion is mine as the gift of His love, As - sur-ance of
3. Sal - va - tion is mine, and the shad-ows are gone; With Je - sus came
4. Sal - va - tion is mine, as the friend of the King, To Him and Him
giv-en what can-not be bought; Sal-va-tion from sin, And glo - ry with-in,
par-don and peace from a-bove; My heart is so light, My fu-ture so bright,
all the fair beau-ty of dawn; He casts a-way fear, A - bides ev-er near,
on - ly I ev - er will cling; He grants me to know His grace here be-low,
REFRAIN.
And all that my soul had so earn-est - ly sought.
My soul mounts a-loft up-on wings as a dove. Sal-va - - tion is
Prepares the white robes that I some day shall don. Sal - va-tion, a glo-rious sal-
Sal - va - tion is mine and I can - not but sing.
mine, ... And pow - - er di - vine, ... The gift of His
va - tion is mine, And pow-er, God's won-der-ful pow-er di - vine,
rit.
grace, His won-der-ful grace; I'm saved to the uttermost, Saved by His grace.

No. 54. Saved By the Blood.

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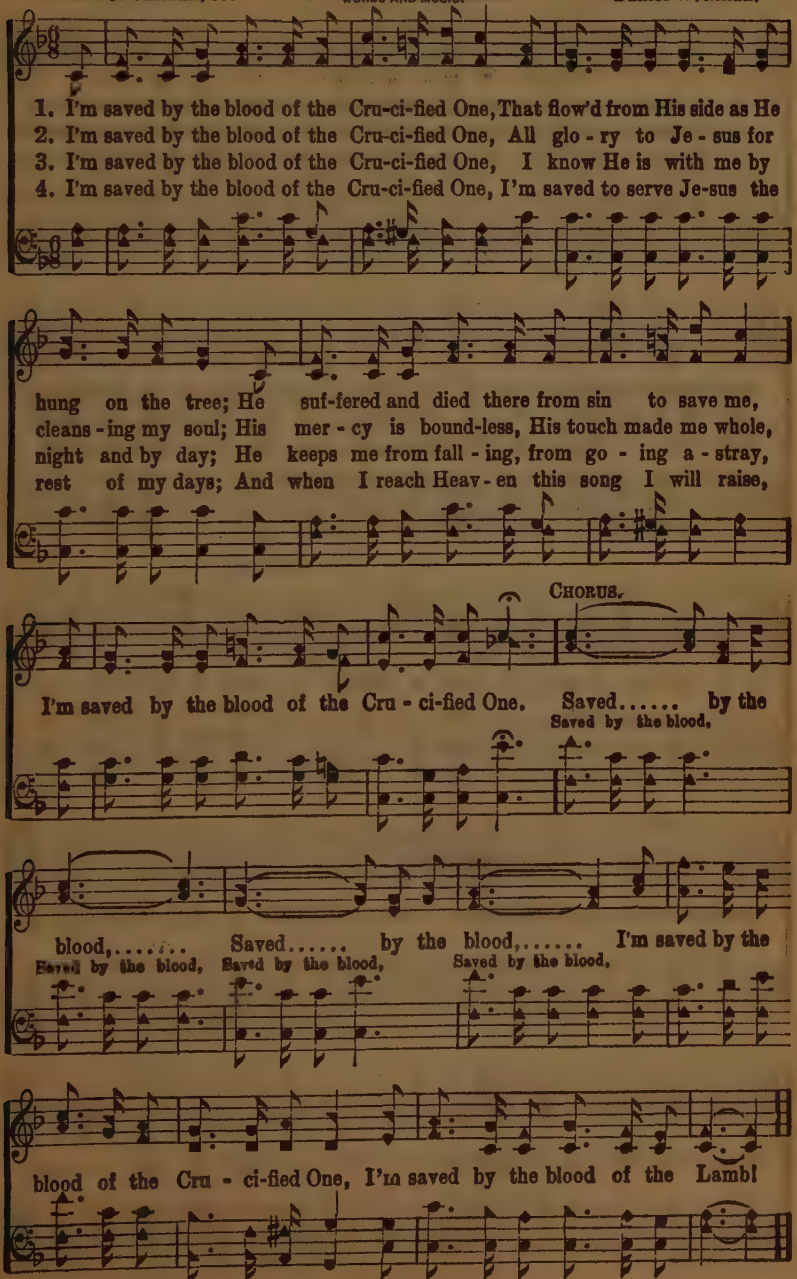
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. Daniel W. Milan.


1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, That flow'd from His side as He
2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, All glo-ry to Je-sus for
3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I know He is with me by
4. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I'm saved to serve Je-sus the
hung on the tree; He suf-fered and died there from sin to save me,
cleans-ing my soul; His mer-cy is bound-less, His touch made me whole,
night and by day; He keeps me from fall-ing, from go-ing a-stray,
rest of my days; And when I reach Heav-en this song I will raise,
CHORUS.
I'm saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One. Saved..... by the
Saved by the blood,
blood,..... Saved..... by the blood,..... I'm saved by the
Saved by the blood, Saved by the blood, Saved by the blood,
blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb!

No. 55. O What a Change!

Mrs. C. D. Martin.

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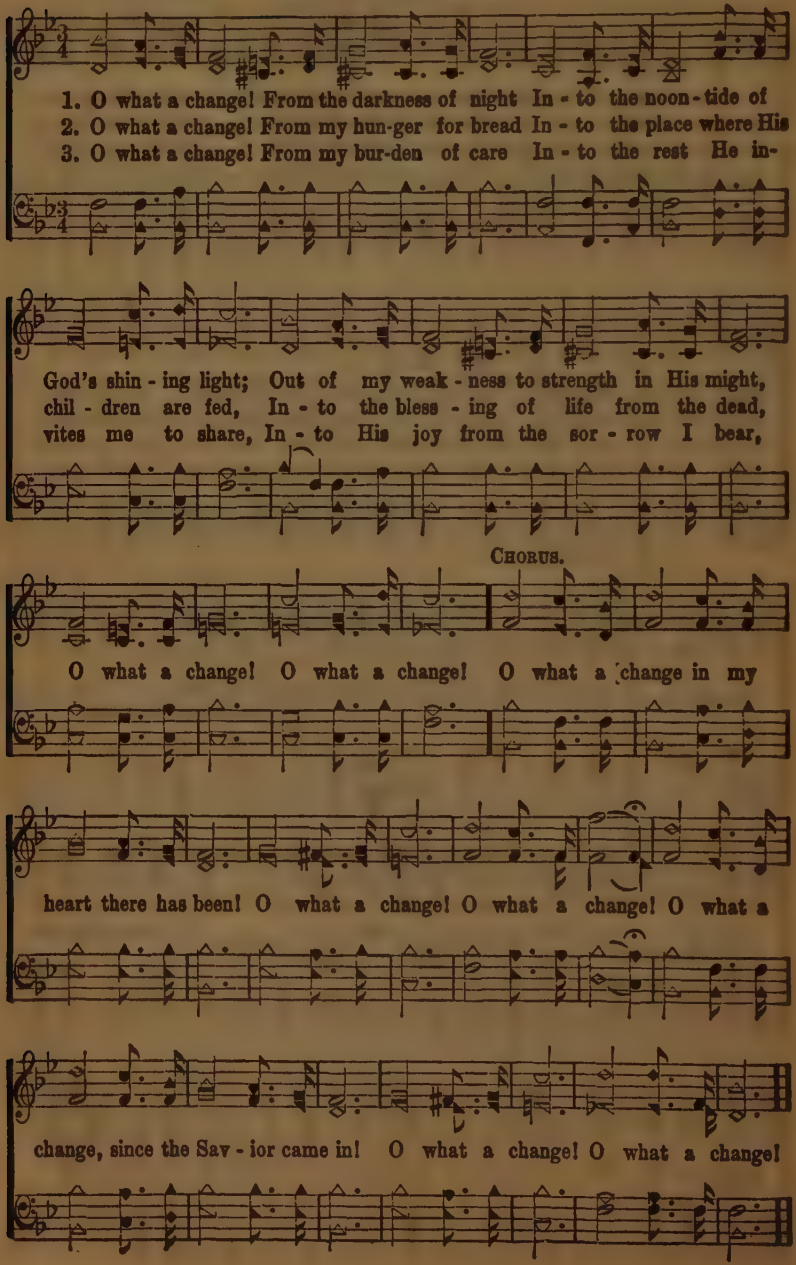
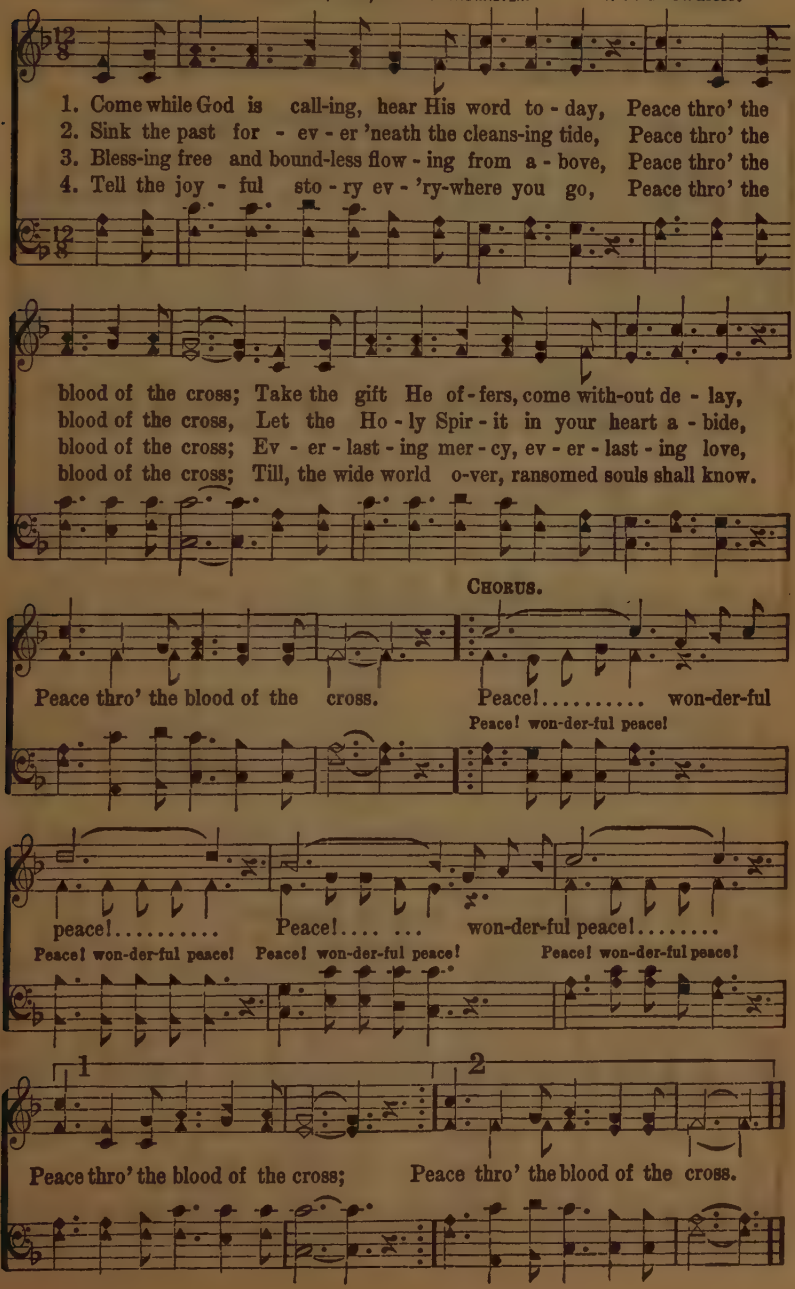
Chas. H. Gabriel.

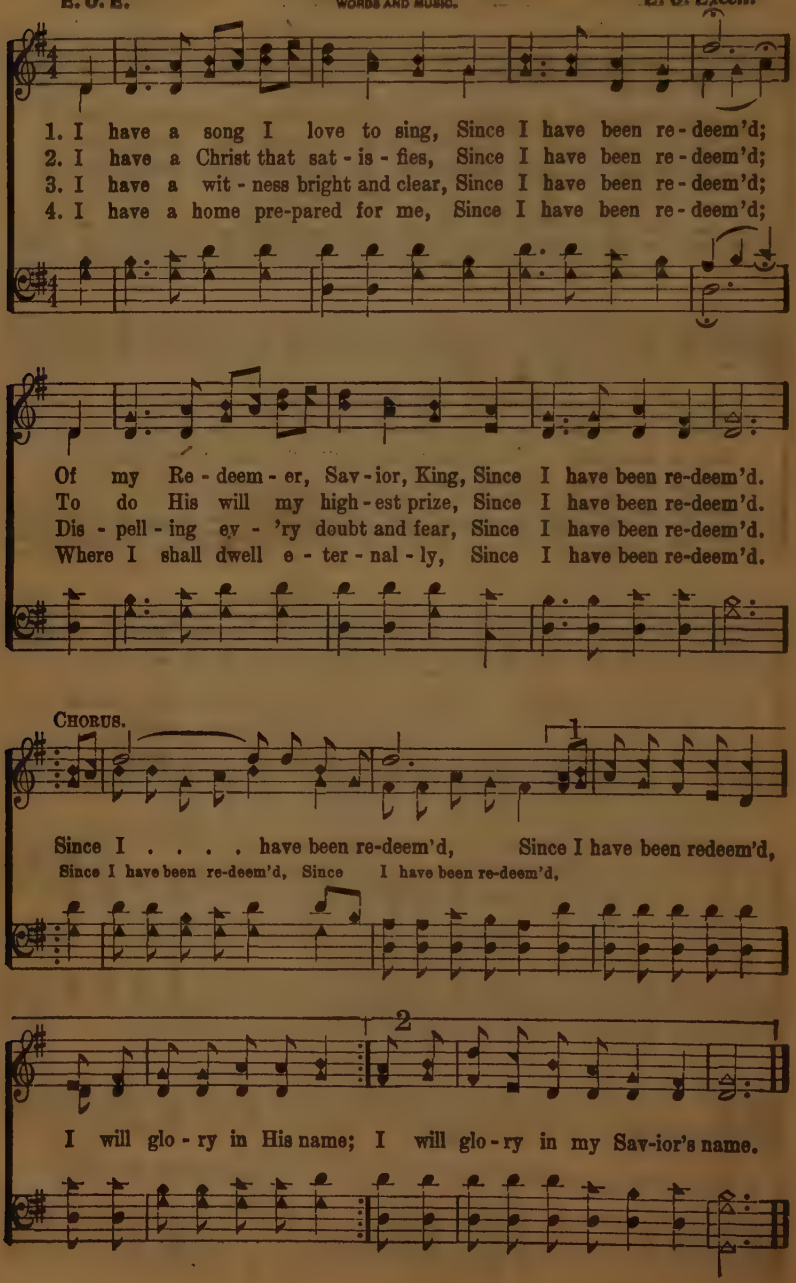

1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the noon - tide of
2. O what a change! From my hun-ger for bread In - to the place where His
3. O what a change! From my bur-den of care In - to the rest He in-
God's shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to strength in His might,
chil - dren are fed, In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,
CHORUS.
O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my
heart there has been! O what a change! O what a change! O what a
change, since the Sav - ior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

No. 56. Peace through the Blood.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

1. Come while God is call-ing, hear His word to - day, Peace thro' the
2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleans-ing tide, Peace thro' the
3. Bless-ing free and bound-less flow - ing from a - bove, Peace thro' the
4. Tell the joy - ful sto - ry ev - 'ry-where you go, Peace thro' the
blood of the cross; Take the gift He of - fers, come with-out de - lay,
blood of the cross, Let the Ho - ly Spir - it in your heart a - bide,
blood of the cross; Ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, ev - er - last - ing love,
blood of the cross; Till, the wide world o-ver, ransomed souls shall know.
CHORUS.
Peace thro' the blood of the cross. Peace!..... won-der-ful
Peace! won-der-ful peace!
peace!..... Peace!..... won-der-ful peace!.....
Peace! won-der-ful peace! Peace! won-der-ful peace! Peace! won-der-ful peace!
1
2
Peace thro' the blood of the cross; Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

No. 57. Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re-deem'd;
2. I have a Christ that sat-is-fies, Since I have been re-deem'd;
3. I have a wit-ness bright and clear, Since I have been re-deem'd;
4. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re-deem'd;
Of my Re-deem-er, Sav-ior, King, Since I have been re-deem'd.
To do His will my high-est prize, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Dis-pell-ing ev-'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re-deem'd.
Where I shall dwell e-ter-nal-ly, Since I have been re-deem'd.
CHORUS.
1
Since I . . . . have been re-deem'd, Since I have been redeem'd,
Since I have been re-deem'd, Since I have been re-deem'd,
2
I will glo-ry in His name; I will glo-ry in my Sav-ior's name.

No. 58. In the Cleft of the Rock.

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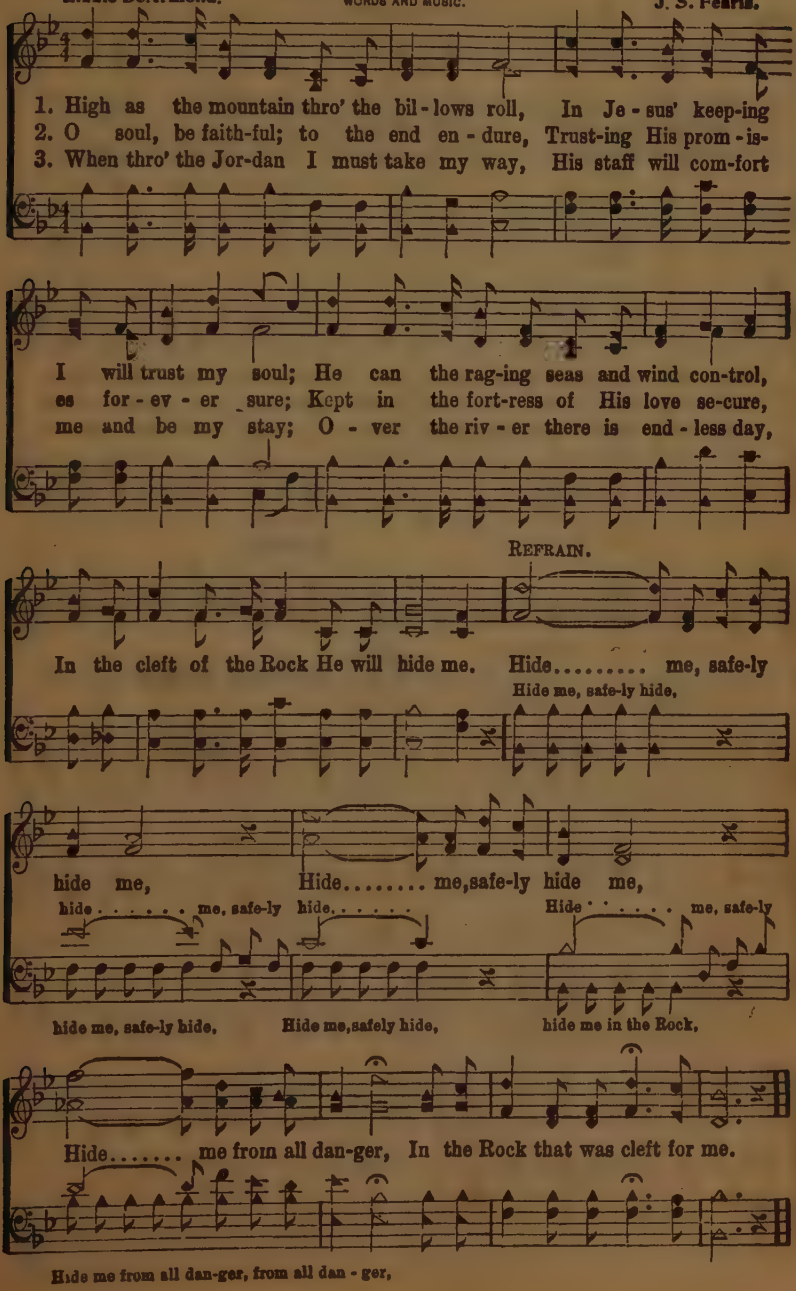
Lizzie DeArmond. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

1. High as the mountain thro' the bil - lows roll, In Je - sus' keep-ing
2. O soul, be faith-ful; to the end en - dure, Trust-ing His prom - is-
3. When thro' the Jor-dan I must take my way, His staff will com-fort
I will trust my soul; He can the rag-ing seas and wind con-trol,
es for - ev - er sure; Kept in the fort-ress of His love se-cure,
me and be my stay; O - ver the riv - er there is end - less day,
REFRAIN.
In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide..... me, safe-ly
Hide me, safe-ly hide,
hide me, Hide..... me, safe-ly hide me,
hide..... me, safe-ly hide..... Hide..... me, safe-ly
hide me, safe-ly hide, Hide me, safely hide, hide me in the Rock,
Hide..... me from all dan-ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.
Hide me from all dan-ger, from all dan - ger,

No. 59. The Sure Foundation.

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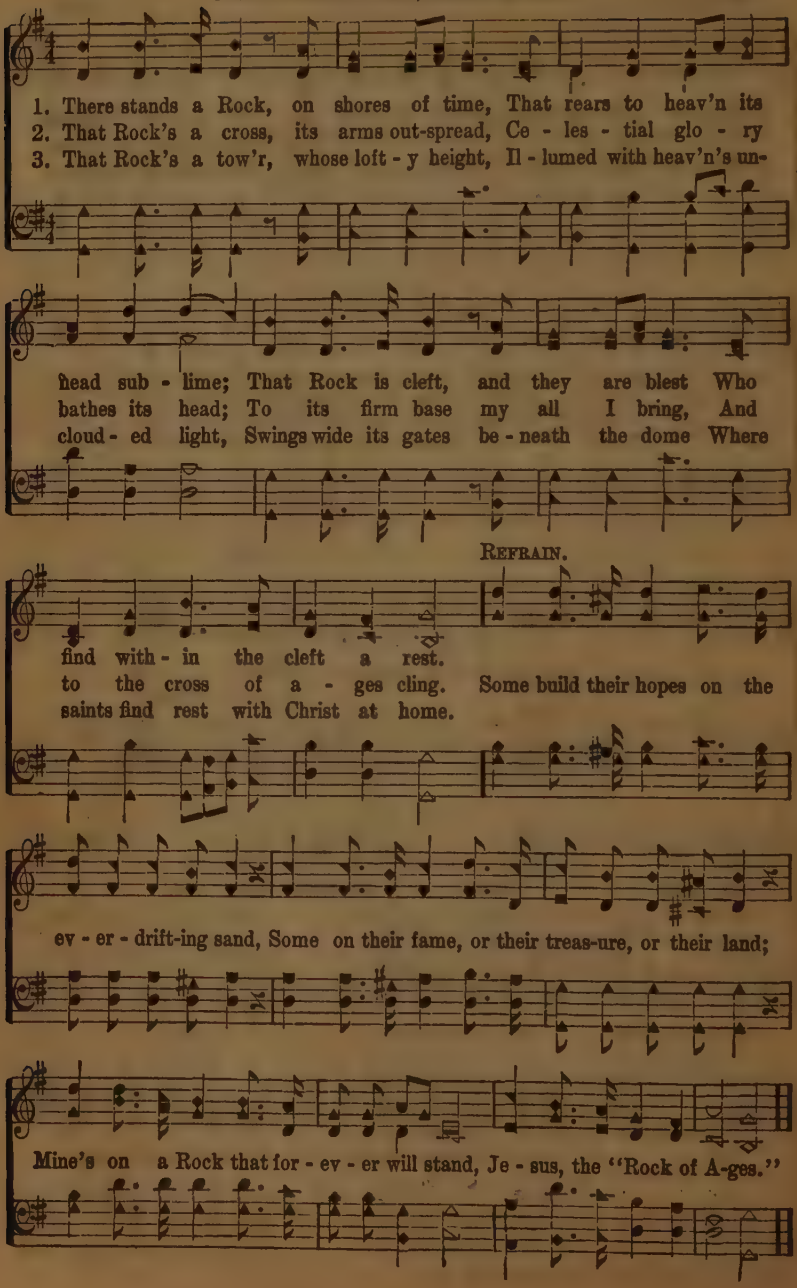
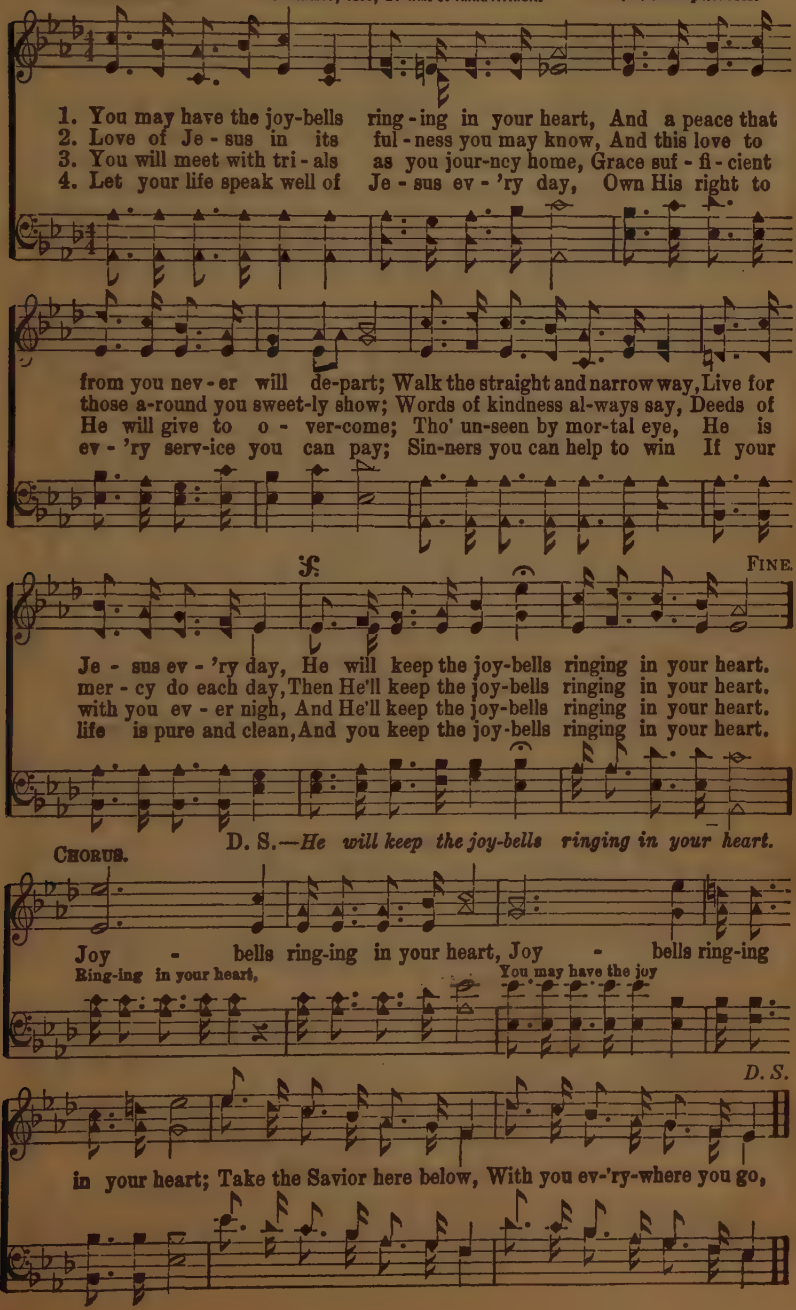
T. C. O'Kane.


1. There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms out-spread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry
3. That Rock's a tow'r, whose loft - y height, Il - lumed with heav'n's un-
head sub - lime; That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who
bathes its head; To its firm base my all I bring, And
cloud - ed light, Swings wide its gates be - neath the dome Where
Refrain.
find with - in the cleft a rest.
to the cross of a - ges cling. Some build their hopes on the
saints find rest with Christ at home.
ev - er - drift-ing sand, Some on their fame, or their treas-ure, or their land;
Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A-ges."

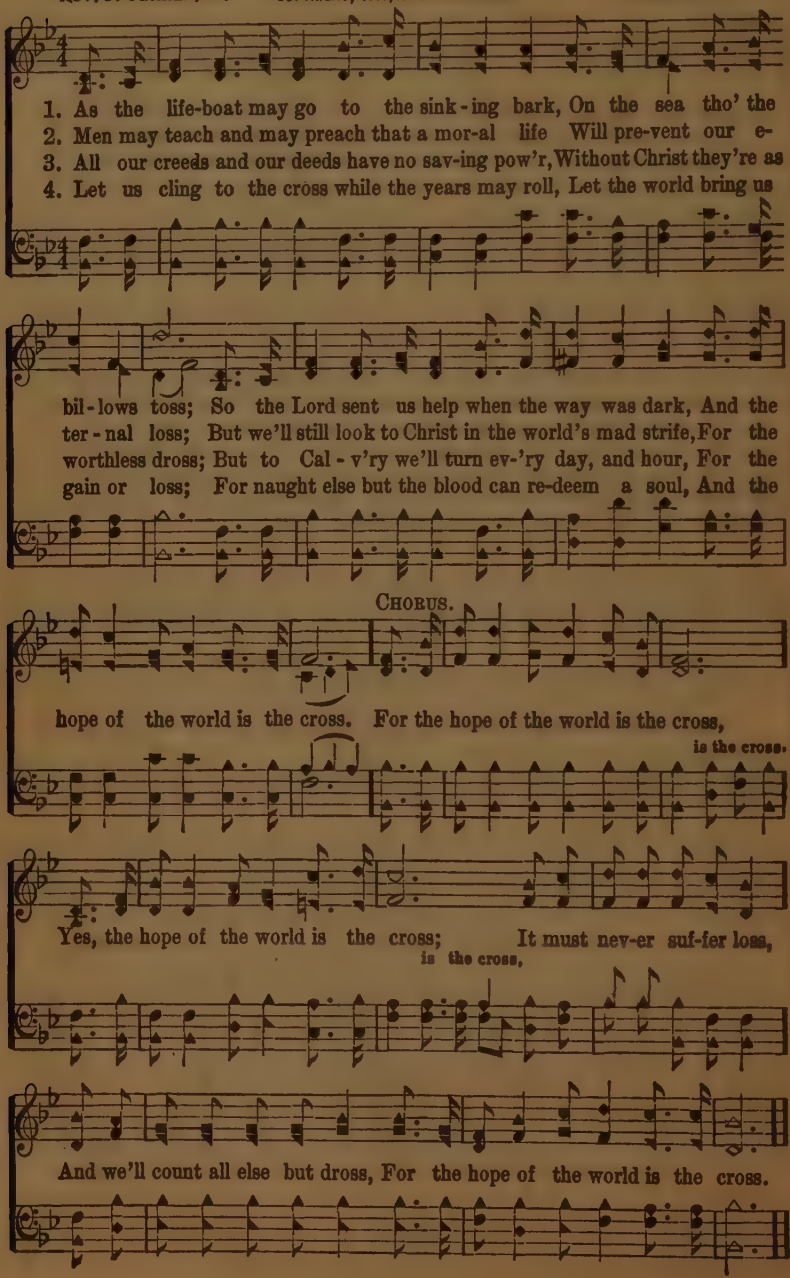
No. 60. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your
FINE.
Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
CHORUS.
Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart,
You may have the joy
D. S.
in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

No. 61. The Hope of the World is the Cross.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.


1. As the life-boat may go to the sink-ing bark, On the sea tho' the bil-lows toss; So the Lord sent us help when the way was dark, And the
2. Men may teach and may preach that a mor-al life Will pre-vent our e-ter-nal loss; But we'll still look to Christ in the world's mad strife, For the
3. All our creeds and our deeds have no sav-ing pow'r, Without Christ they're as worthless dross; But to Cal-v'ry we'll turn ev-'ry day, and hour, For the
4. Let us cling to the cross while the years may roll, Let the world bring us gain or loss; For naught else but the blood can re-deem a soul, And the
Chorus.
hope of the world is the cross. For the hope of the world is the cross,
is the cross.
Yes, the hope of the world is the cross; It must nev-er suf-fer loss,
is the cross,
And we'll count all else but dross, For the hope of the world is the cross.

No. 62. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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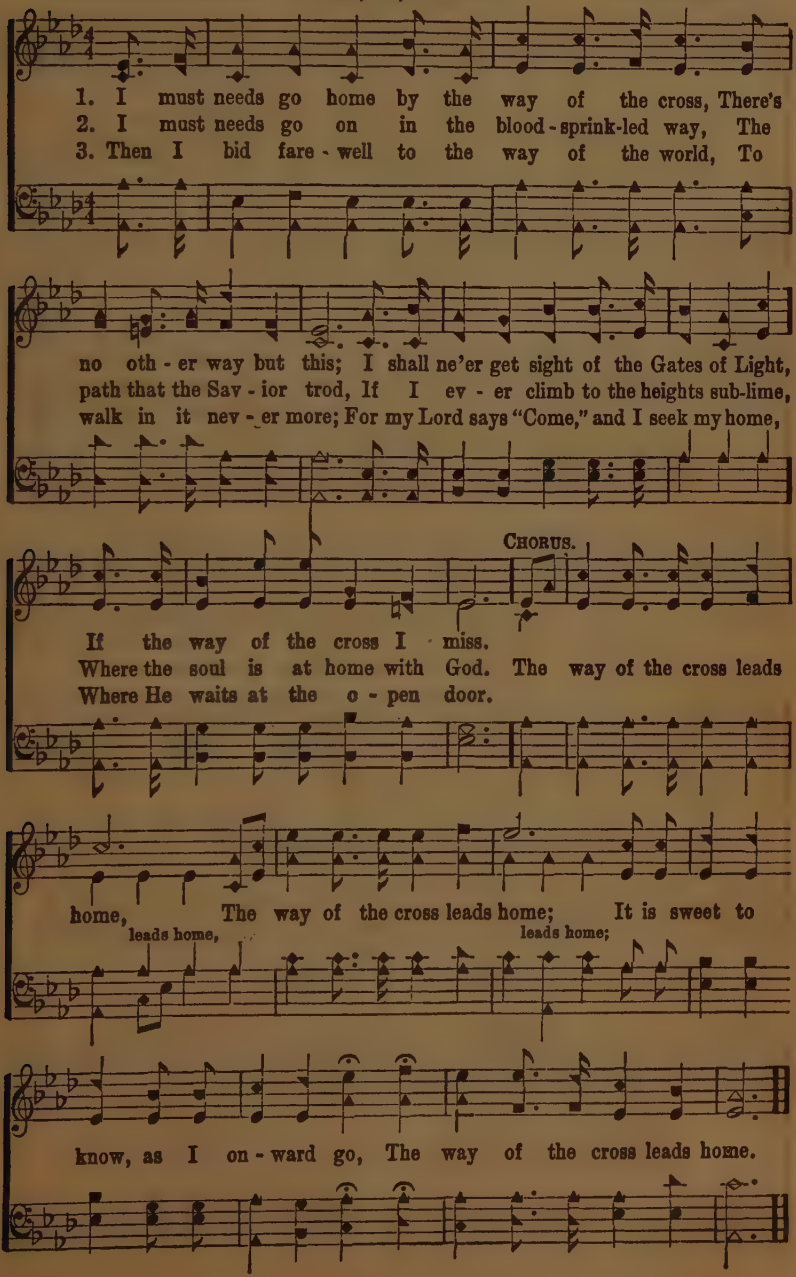
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood - sprink-led way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub-lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to
leads home,
leads home;
know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 63. The Conquering Lion of Judah.

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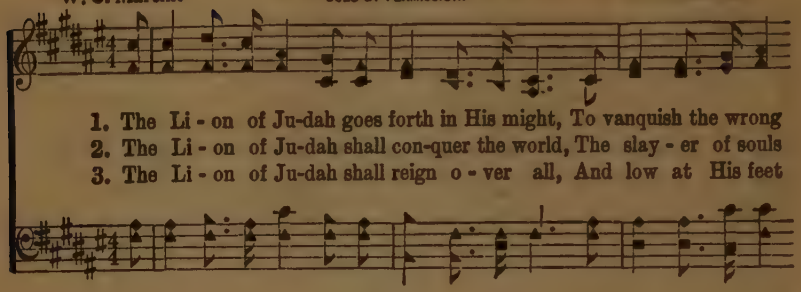
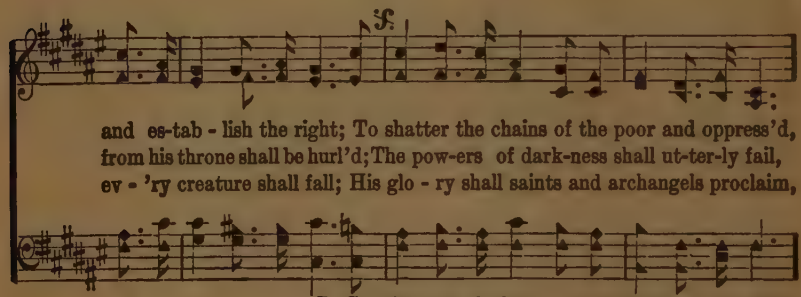
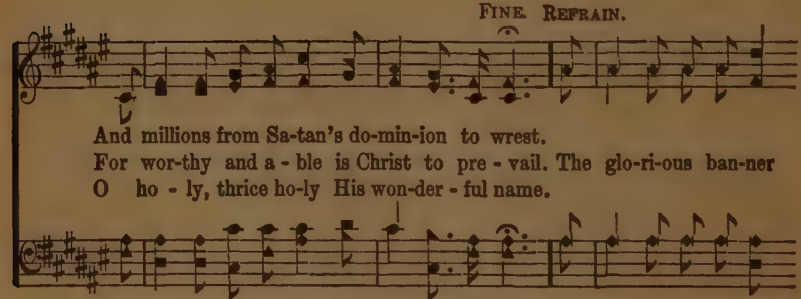
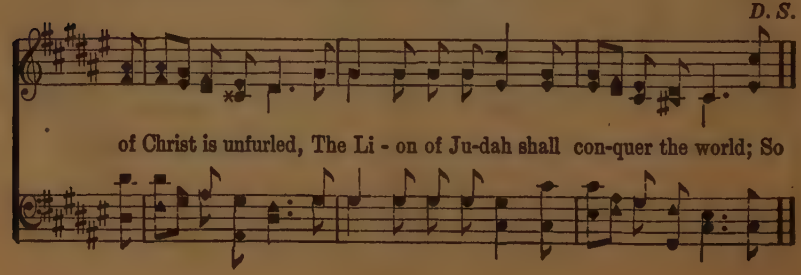
W. C. Martin. M. L. McPhail.


1. The Li - on of Ju-dah goes forth in His might, To vanquish the wrong
2. The Li - on of Ju-dah shall con-quer the world, The slay - er of souls
3. The Li - on of Ju-dah shall reign o - ver all, And low at His feet


f.
and es-tab - lish the right; To shatter the chains of the poor and oppress'd,
from his throne shall be hurl'd; The pow-ers of dark-ness shall ut-ter-ly fail,
ev - 'ry creature shall fall; His glo - ry shall saints and archangels proclaim,
D. S.—free to the breez - es with bold-ness we fling,


FINE. REFRAIN.
And millions from Sa-tan's do-min-ion to wrest.
For wor-thy and a - ble is Christ to pre - vail. The glo-ri-ous ban-ner
O ho - ly, thrice ho-ly His won-der - ful name.
The ban-ner of Ju-dah's all-con-quer-ing King.



No. 64. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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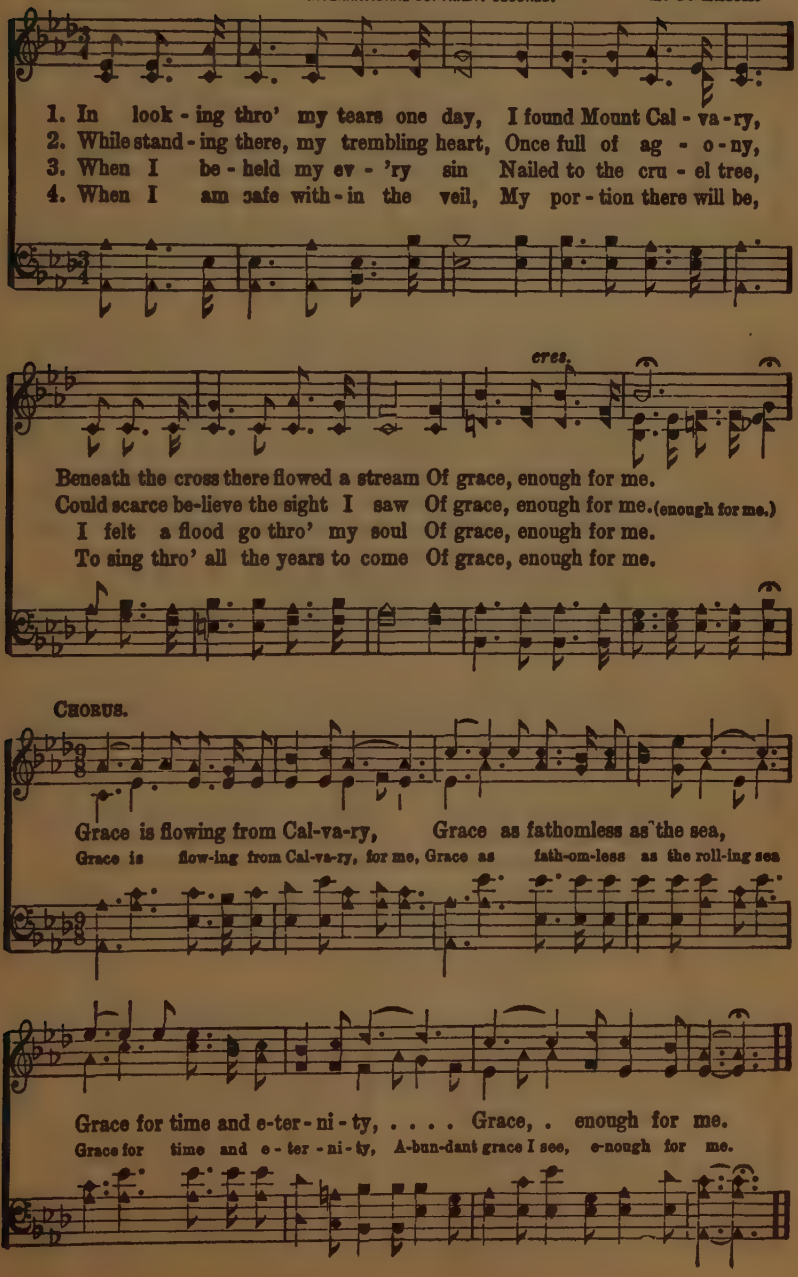
1. In look - ing thro' my tears one day, I found Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While stand - ing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the veil, My por - tion there will be,
cres.
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.
CHORUS.
Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, Grace as fathomless as the sea,
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry, for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, ... Grace, . enough for me.
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, A-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 65. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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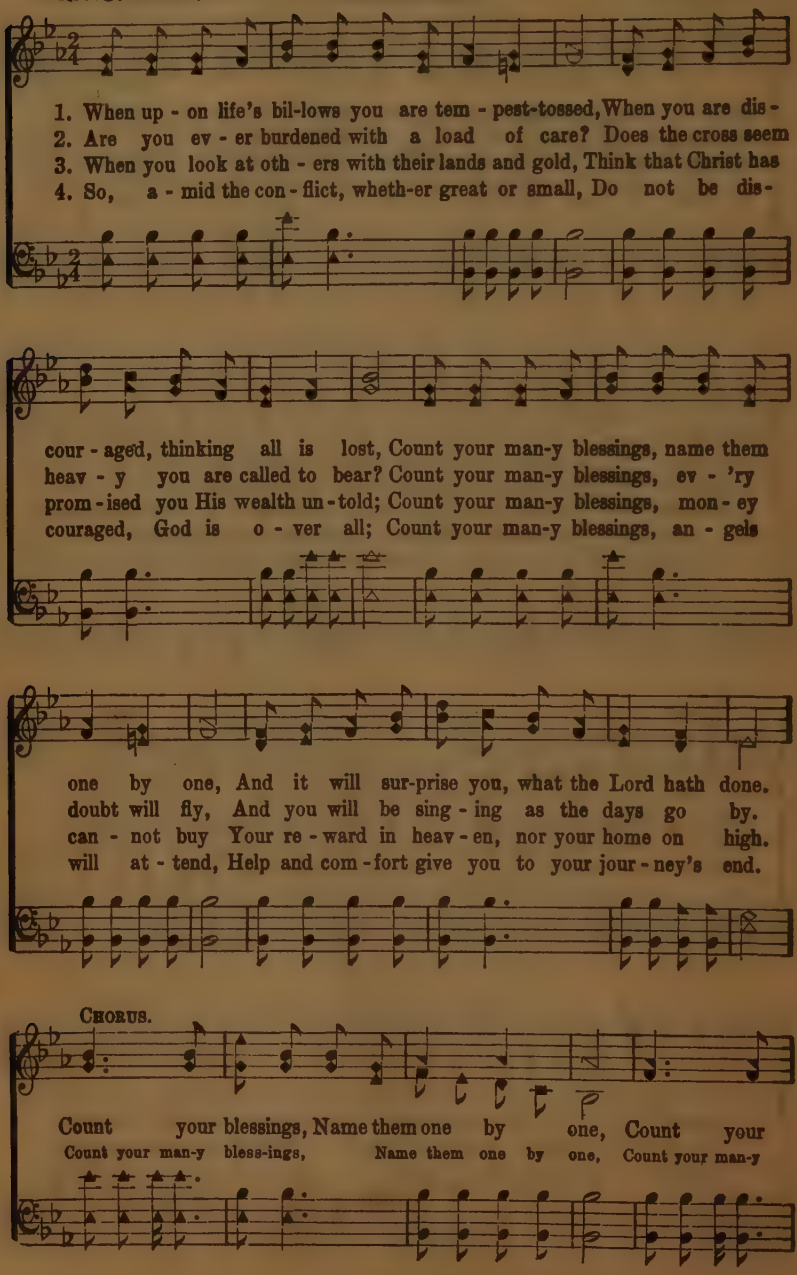
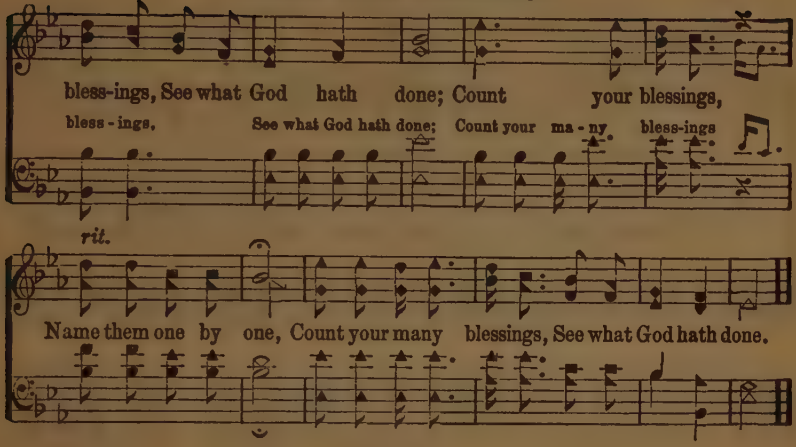
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-
cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
couraged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y

Gount Your Blessings.


bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your ma - ny bless-ings
rit.
Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 66. Somebody.

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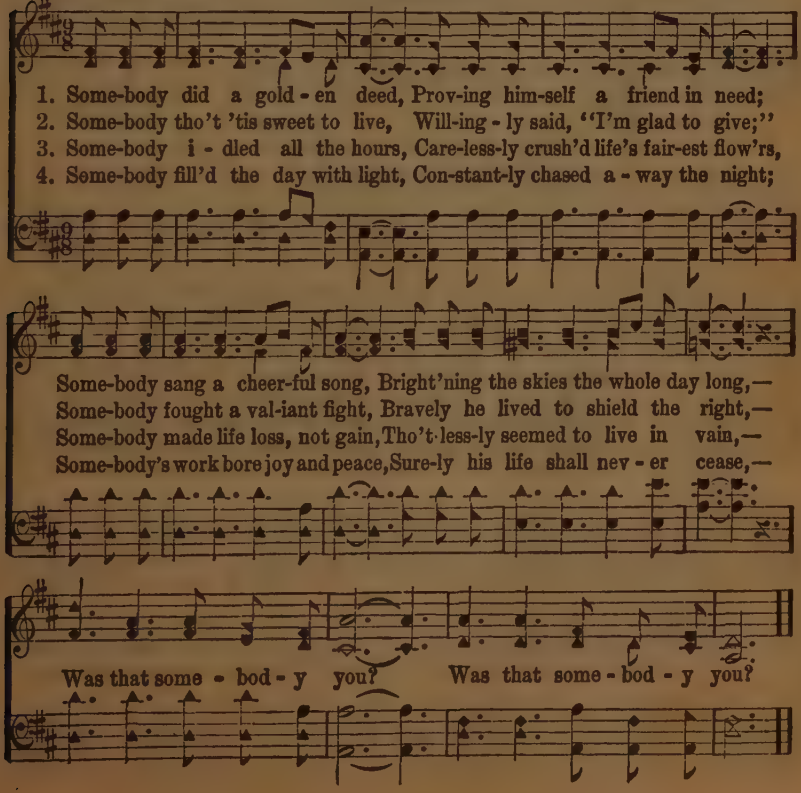
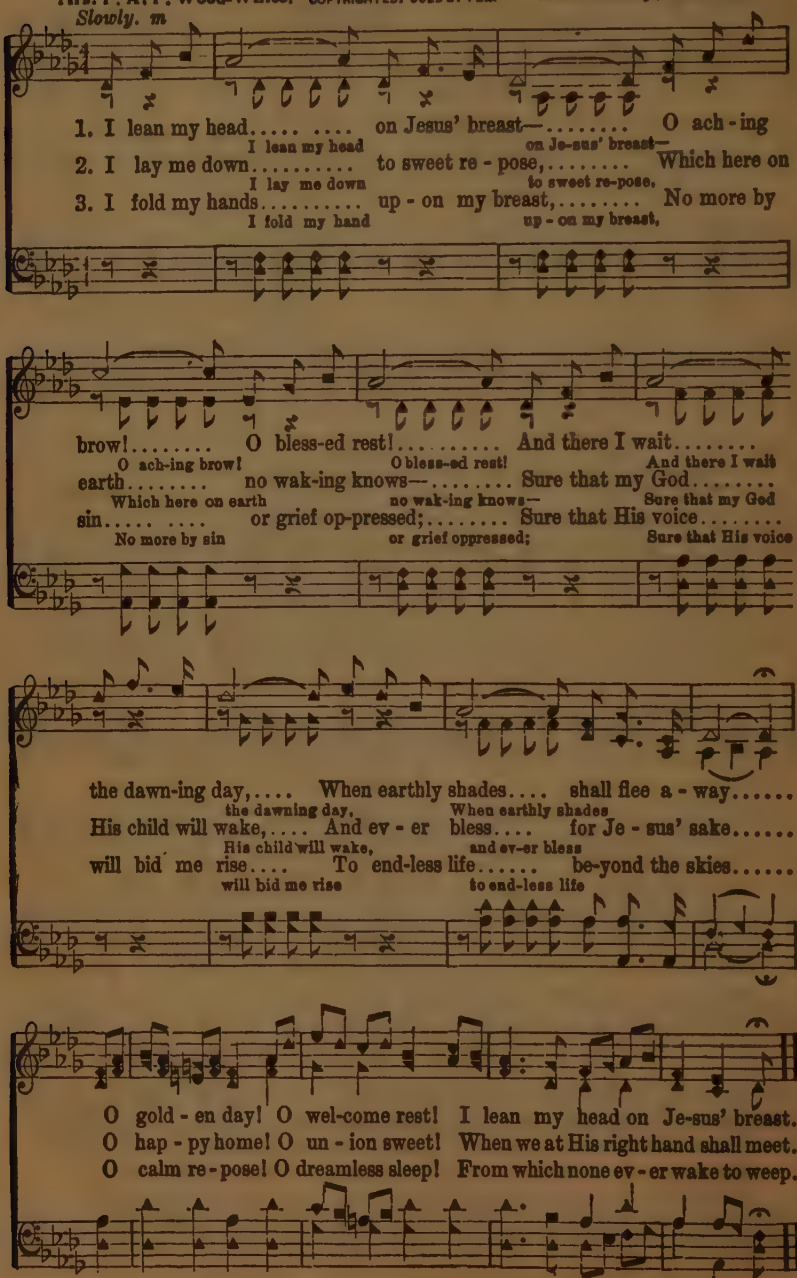
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.

1. Some-body did a gold - en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-body i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fair-est flow'rs,
4. Some-body fill'd the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;
Some-body sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-body fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right,—
Some-body made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-body's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,—
Was that some - bod - y you? Was that some - bod - y you?

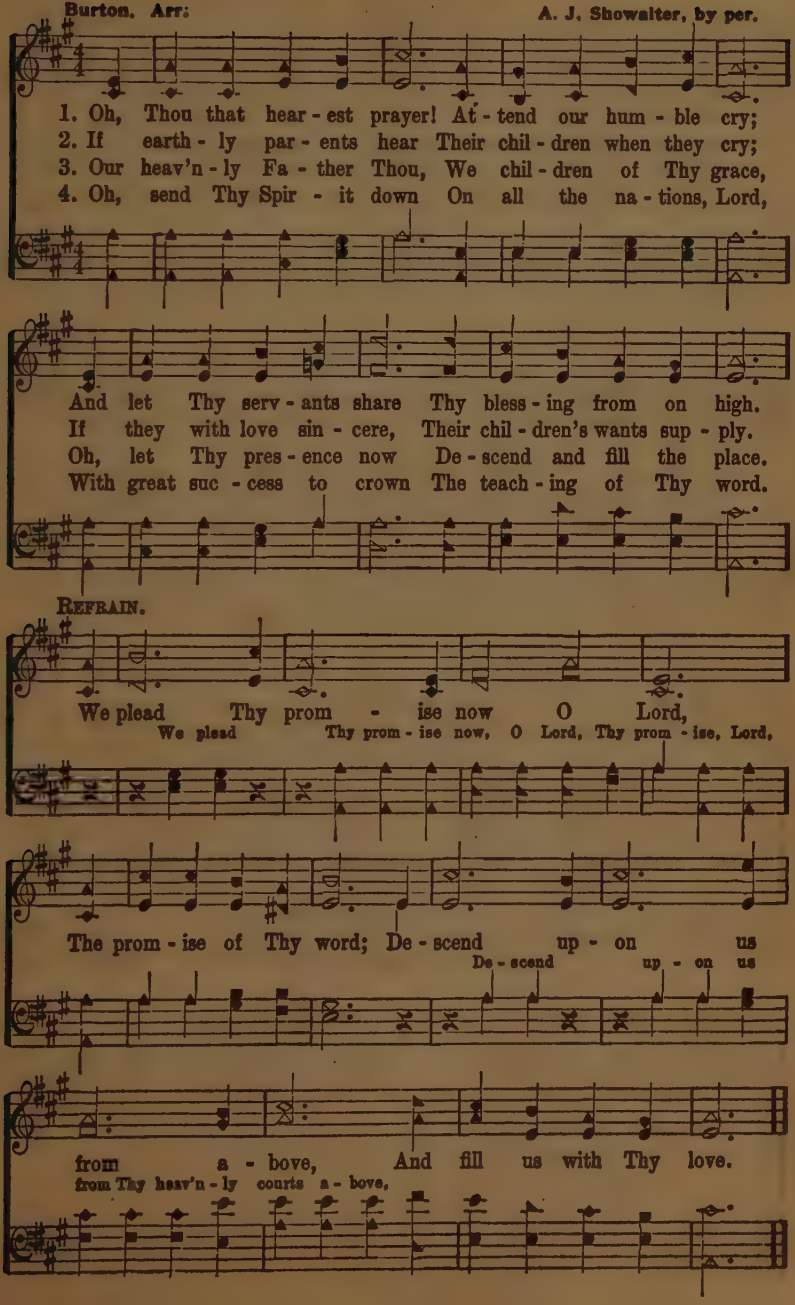
No. 67. O Welcome Rest.

Mrs. F. A. F. Wood-White. COPYRIGHTED. USED BY PER. Alfred Beirly, Mus. Doc.

Slowly.


1. I lean my head..... on Jesus' breast—..... O ach-ing
I lean my head
on Je-sus' breast—
2. I lay me down..... to sweet re-pose,..... Which here on
I lay me down
to sweet re-pose,
3. I fold my hands..... up-on my breast,..... No more by
I fold my hand
up-on my breast,
brow!..... O bless-ed rest!..... And there I wait.....
O ach-ing brow!
O bless-ed rest!
And there I wait
earth..... no wak-ing knows—..... Sure that my God.....
Which here on earth
no wak-ing knows—
Sure that my God
sin..... or grief op-pressed;..... Sure that His voice.....
No more by sin
or grief oppressed;
Sure that His voice
the dawn-ing day,.... When earthly shades.... shall flee a-way.....
the dawning day,
When earthly shades
His child will wake,.... And ev-er bless.... for Je-sus' sake.....
His child will wake,
and ev-er bless
will bid me rise.... To end-less life..... be-yond the skies.....
will bid me rise
to end-less life
O gold-en day! O wel-come rest! I lean my head on Je-sus' breast.
O hap-py home! O un-ion sweet! When we at His right hand shall meet.
O calm re-pose! O dreamless sleep! From which none ev-er wake to weep.

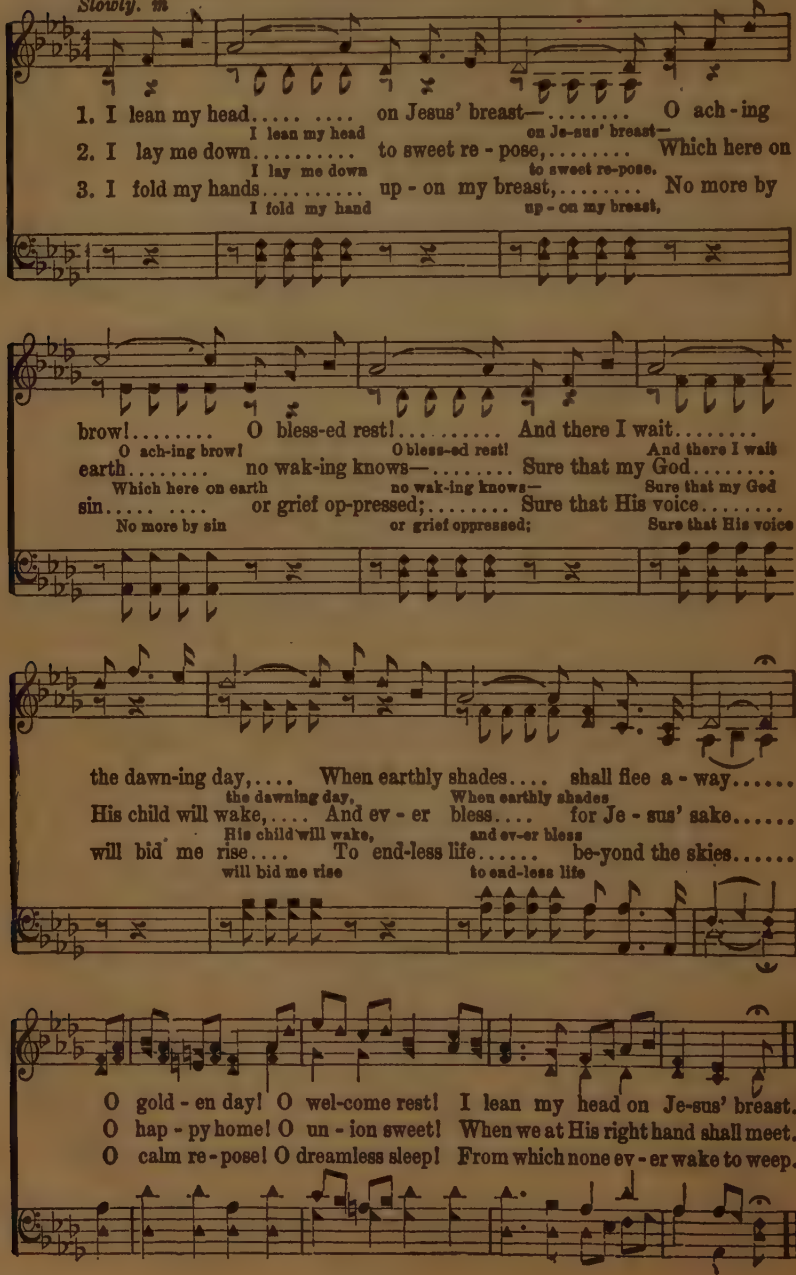
No. 68. Oh, Thou That Hearest Prayer.

Burton. Arr: A. J. Showalter, by per.

1. Oh, Thou that hear - est prayer! At - tend our hum - ble cry;
2. If earth - ly par - ents hear Their chil - dren when they cry;
3. Our heav'n - ly Fa - ther Thou, We chil - dren of Thy grace,
4. Oh, send Thy Spir - it down On all the na - tions, Lord,
And let Thy serv - ants share Thy bless - ing from on high.
If they with love sin - cere, Their chil - dren's wants sup - ply.
Oh, let Thy pres - ence now De - scend and fill the place.
With great suc - cess to crown The teach - ing of Thy word.
REFRAIN.
We plead Thy prom - ise now O Lord,
We plead Thy prom - ise now, O Lord, Thy prom - ise, Lord,
The prom - ise of Thy word; De - scend up - on us
De - scend up - on us
from a - bove, And fill us with Thy love.
from Thy heav'n - ly courts a - bove.

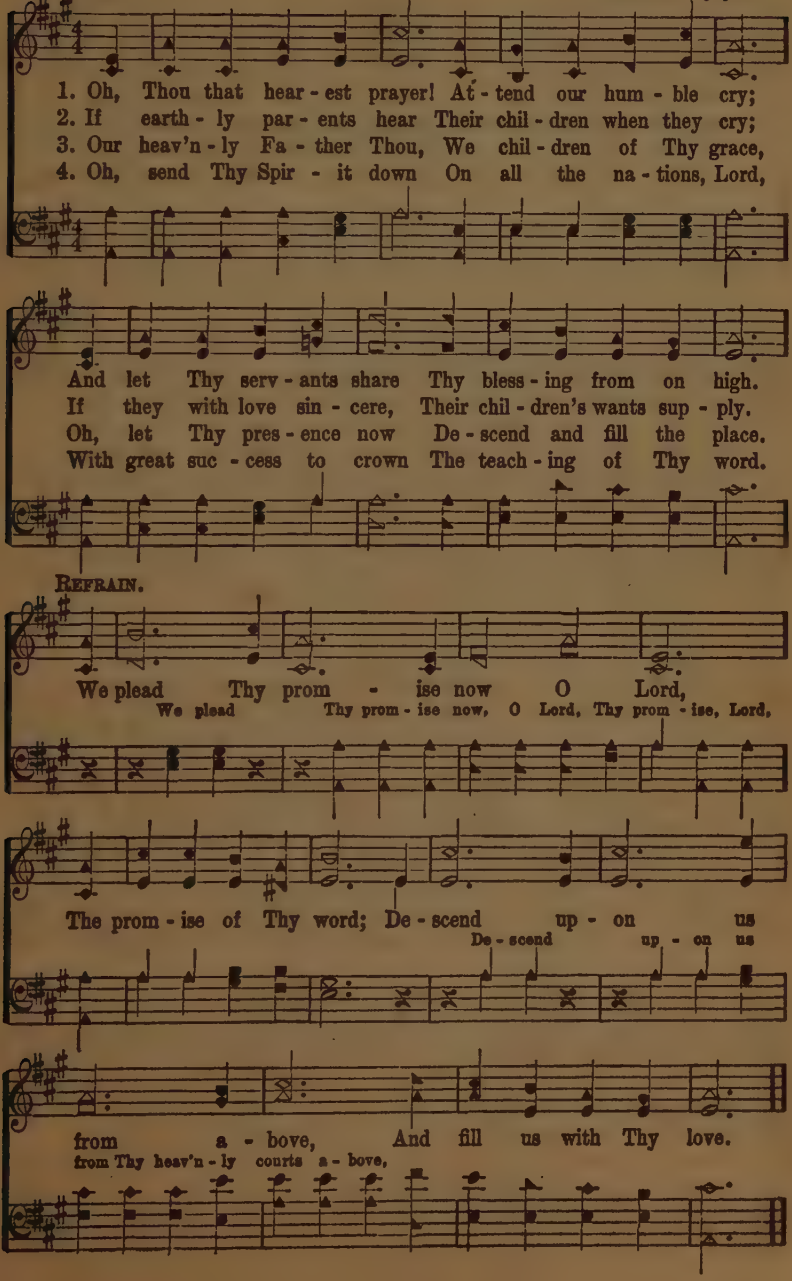
No. 67. O Welcome Rest.

Mrs. F. A. F. Wood-White. COPYRIGHTED. USED BY PER. Alfred Beirly, Mus. Doc.

Slowly. *m*


1. I lean my head..... .... on Jesus' breast—..... O ach-ing
I lean my head
on Je-sus' breast—
2. I lay me down..... to sweet re-pose,..... Which here on
I lay me down
to sweet re-pose,
3. I fold my hands..... up-on my breast,..... No more by
I fold my hand
up-on my breast,
brow!..... O bless-ed rest!..... And there I wait.....
O ach-ing brow!
O bless-ed rest!
And there I wait
earth..... no wak-ing knows—..... Sure that my God.....
Which here on earth
no wak-ing knows—
Sure that my God
sin..... .... or grief op-pressed;..... Sure that His voice.....
No more by sin
or grief oppressed;
Sure that His voice
the dawn-ing day,.... When earthly shades.... shall flee a-way.....
the dawning day,
When earthly shades
His child will wake,.... And ev-er bless.... for Je-sus' sake.....
His child will wake,
and ev-er bless
will bid me rise.... To end-less life..... be-yond the skies.....
will bid me rise
to end-less life
O gold-en day! O wel-come rest! I lean my head on Je-sus' breast.
O hap-py home! O un-ion sweet! When we at His right hand shall meet.
O calm re-pose! O dreamless sleep! From which none ev-er wake to weep.

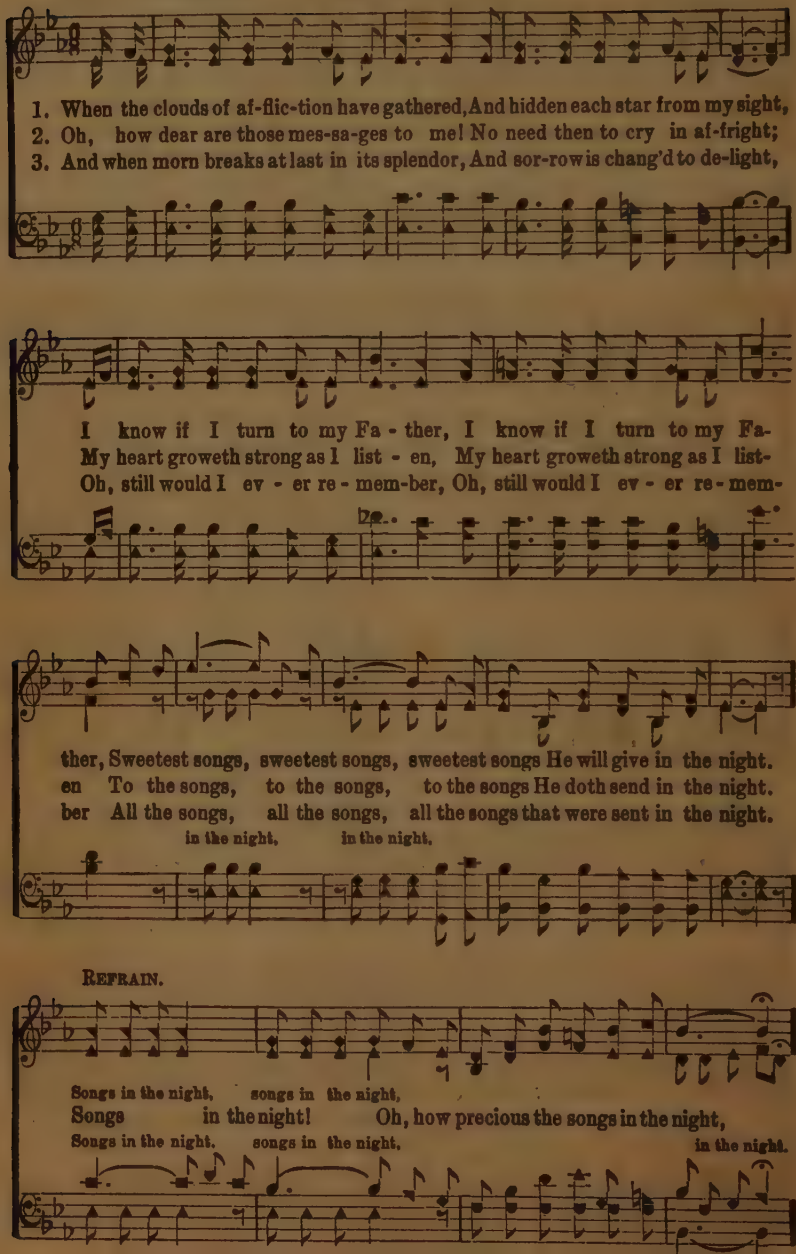
No. 68. Oh, Thou That Hearest Prayer.

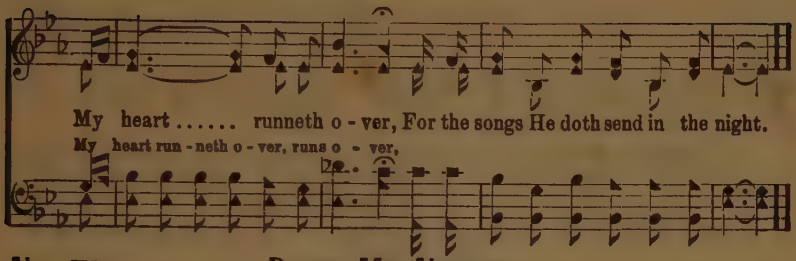
Burton. Arr: A. J. Showalter, by per.

1. Oh, Thou that hear - est prayer! At - tend our hum - ble cry;
2. If earth - ly par - ents hear Their chil - dren when they cry;
3. Our heav'n - ly Fa - ther Thou, We chil - dren of Thy grace,
4. Oh, send Thy Spir - it down On all the na - tions, Lord,
And let Thy serv - ants share Thy bless - ing from on high.
If they with love sin - cere, Their chil - dren's wants sup - ply.
Oh, let Thy pres - ence now De - scend and fill the place.
With great suc - cess to crown The teach - ing of Thy word.
Refrain.
We plead Thy prom - ise now O Lord,
We plead Thy prom - ise now, O Lord, Thy prom - ise, Lord,
The prom - ise of Thy word; De - scend up - on us
De - scend up - on us
from a - bove, And fill us with Thy love.
from Thy heav'n - ly courts a - bove,

No. 69. Songs in the Night.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL,

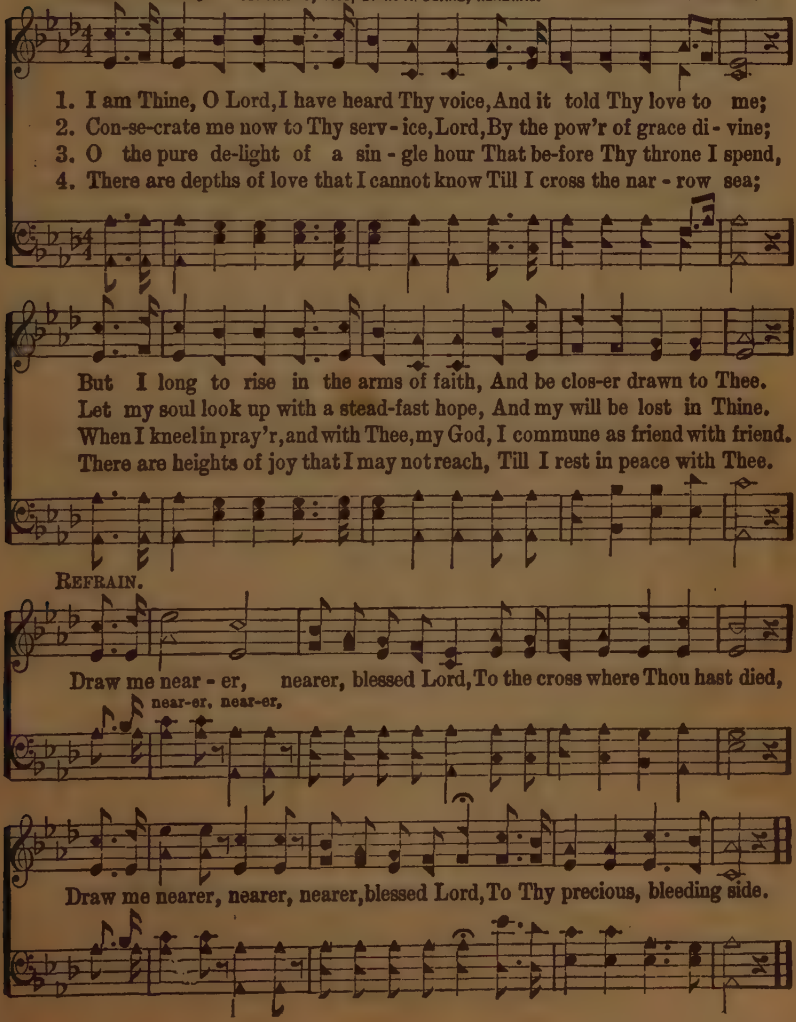
Nellie A. Montgomery. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.


1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hidden each star from my sight,
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-fright;
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splendor, And sor-row is chang'd to de-light,
I know if I turn to my Fa - ther, I know if I turn to my Fa-
My heart groweth strong as I list - en, My heart groweth strong as I list-
Oh, still would I ev - er re - mem-ber, Oh, still would I ev - er re - mem-
ther, Sweetest songs, sweetest songs, sweetest songs He will give in the night.
en To the songs, to the songs, to the songs He doth send in the night.
ber All the songs, all the songs, all the songs that were sent in the night.
in the night, in the night,
REFRAIN.
Songs in the night, songs in the night,
Songs in the night! Oh, how precious the songs in the night,
Songs in the night, songs in the night, in the night.



No. 70. Draw Me Nearer.

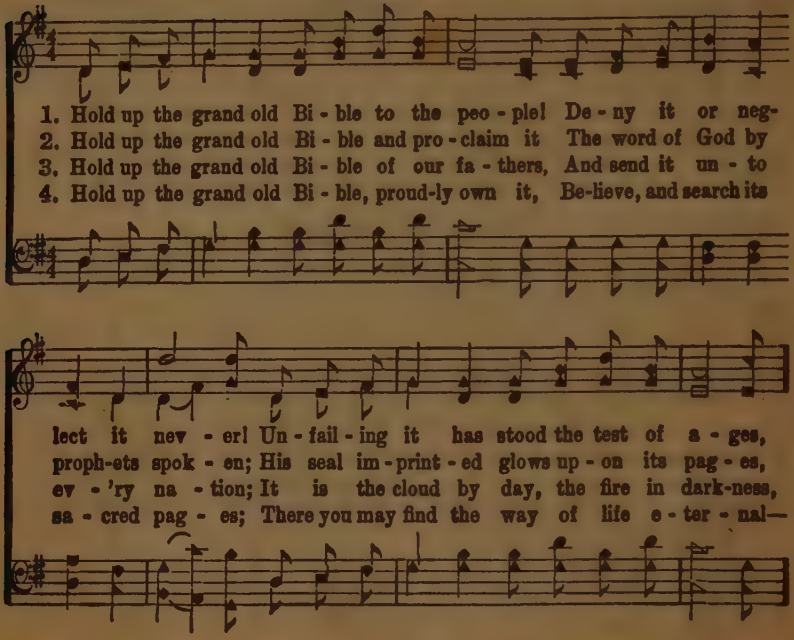
Fannie J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY W. H. DOANE, RENEWAL. William H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
near-er, near-er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 71. The Grand Old Bible.

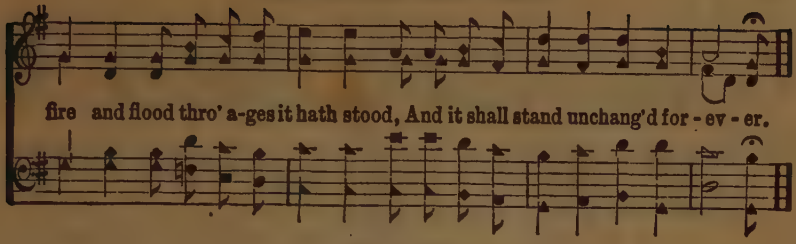
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble to the peo - ple! De - ny it or neg-
2. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble and pro - claim it The word of God by
3. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble of our fa - thers, And send it un - to
4. Hold up the grand old Bi - ble, proud-ly own it, Be-lieve, and search its
lect it nev - er! Un - fail - ing it has stood the test of a - ges,
proph-ets spok - en; His seal im - print - ed glows up - on its pag - es,
ev - 'ry na - tion; It is the cloud by day, the fire in dark-ness,
sa - cred pag - es; There you may find the way of life e - ter - nal—
Chorus.
And it shall stand unchanged for - ev - er!
And not a pre - cept can be bro - ken. O bless - ed book,.....
That lights the way un - to sal - va - tion.
Im - mor - tal life thro' end - less a - ges.
O bless-ed book,
the on - ly book,..... The pow'rs of earth can change it never! The test of
the on - ly book,

*With his permission this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. R. A. TORREY, in appreciation of his steadfast loyalty to the grand old book—the BIBLE.

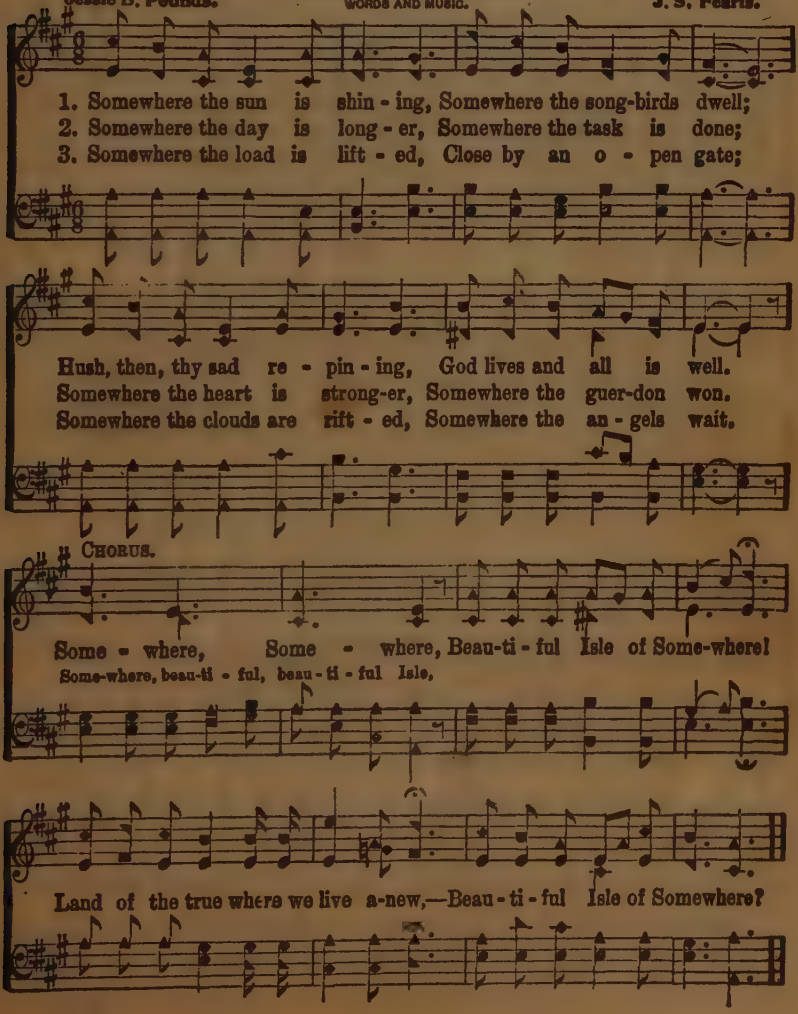
The Grand Old Bible.



No. 72. Beautiful Isle.

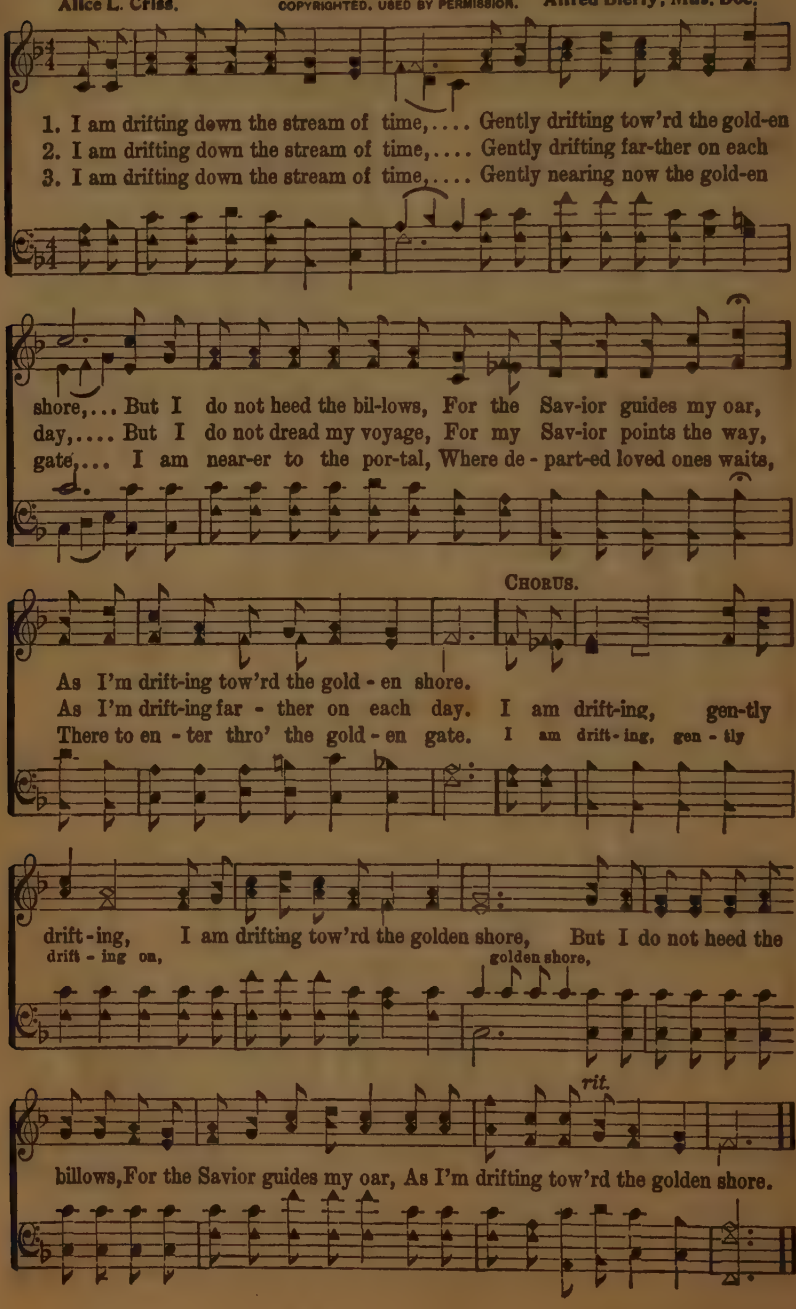
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Jessie B. Pounds. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.


1. Somewhere the sun is shin - ing, Somewhere the song-birds dwell;
2. Somewhere the day is long - er, Somewhere the task is done;
3. Somewhere the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives and all is well.
Somewhere the heart is strong-er, Somewhere the guer-don won.
Somewhere the clouds are rift - ed, Somewhere the an - gels wait.
CHORUS.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true where we live a-new,—Beau - ti - ful Isle of Somewhere?

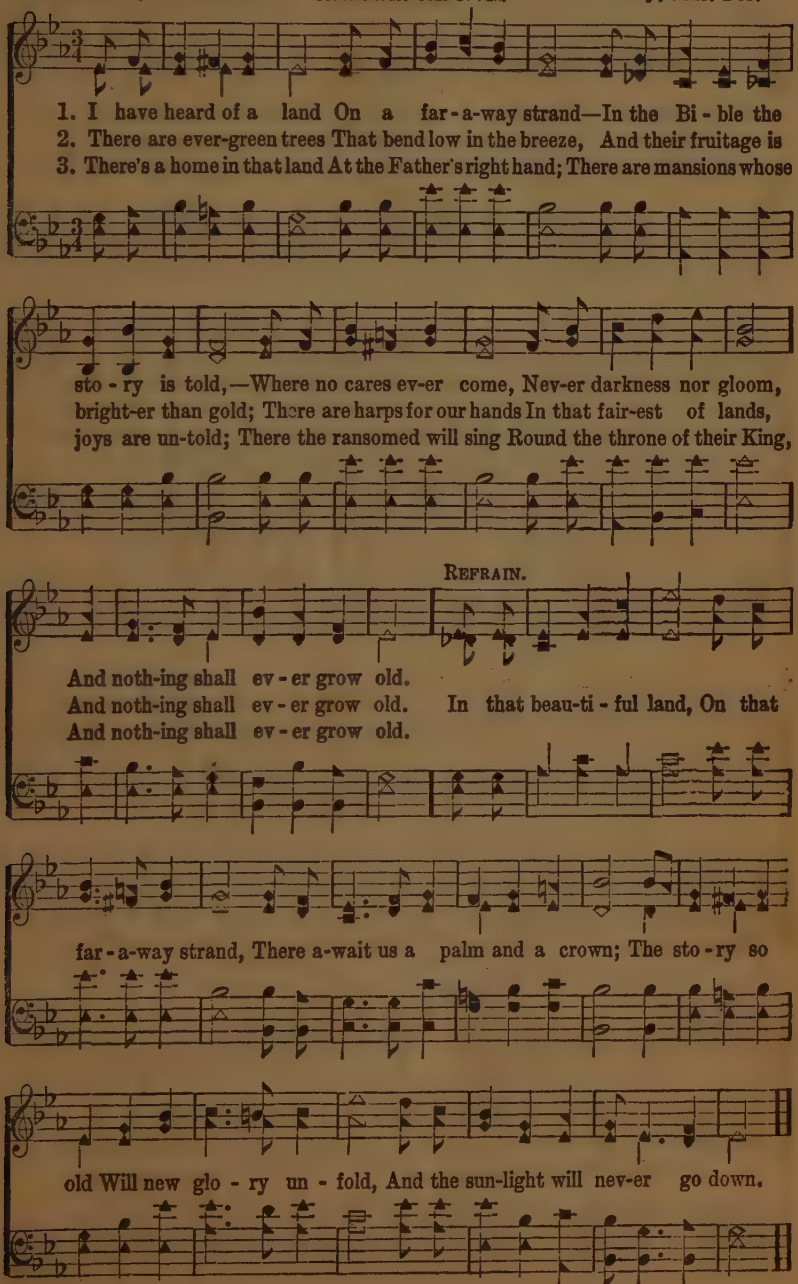
No. 73. The Golden Shore.

Alice L. Criss. COPYRIGHTED. USED BY PERMISSION. Alfred Bierly, Mus. Doc.


1. I am drifting down the stream of time,.... Gently drifting tow'rd the gold-en
2. I am drifting down the stream of time,.... Gently drifting far-ther on each
3. I am drifting down the stream of time,.... Gently nearing now the gold-en
shore,... But I do not heed the bil-lows, For the Sav-ior guides my oar,
day,.... But I do not dread my voyage, For my Sav-ior points the way,
gate,... I am near-er to the por-tal, Where de - part-ed loved ones waits,
CHORUS.
As I'm drift-ing tow'rd the gold - en shore.
As I'm drift-ing far - ther on each day. I am drift-ing, gen-tly
There to en - ter thro' the gold - en gate. I am drift - ing, gen - tly
drift-ing, I am drifting tow'rd the golden shore, But I do not heed the
drift - ing on, golden shore,
rit.
billows, For the Savior guides my oar, As I'm drifting tow'rd the golden shore.

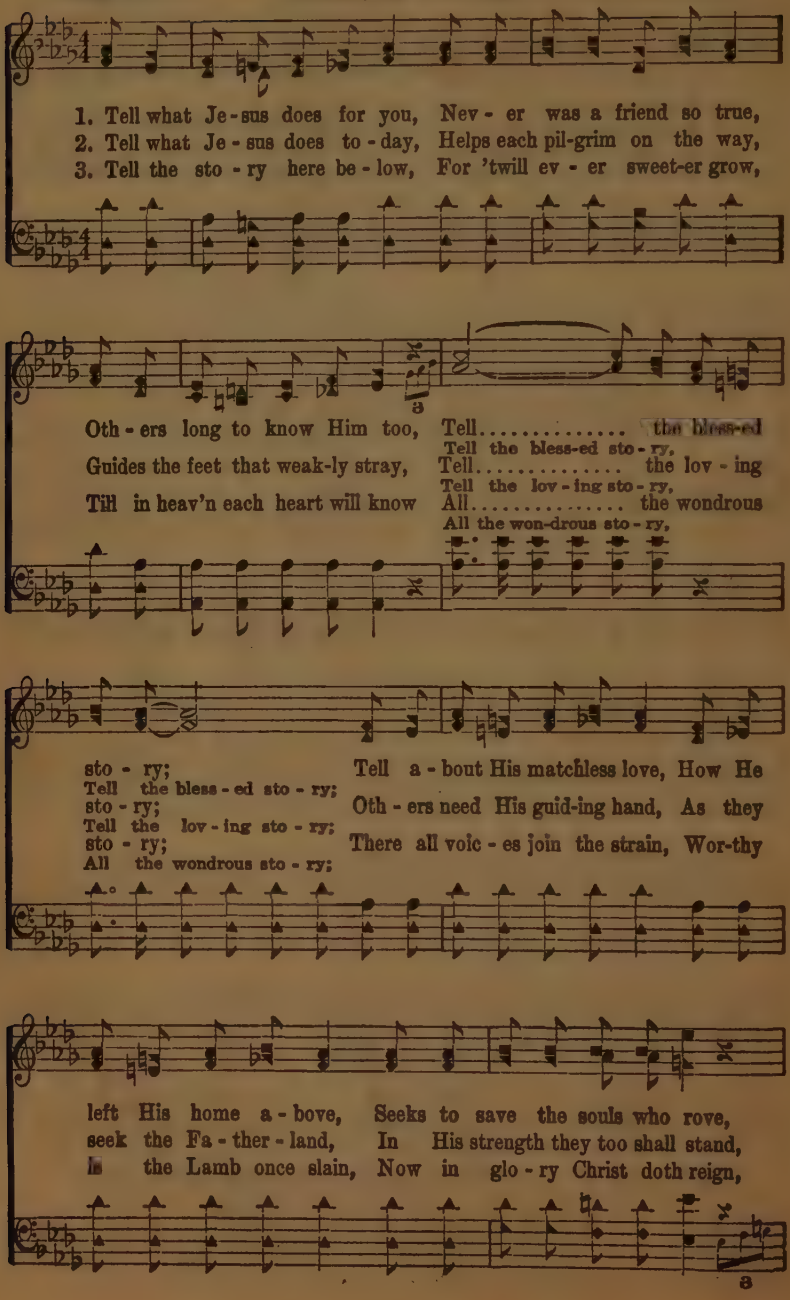
No. 74. That Beautiful Land.

Mrs. F. A. F. Wood-White. COPYRIGHTED. USED BY PER. Alfred Beirly, Mus. Doc.

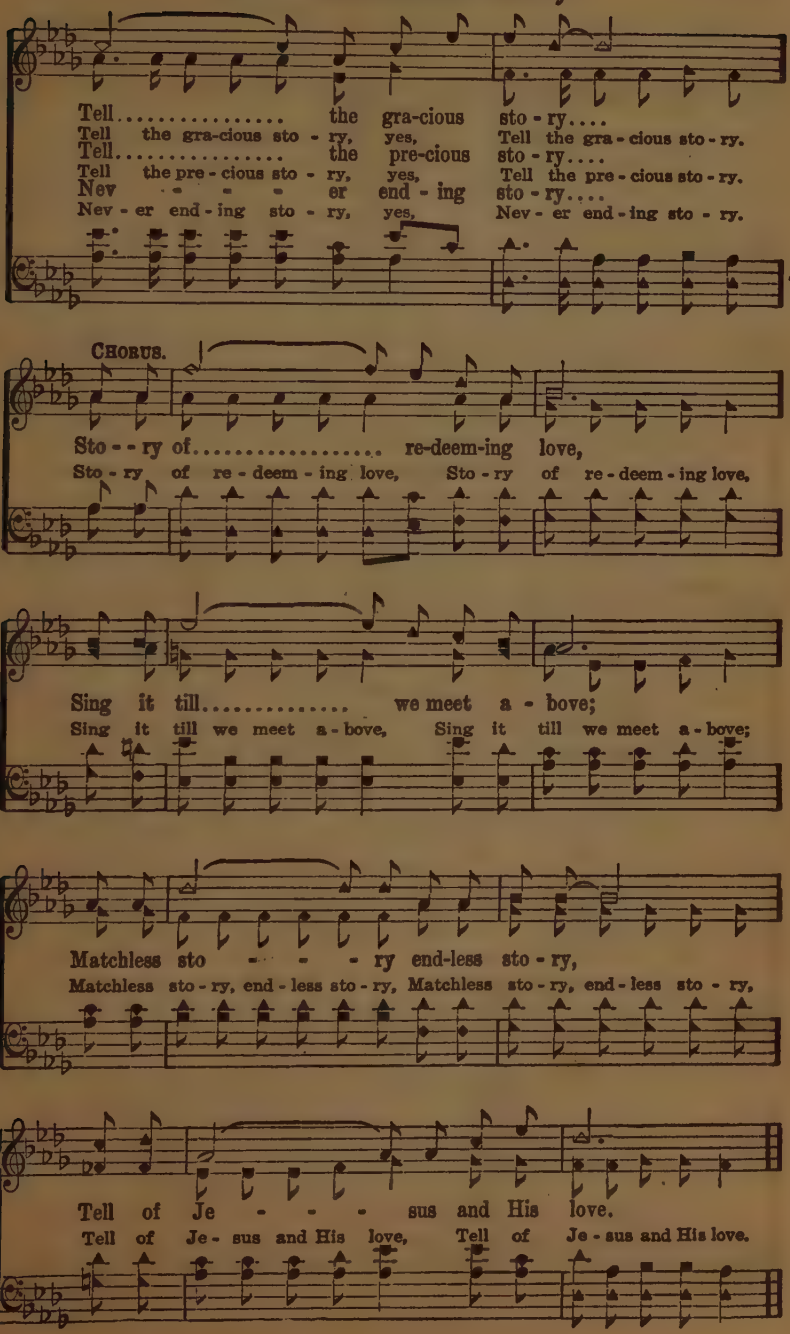

1. I have heard of a land On a far-a-way strand—In the Bi-ble the
2. There are ever-green trees That bend low in the breeze, And their fruitage is
3. There's a home in that land At the Father's right hand; There are mansions whose
sto-ry is told,—Where no cares ev-er come, Nev-er darkness nor gloom,
bright-er than gold; There are harps for our hands In that fair-est of lands,
joys are un-told; There the ransomed will sing Round the throne of their King,
REFRAIN.
And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.
And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.
And noth-ing shall ev-er grow old.
In that beau-ti-ful land, On that
far-a-way strand, There a-wait us a palm and a crown; The sto-ry so
old Will new glo-ry un-fold, And the sun-light will nev-er go down.

No. 75. Tell the Blessed Story.

Birdie Bell. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY A. M. PACE. A. M. Pace.


1. Tell what Je - sus does for you, Nev - er was a friend so true,
2. Tell what Je - sus does to - day, Helps each pil-grim on the way,
3. Tell the sto - ry here be - low, For 'twill ev - er sweet-er grow,
Oth - ers long to know Him too, Tell..... the bless-ed
Tell the bless-ed sto - ry,
Guides the feet that weak-ly stray, Tell..... the lov - ing
Tell the lov - ing sto - ry,
Till in heav'n each heart will know All..... the wondrous
All the won-drous sto - ry,
sto - ry;
Tell the bless - ed sto - ry;
sto - ry;
Tell the lov - ing sto - ry;
sto - ry;
All the wondrous sto - ry;
Tell a - bout His matchless love, How He
Oth - ers need His guid-ing hand, As they
There all voic - es join the strain, Wor-thy
left His home a - bove, Seeks to save the souls who rove,
seek the Fa - ther - land, In His strength they too shall stand,
the Lamb once slain, Now in glo - ry Christ doth reign,

Tell the Blessed Story.


Tell..... the gra-cious sto-ry....
Tell the gra-cious sto-ry, yes, Tell the gra-cious sto-ry.
Tell..... the pre-cious sto-ry....
Tell the pre-cious sto-ry, yes, Tell the pre-cious sto-ry.
Nev - - - - er end-ing sto-ry....
Nev-er end-ing sto-ry, yes, Nev-er end-ing sto-ry.
CHORUS.
Sto - - ry of..... re-deem-ing love,
Sto-ry of re-deem-ing love, Sto-ry of re-deem-ing love,
Sing it till..... we meet a-bove;
Sing it till we meet a-bove, Sing it till we meet a-bove;
Matchless sto - - - - ry end-less sto-ry,
Matchless sto-ry, end-less sto-ry, Matchless sto-ry, end-less sto-ry,
Tell of Je - - - - sus and His love.
Tell of Je-sus and His love, Tell of Je-sus and His love.

No. 76. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. O sweet is the sto - ry of Je - sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo - ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer - cy flows on like a riv - er; His love is unmeasured and free;

Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner—I'll tell it a - gain and a - gain!
To pur-chase e - ter - nal redemption, And, O He is might - y to save!
His grace is for - ev - er suf - fi - cient, It reach-es and pu - ri - fies me.

CHORUS.

O won - - der-ful, wonder - ful sto - ry, The dear - est that
O won-der-ful sto - - - ry, O won-der-ful sto - ry, The dearest that ev - - -

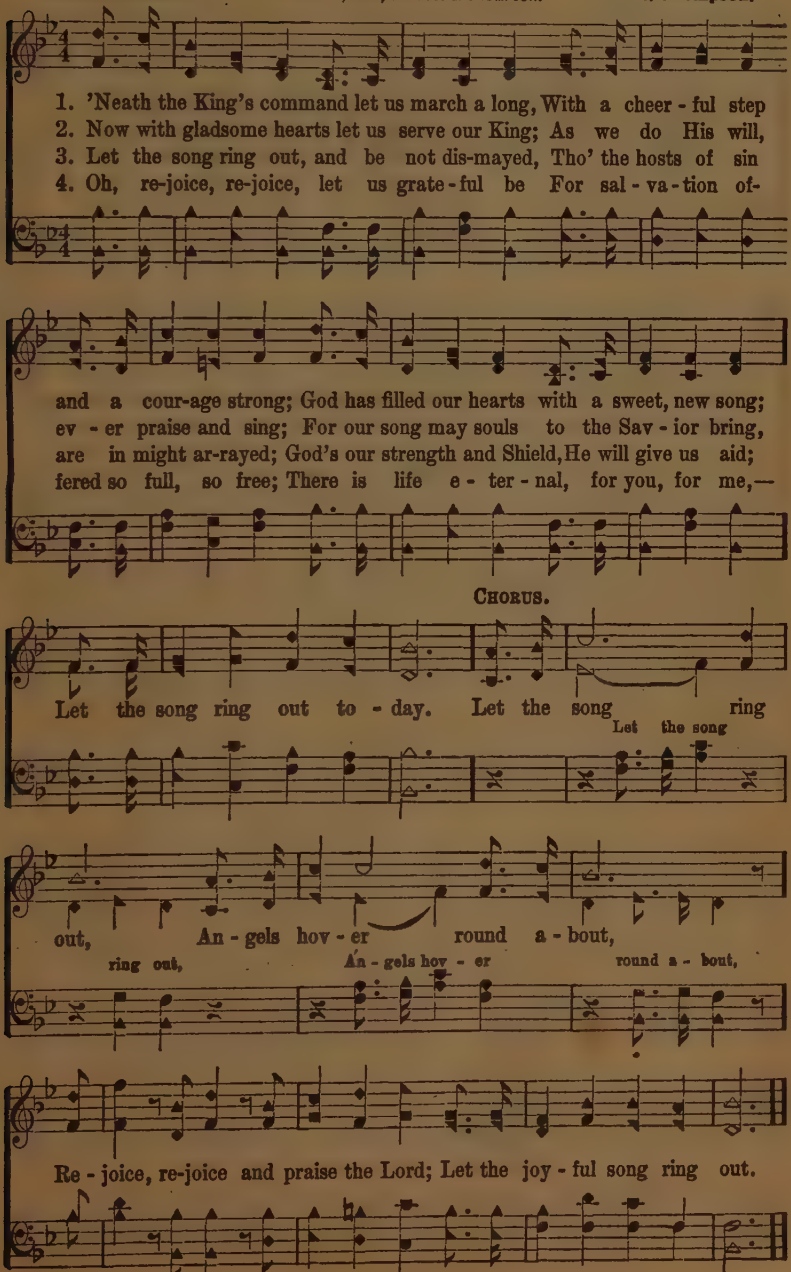
ev - er was told; . . . . I'll re - peat it in glo - - ry, The wonderful
er, that ev - er was told; I'll re - peat it in glo - ry, The

sto - - ry, Where I . . . shall His beauty be-hold. . .
won- der - ful sto - ry, Where I shall His beau - - ty, His beau - ty be - hold.

rit.

No. 77. Let the Song Ring Out.

Maud Frazer. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON. Will L. Thompson.

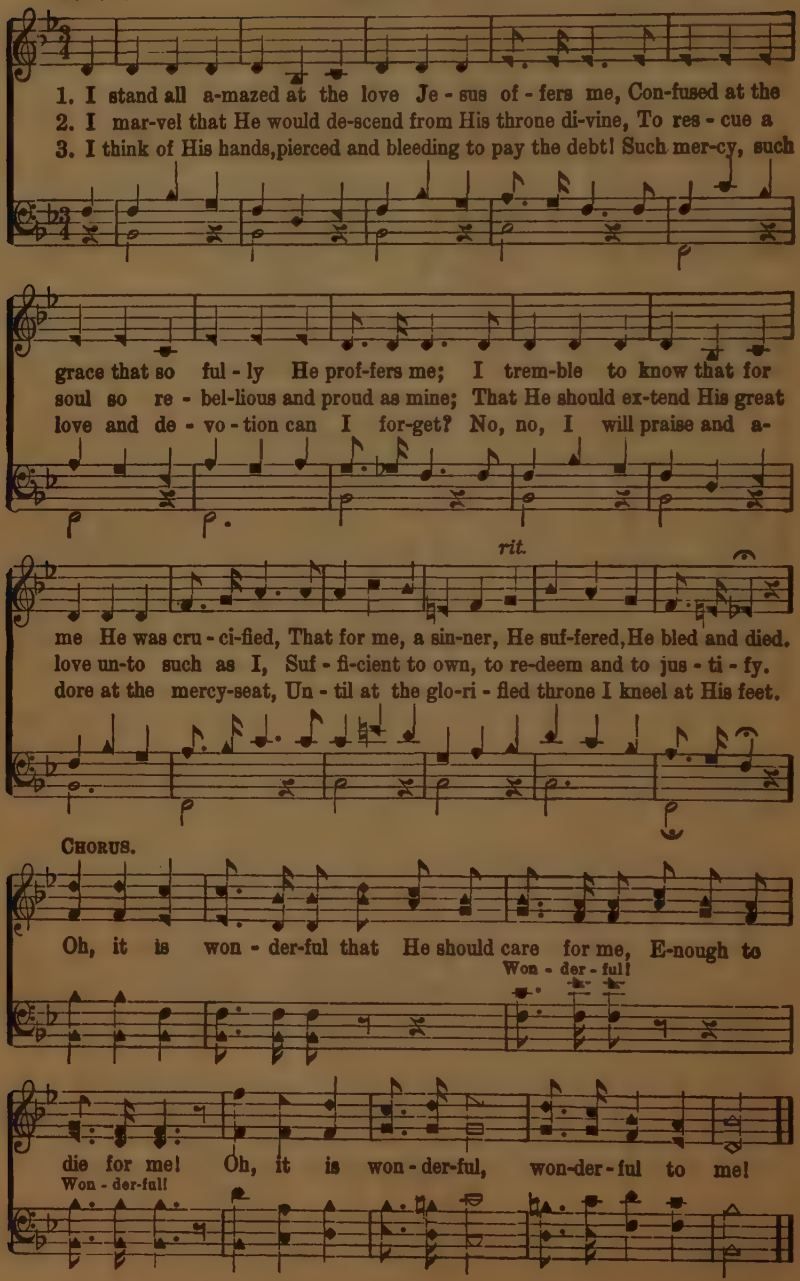

1. 'Neath the King's command let us march a long, With a cheer - ful step
2. Now with gladsome hearts let us serve our King; As we do His will,
3. Let the song ring out, and be not dis-mayed, Tho' the hosts of sin
4. Oh, re-joice, re-joice, let us grate-ful be For sal - va - tion of-
and a cour-age strong; God has filled our hearts with a sweet, new song;
ev - er praise and sing; For our song may souls to the Sav - ior bring,
are in might ar-rayed; God's our strength and Shield, He will give us aid;
fered so full, so free; There is life e - ter - nal, for you, for me,—
CHORUS.
Let the song ring out to - day. Let the song ring
Let the song
out, An - gels hov - er round a - bout,
ring out, An - gels hov - er round a - bout,
Re - joice, re-joice and praise the Lord; Let the joy - ful song ring out.

No. 78. Oh, it is Wonderful!

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I stand all a-mazed at the love Je - sus of - fers me, Con-fused at the
2. I mar-vel that He would de-scend from His throne di-vine, To res - cue a
3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mer-cy, such
grace that so ful - ly He prof-fers me; I trem-ble to know that for
soul so re - bel-lious and proud as mine; That He should ex-tend His great
love and de - vo - tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a-
rit.
me He was cru - ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suf-fered, He bled and died.
love un-to such as I, Suf - fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus - ti - fy.
dore at the mercy-seat, Un - til at the glo-ri - fied throne I kneel at His feet.
CHORUS.
Oh, it is won - der-ful that He should care for me, E-nough to
Won - der - ful!
die for me! Oh, it is won - der-ful, won-der - ful to me!
Won - der-ful!

No. 79. The Savior's Smile.

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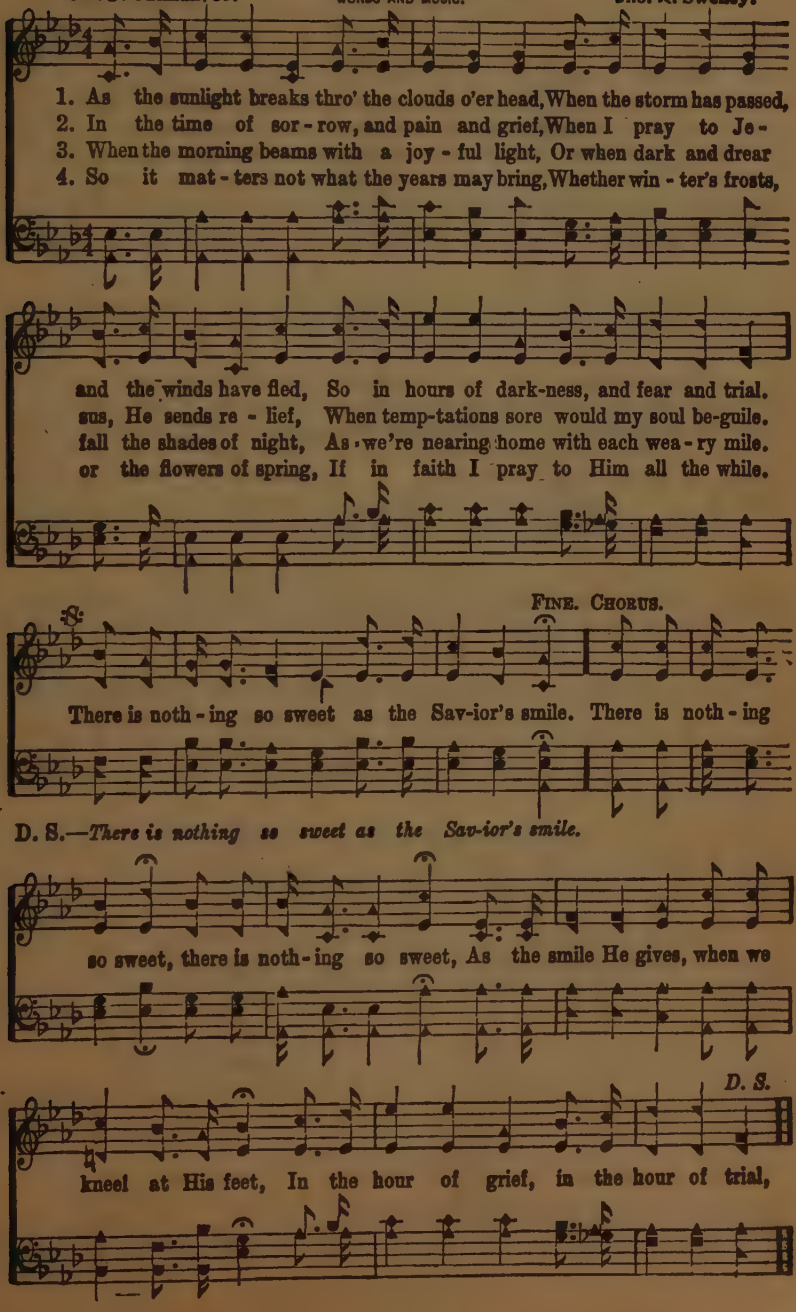
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. As the sunlight breaks thro' the clouds o'er head, When the storm has passed,
2. In the time of sor - row, and pain and grief, When I pray to Je -
3. When the morning beams with a joy - ful light, Or when dark and drear
4. So it mat - ters not what the years may bring, Whether win - ter's frosts,
and the winds have fled, So in hours of dark-ness, and fear and trial.
sus, He sends re - lief, When temp-tations sore would my soul be-guile.
fall the shades of night, As we're nearing home with each wea - ry mile.
or the flowers of spring, If in faith I pray to Him all the while.
FINE. CHORUS.
There is noth - ing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile. There is noth - ing
D. S.—There is nothing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile.
so sweet, there is noth - ing so sweet, As the smile He gives, when we
D. S.
kneel at His feet, In the hour of grief, in the hour of trial,

Calling the Prodigal.

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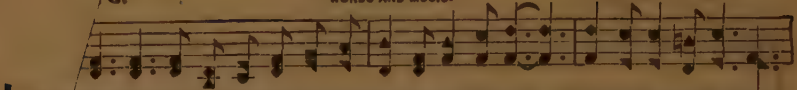
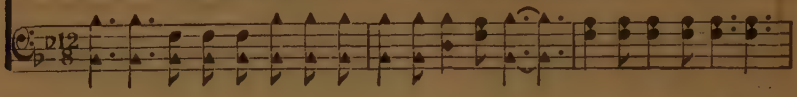
WORDS AND MUSIC.

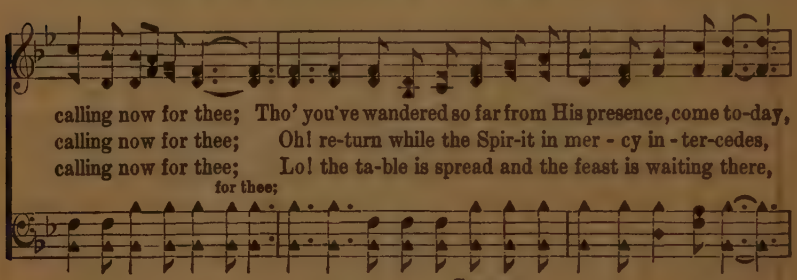
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O hear Him calling,
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O hear Him calling,
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him calling,

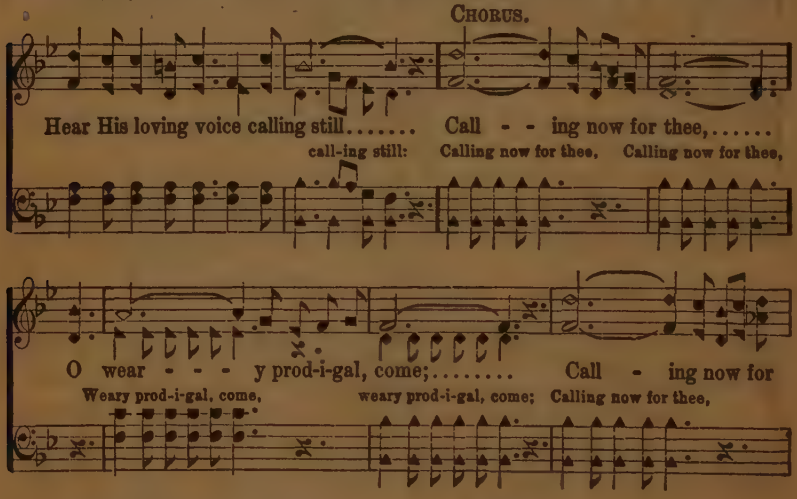


calling now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His presence, come to-day,
calling now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in mer - cy in - ter-cedes,
calling now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the feast is waiting there,
for thee;

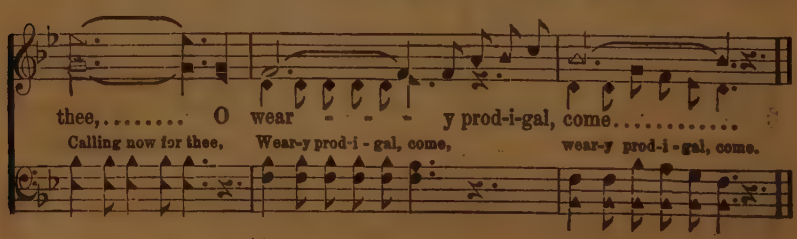


CHORUS.

Hear His loving voice calling still..... Call - - ing now for thee,.....
call-ing still: Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,



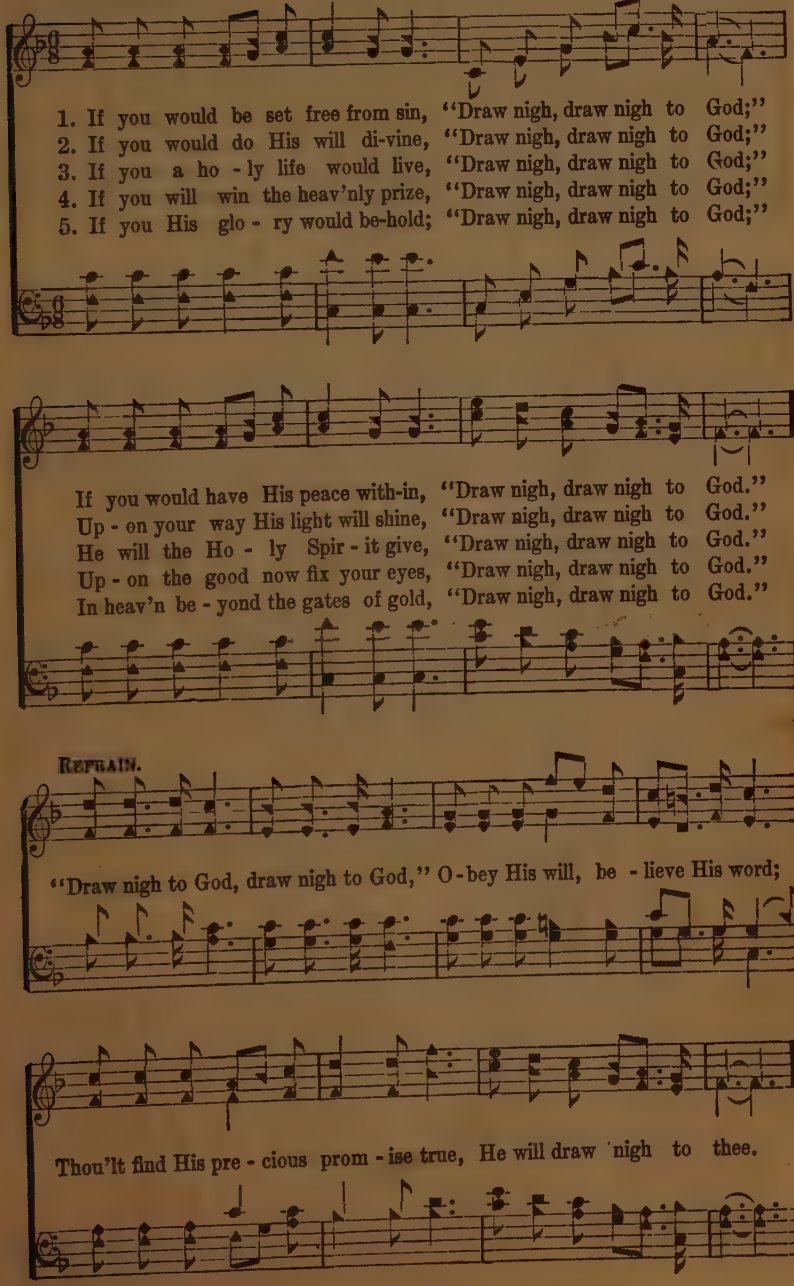
O wear - - - y prod-i-gal, come;..... Call - ing now for
Weary prod-i-gal, come, weary prod-i-gal, come; Calling now for thee,



thee,..... O wear - - - y prod-i-gal, come.....
Calling now for thee, Wear-y prod-i - gal, come, wear-y prod-i - gal, come.

No. 81. Draw Nigh to God.

Ada Blenkhorn. BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, OWNER. J. E. Delmarter.

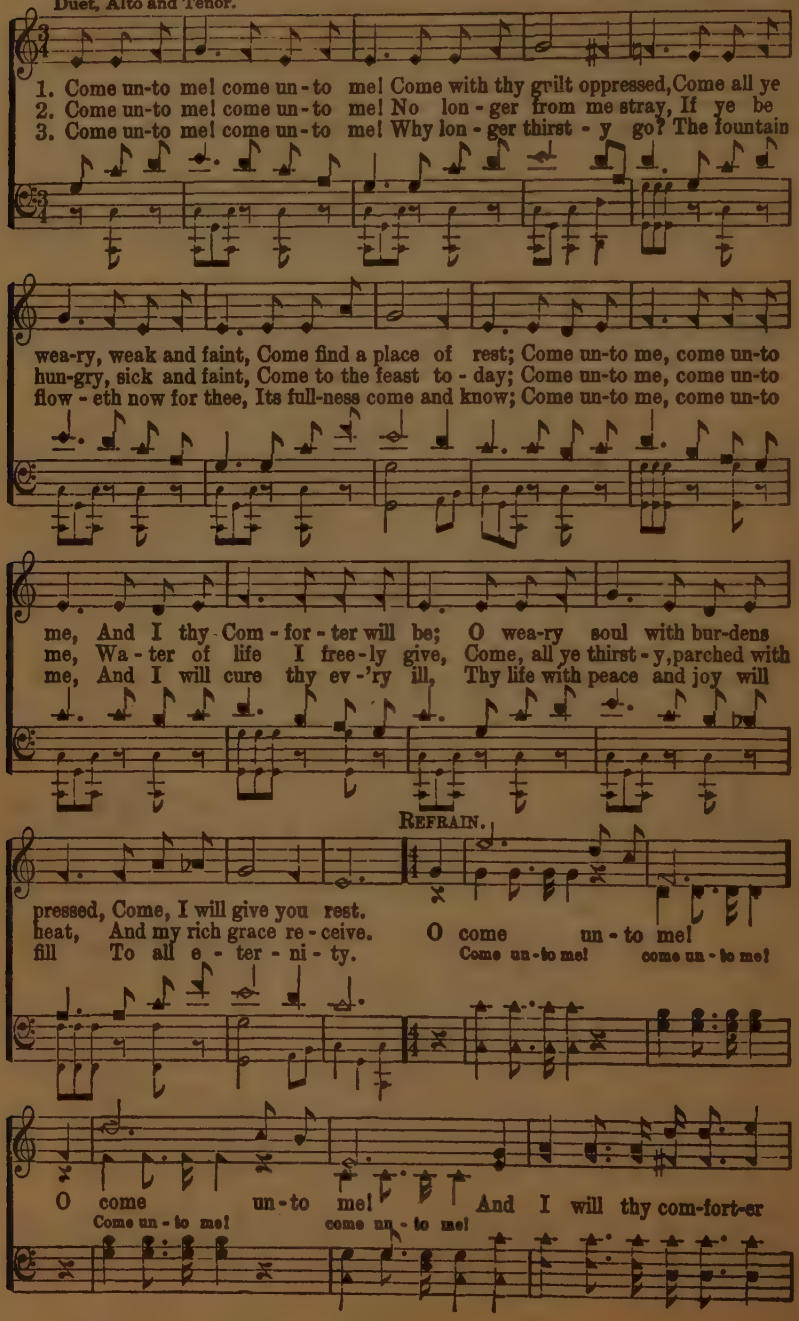

1. If you would be set free from sin, "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God;"
2. If you would do His will di-vine, "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God;"
3. If you a ho - ly life would live, "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God;"
4. If you will win the heav'nly prize, "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God;"
5. If you His glo - ry would be-hold; "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God;"
If you would have His peace with-in, "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God."
Up - on your way His light will shine, "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God."
He will the Ho - ly Spir - it give, "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God."
Up - on the good now fix your eyes, "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God."
In heav'n be - yond the gates of gold, "Draw nigh, draw nigh to God."
REFRAIN.
"Draw nigh to God, draw nigh to God," O - bey His will, be - lieve His word;
Thou'lt find His pre - cious prom - ise true, He will draw nigh to thee.

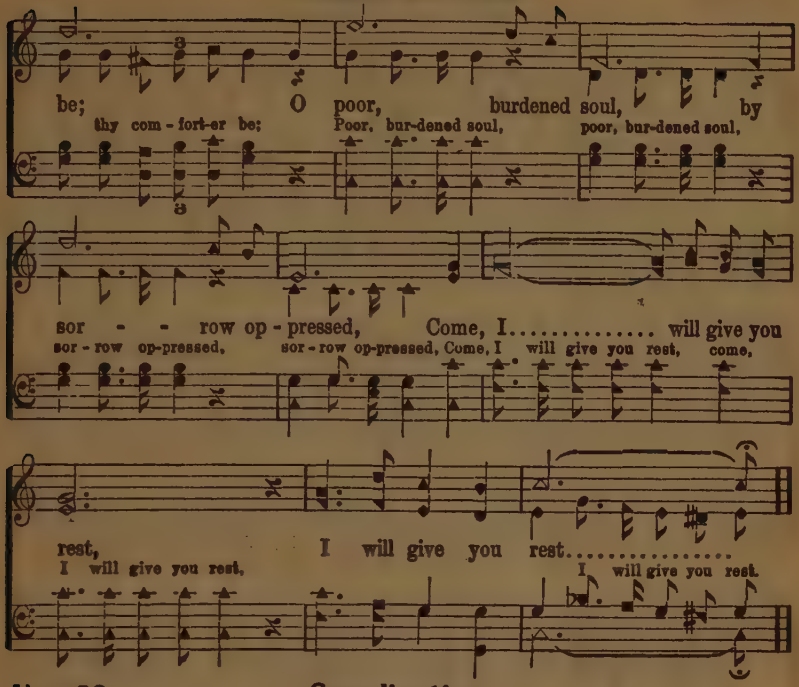
No. 82. Come Unto Me!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Homer F. Morris, by per.

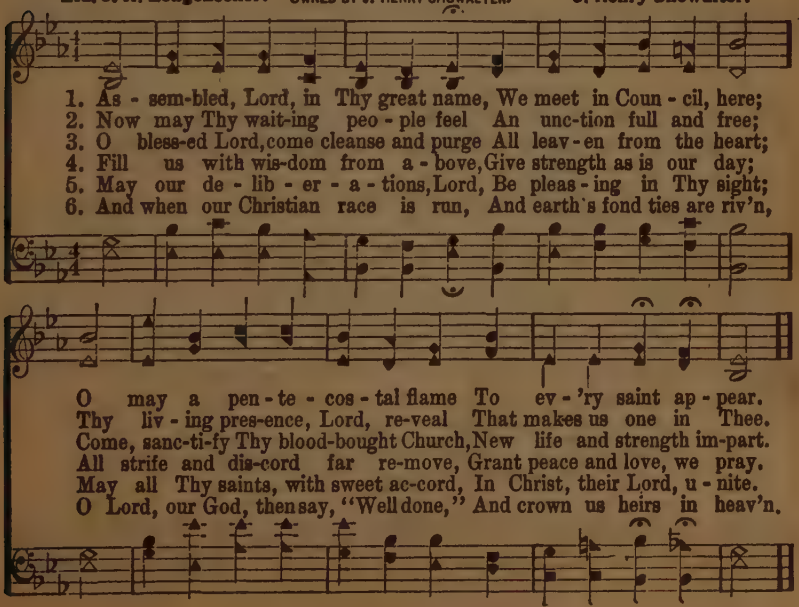
Duet, Alto and Tenor.


1. Come un-to me! come un-to me! Come with thy guilt oppressed, Come all ye
2. Come un-to me! come un-to me! No lon-ger from me stray, If ye be
3. Come un-to me! come un-to me! Why lon-ger thirst-y go? The fountain
wea-ry, weak and faint, Come find a place of rest; Come un-to me, come un-to
hun-gry, sick and faint, Come to the feast to-day; Come un-to me, come un-to
flow-eth now for thee, Its full-ness come and know; Come un-to me, come un-to
me, And I thy Com-for-ter will be; O wea-ry soul with bur-dens
me, Wa-ter of life I free-ly give, Come, all ye thirst-y, parched with
me, And I will cure thy ev-'ry ill, Thy life with peace and joy will
REFRAIN.
pressed, Come, I will give you rest.
heat, And my rich grace re-ceive.
fill To all e-ter-ni-ty.
O come un-to me!
Come un-to me! come un-to me!
O come un-to me!
Come un-to me! come un-to me!
And I will thy com-fort-er

Come Unto Me.

be; O poor, burdened soul, by
thy com - fort-er be; Poor, bur-dened soul, poor, bur-dened soul,
sor - - row op - pressed, Come, I..... will give you
sor - row op-pressed, sor - row op-pressed, Come, I will give you rest, come,
rest, I will give you rest.....
I will give you rest, I will give you rest.

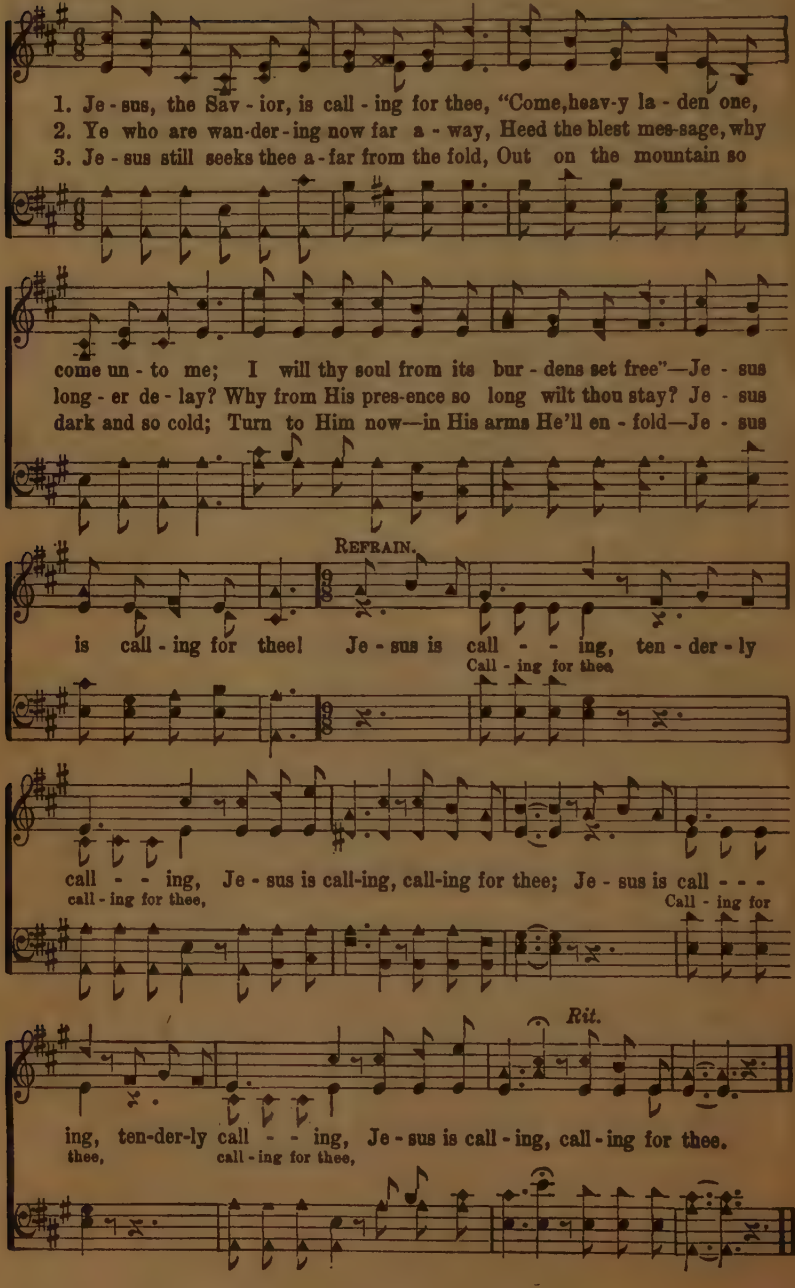
No. 83. Supplication.

Eld. J. H. Longenecker. OWNED BY J. HENRY SHOWALTER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. As - sem-bled, Lord, in Thy great name, We meet in Coun - cil, here;
2. Now may Thy wait-ing peo - ple feel An unc-tion full and free;
3. O bless-ed Lord, come cleanse and purge All leav - en from the heart;
4. Fill us with wis-dom from a - bove, Give strength as is our day;
5. May our de - lib - er - a - tions, Lord, Be pleas - ing in Thy sight;
6. And when our Christian race is run, And earth's fond ties are riv'n,
O may a pen - te - cos - tal flame To ev - 'ry saint ap - pear.
Thy liv - ing pres-ence, Lord, re-veal That makes us one in Thee.
Come, sanc-ti-fy Thy blood-bought Church, New life and strength im-part.
All strife and dis-cord far re-move, Grant peace and love, we pray.
May all Thy saints, with sweet ac-cord, In Christ, their Lord, u - nite.
O Lord, our God, then say, "Well done," And crown us heirs in heav'n.

No, 84. Jesus is Calling.

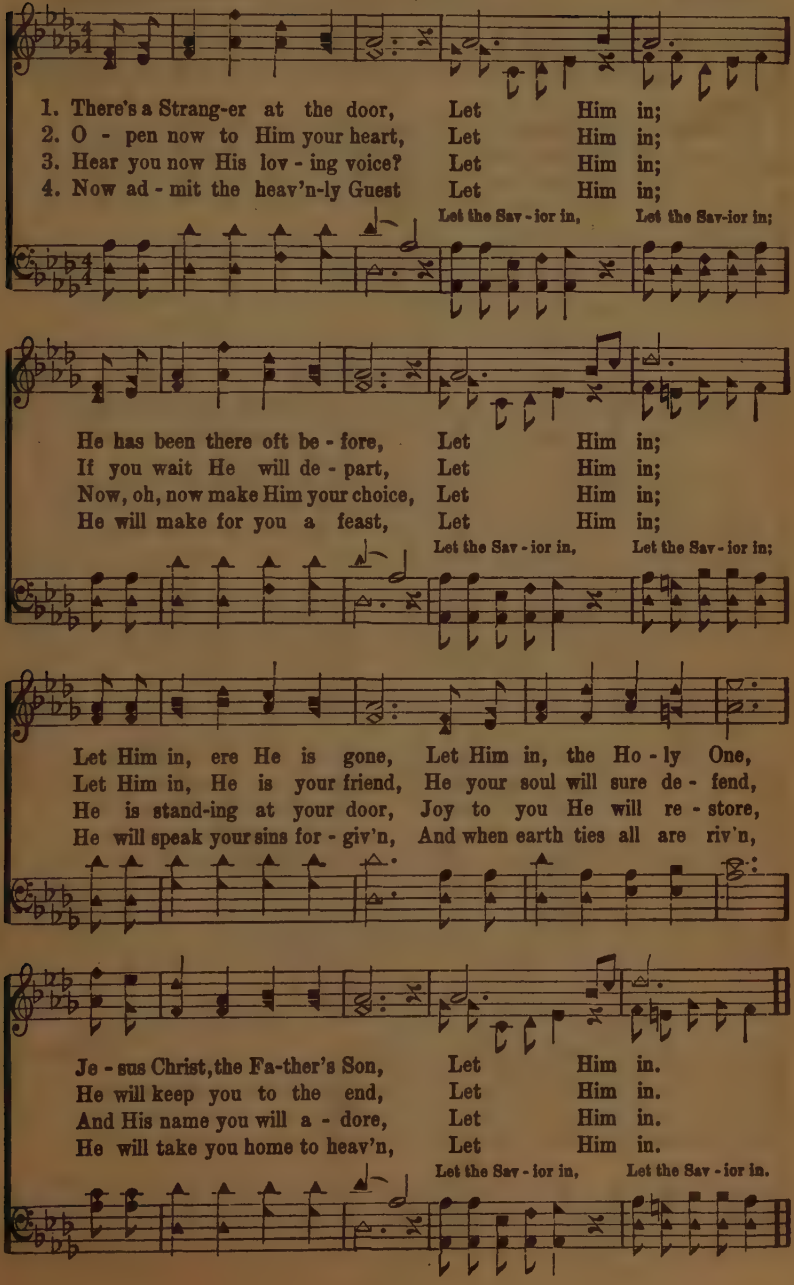
F. S. H. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. F. S. Shepard.


1. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is call - ing for thee, "Come, heav-y la - den one,
2. Ye who are wan-der - ing now far a - way, Heed the blest mes-sage, why
3. Je - sus still seeks thee a - far from the fold, Out on the mountain so
come un - to me; I will thy soul from its bur - dens set free"—Je - sus
long - er de - lay? Why from His pres-ence so long wilt thou stay? Je - sus
dark and so cold; Turn to Him now—in His arms He'll en - fold—Je - sus
REFRAIN.
is call - ing for thee! Je - sus is call - - ing, ten - der - ly
Call - ing for thee,
call - - ing, Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing for thee; Je - sus is call - - -
call - ing for thee,
Call - ing for
Rit.
ing, ten-der-ly call - - ing, Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for thee.
thee, call - ing for thee,

No. 85. Let Him In.

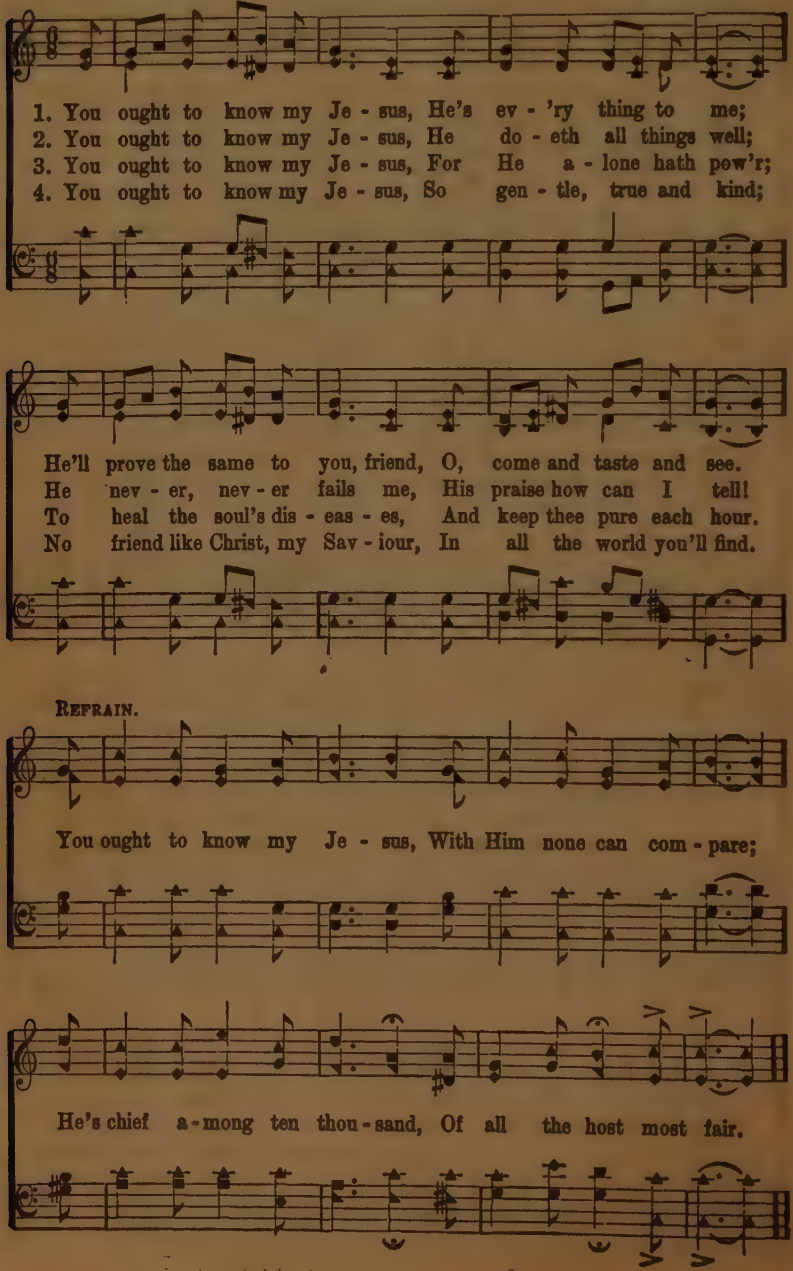
COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.


1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest Let Him in;
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,
Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
Let the Sav - ior in, Let the Sav - ior in.

No. 86. You Ought to Know My Jesus.

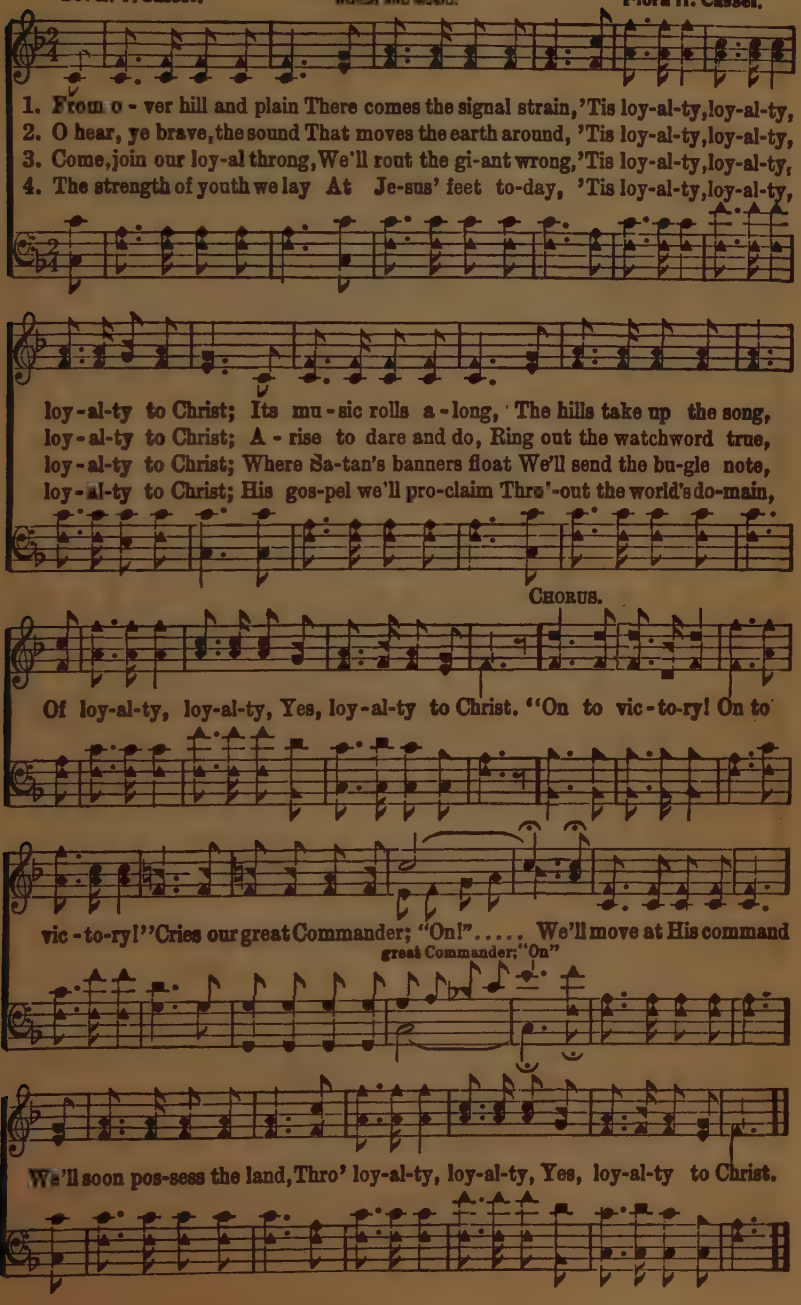
Elizabeth B. Miller. BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, OWNER. J. E. Delmarter.


1. You ought to know my Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry thing to me;
2. You ought to know my Je - sus, He do - eth all things well;
3. You ought to know my Je - sus, For He a - lone hath pow'r;
4. You ought to know my Je - sus, So gen - tle, true and kind;
He'll prove the same to you, friend, O, come and taste and see.
He nev - er, nev - er fails me, His praise how can I tell!
To heal the soul's dis - eas - es, And keep thee pure each hour.
No friend like Christ, my Sav - iour, In all the world you'll find.
REFRAIN.
You ought to know my Je - sus, With Him none can com - pare;
He's chief a - mong ten thou - sand, Of all the host most fair.

No. 87. Loyalty to Christ.

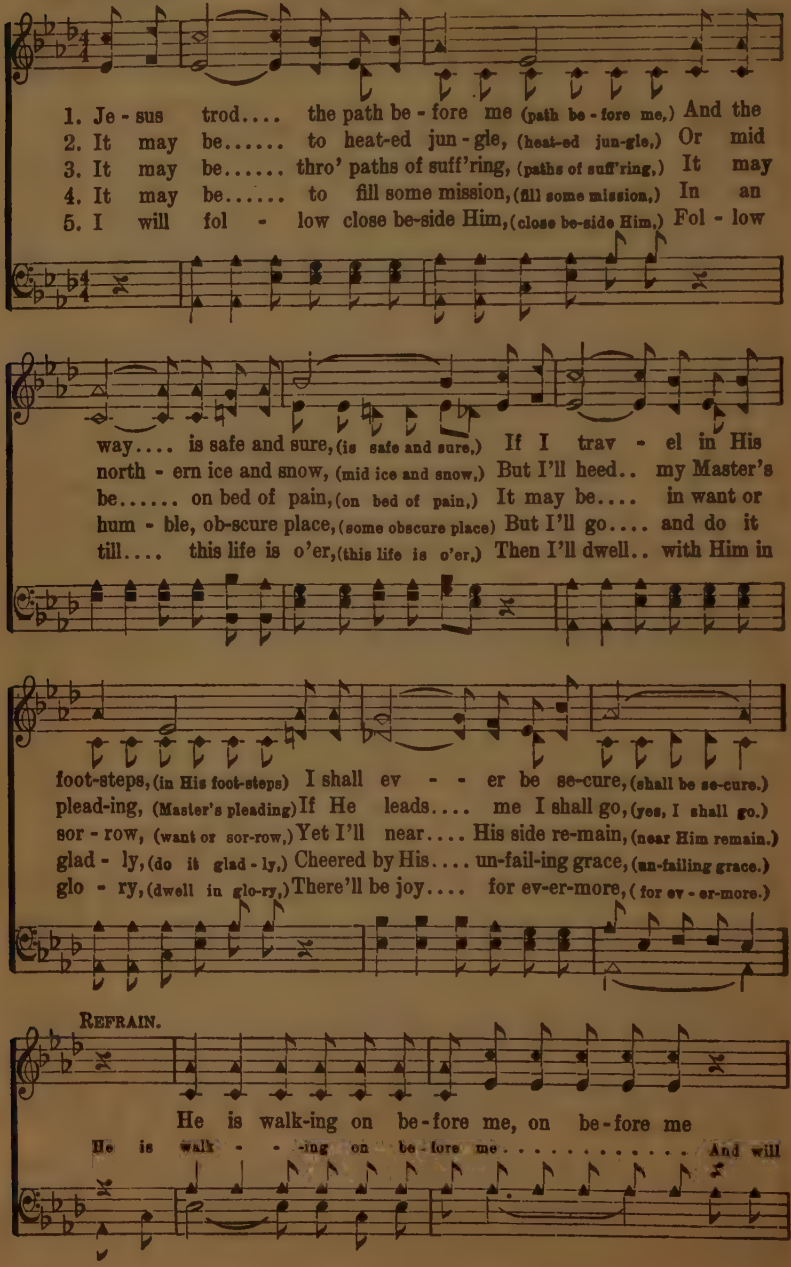
COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

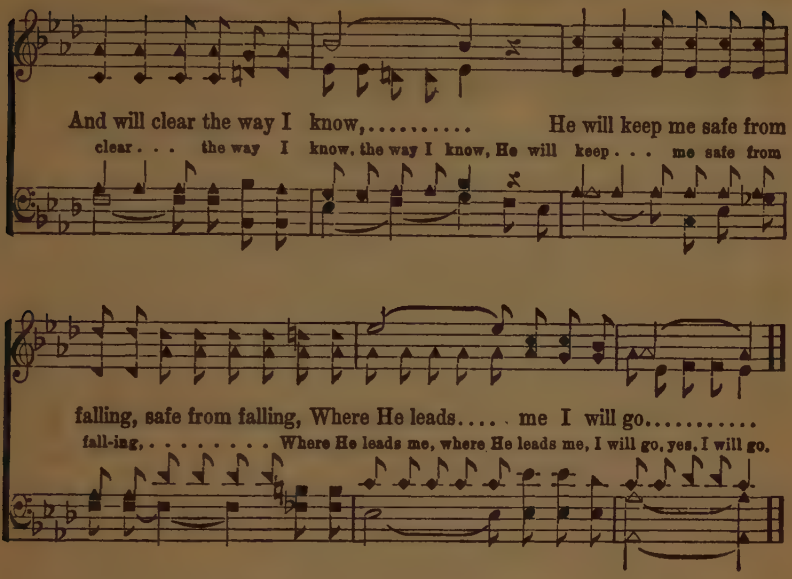

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's do-main,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" ..... We'll move at His command
great Commander; "On"
We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 88. Where He Leads Me I Will Go.

Nora E. Berkebile. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.

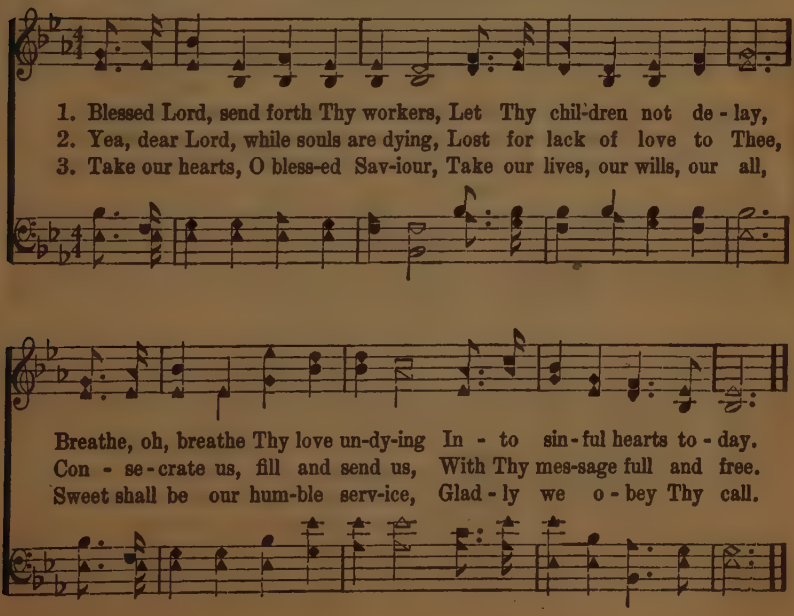

1. Je - sus trod.... the path be - fore me (path be - fore me,) And the
2. It may be..... to heat-ed jun - gle, (heat-ed jun-gle,) Or mid
3. It may be..... thro' paths of suff'ring, (paths of suff'ring,) It may
4. It may be..... to fill some mission, (fill some mission,) In an
5. I will fol - low close be-side Him, (close be-side Him,) Fol - low
way.... is safe and sure, (is safe and sure,) If I trav - el in His
north - ern ice and snow, (mid ice and snow,) But I'll heed.. my Master's
be..... on bed of pain, (on bed of pain,) It may be.... in want or
hum - ble, ob-scure place, (some obscure place) But I'll go.... and do it
till.... this life is o'er, (this life is o'er,) Then I'll dwell.. with Him in
foot-steps, (in His foot-steps) I shall ev - - er be se-cure, (shall be se-cure.)
plead-ing, (Master's pleading) If He leads.... me I shall go, (yes, I shall go.)
sor - row, (want or sor-row,) Yet I'll near.... His side re-main, (near Him remain.)
glad - ly, (do it glad - ly,) Cheered by His.... un-fail-ing grace, (un-failing grace.)
glo - ry, (dwell in glo-ry,) There'll be joy.... for ev-er-more, (for ev - er-more.)
REFRAIN.
He is walk-ing on be-fore me, on be-fore me
He is walk - - -ing on be-fore me..... And will

Where He Leads Me I Will Go.


And will clear the way I know,..... He will keep me safe from
clear . . . the way I know, the way I know, He will keep . . . me safe from
falling, safe from falling, Where He leads.... me I will go.....
fall-ing, ... Where He leads me, where He leads me, I will go, yes, I will go.

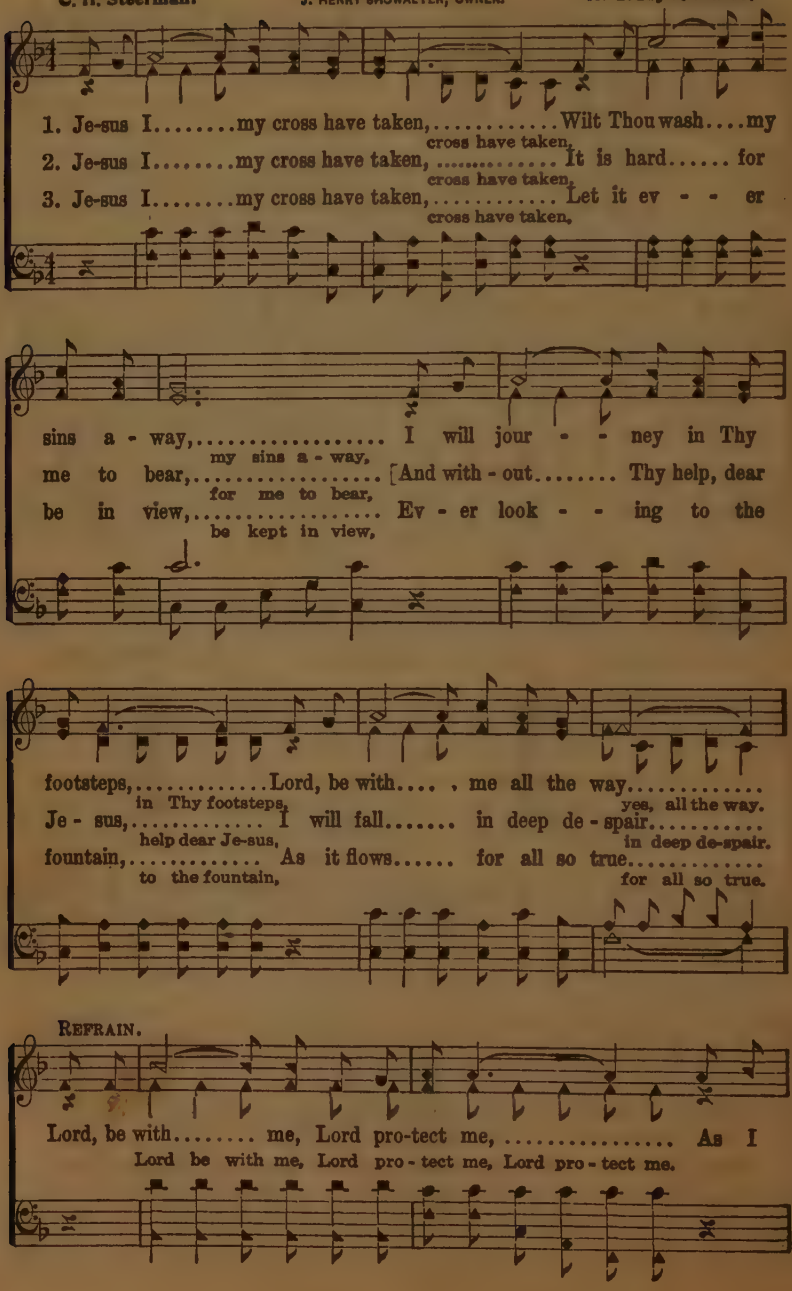
No. 89. Send Forth Thy Workers.

Mary C. Stoner. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.

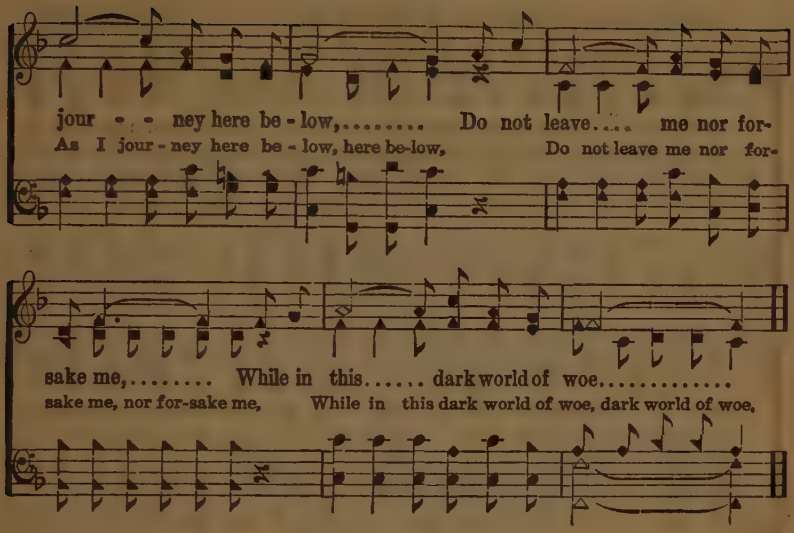

1. Blessed Lord, send forth Thy workers, Let Thy chil-dren not de - lay,
2. Yea, dear Lord, while souls are dying, Lost for lack of love to Thee,
3. Take our hearts, O bless-ed Sav-iour, Take our lives, our wills, our all,
Breathe, oh, breathe Thy love un-dy-ing In - to sin-ful hearts to - day.
Con - se-crate us, fill and send us, With Thy mes-sage full and free.
Sweet shall be our hum-ble serv-ice, Glad - ly we o - bey Thy call.

No. 90. Following Jesus.

C. H. Steerman. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. H. Grady Richards.

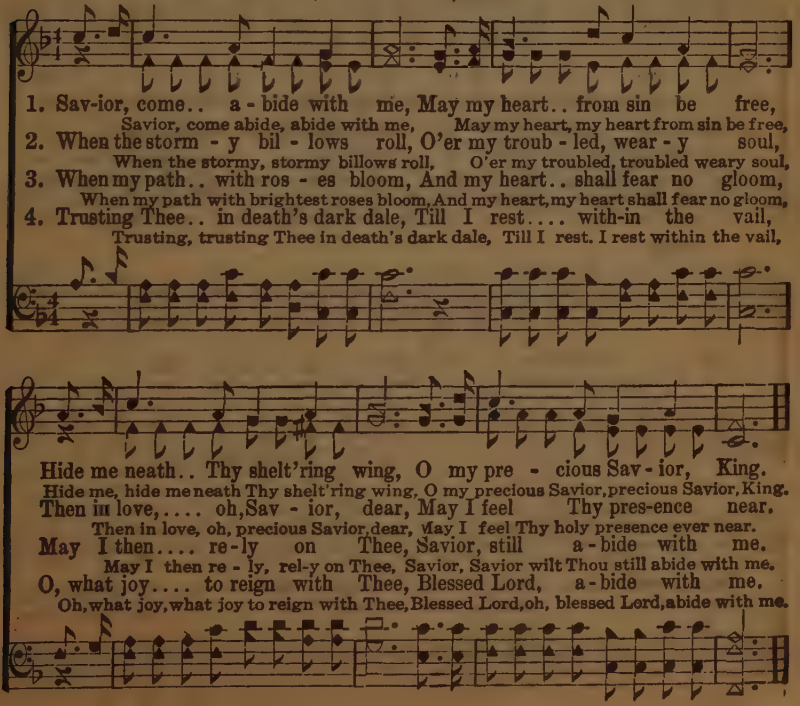

1. Je-sus I.....my cross have taken,.....Wilt Thou wash....my
cross have taken,
2. Je-sus I.....my cross have taken,.....It is hard..... for
cross have taken,
3. Je-sus I.....my cross have taken,.....Let it ev - - er
cross have taken,
sins a - way,..... I will jour - - ney in Thy
my sins a - way,
me to bear,.....[And with - out..... Thy help, dear
for me to bear,
be in view,..... Ev - er look - - ing to the
be kept in view,
footsteps,.....Lord, be with.... , me all the way.....
in Thy footsteps, yes, all the way.
Je - sus,..... I will fall..... in deep de - spair.....
help dear Je-sus, in deep de-spair.
fountain,..... As it flows..... for all so true.....
to the fountain, for all so true.
REFRAIN.
Lord, be with..... me, Lord pro-tect me, ... As I
Lord be with me, Lord pro - tect me, Lord pro - tect me.

Following Jesus.


jour - - ney here be - low,..... Do not leave.... me nor for-
As I jour - ney here be - low, here be-low, Do not leave me nor for-
sake me,..... While in this..... dark world of woe.....
sake me, nor for-sake me, While in this dark world of woe, dark world of woe,

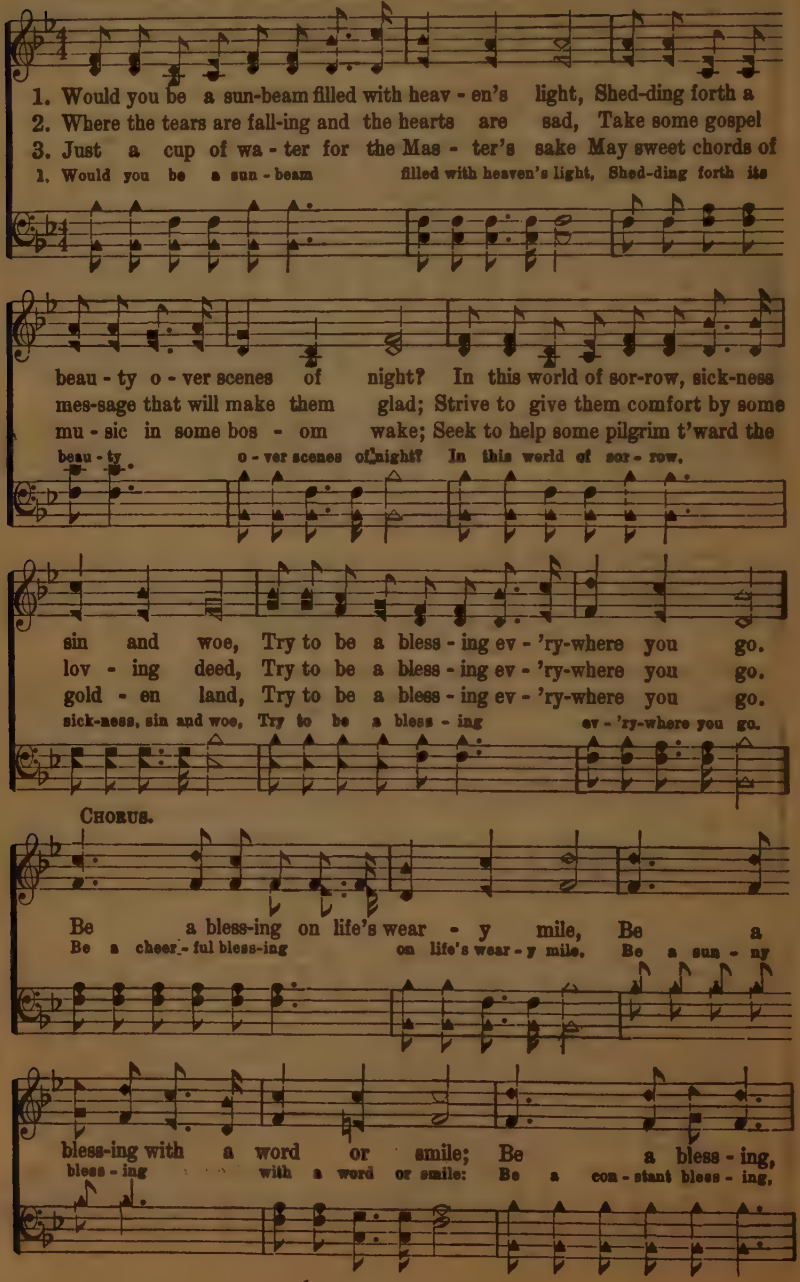
No. 91. Abiding Love.

Mary Christian Stoner. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.

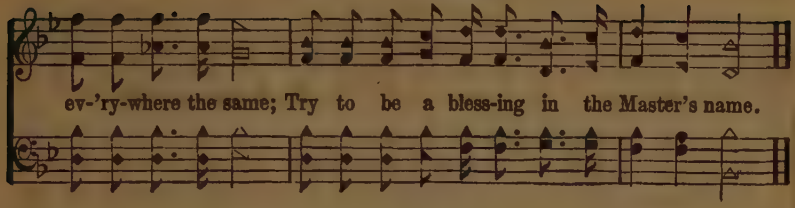

1. Sav-ior, come.. a - bide with me, May my heart.. from sin be free,
Savior, come abide, abide with me, May my heart, my heart from sin be free,
2. When the storm - y bil - lows roll, O'er my troub - led, wear - y soul,
When the stormy, stormy billows roll, O'er my troubled, troubled weary soul,
3. When my path.. with ros - es bloom, And my heart.. shall fear no gloom,
When my path with brightest roses bloom, And my heart, my heart shall fear no gloom,
4. Trusting Thee.. in death's dark dale, Till I rest.... with-in the vail,
Trusting, trusting Thee in death's dark dale, Till I rest. I rest within the vail,
Hide me neath.. Thy shelt'ring wing, O my pre - cious Sav - ior, King.
Hide me, hide me neath Thy shelt'ring wing, O my precious Savior, precious Savior, King.
Then in love,.... oh, Sav - ior, dear, May I feel Thy pres-ence near.
Then in love, oh, precious Savior, dear, May I feel Thy holy presence ever near.
May I then.... re-ly on Thee, Savior, still a - bide with me.
May I then re - ly, rel-y on Thee, Savior, Savior wilt Thou still abide with me.
O, what joy.... to reign with Thee, Blessed Lord, a - bide with me.
Oh, what joy, what joy to reign with Thee, Blessed Lord, oh, blessed Lord, abide with me.

No. 92. Be a Blessing.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.


1. Would you be a sun-beam filled with heav - en's light, Shed-ding forth a
2. Where the tears are fall-ing and the hearts are sad, Take some gospel
3. Just a cup of wa - ter for the Mas - ter's sake May sweet chords of
1. Would you be a sun - beam filled with heaven's light, Shed-ding forth its
beau - ty o - ver scenes of night? In this world of sor-row, sick-ness
mes-sage that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some
mu - sic in some bos - om wake; Seek to help some pilgrim t'ward the
beau - ty o - ver scenes of night? In this world of sor - row,
sin and woe, Try to be a bless - ing ev - 'ry-where you go.
lov - ing deed, Try to be a bless - ing ev - 'ry-where you go.
gold - en land, Try to be a bless - ing ev - 'ry-where you go.
sick-ness, sin and woe, Try to be a bless - ing ev - 'ry-where you go.
CHORUS.
Be a bless-ing on life's wear - y mile, Be a
Be a cheer - ful bless-ing on life's wear - y mile. Be a sun - ny
bless-ing with a word or smile; Be a bless - ing,
bless - ing with a word or smile: Be a con - stant bless - ing.

Be a Blessing.



No. 93. Stand Fast In His Love.

S. Houston Proffit.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN, OWNER.
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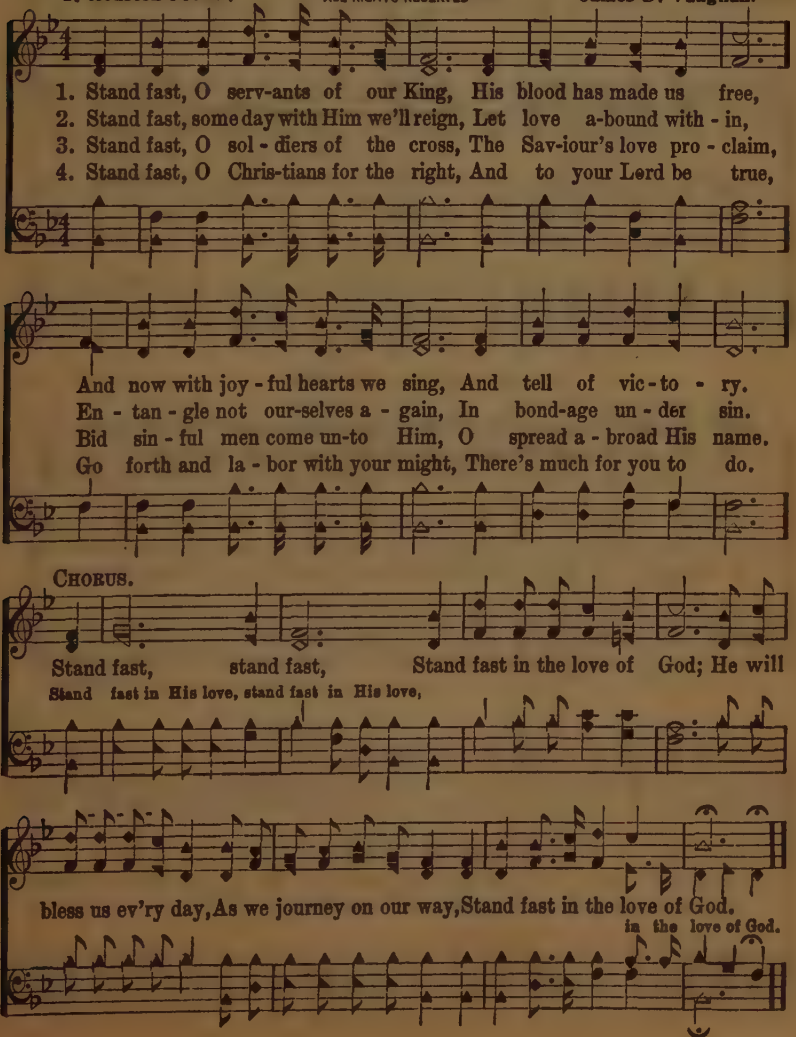
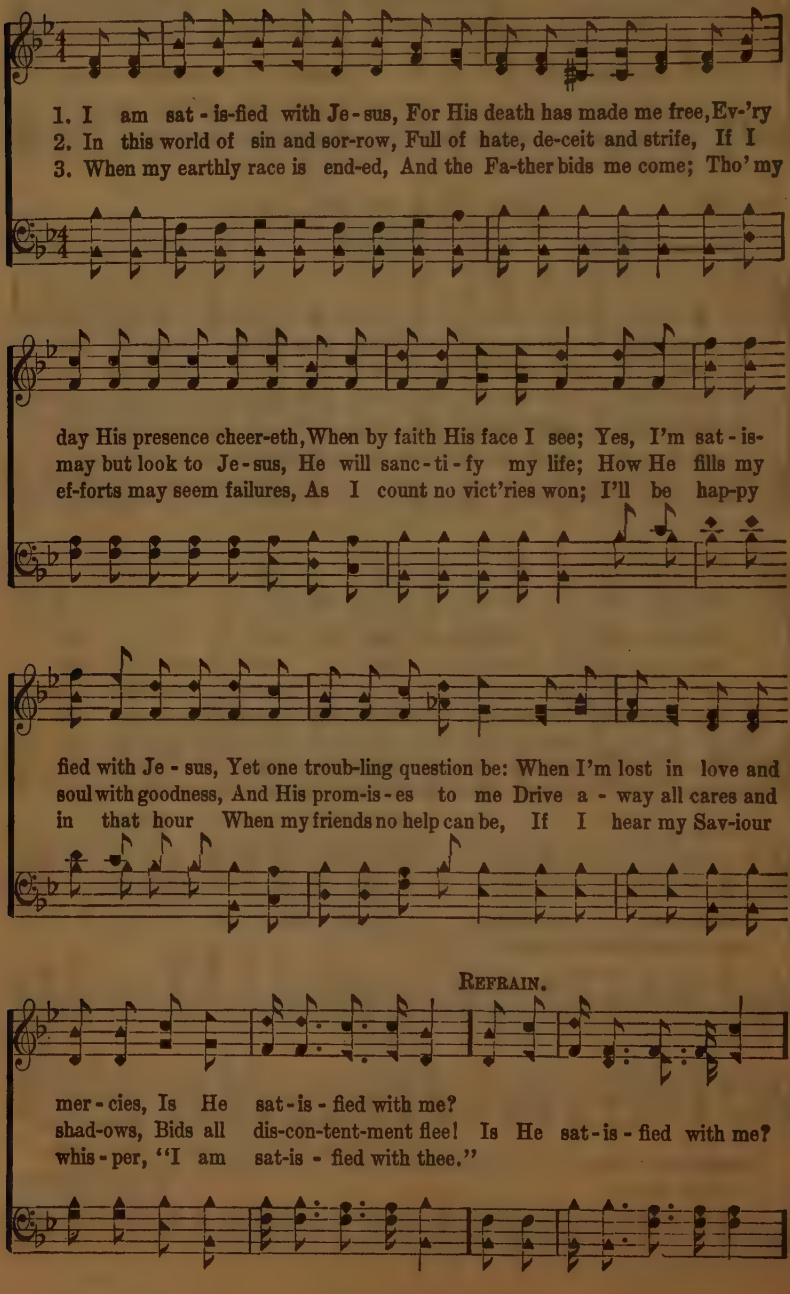
James D. Vaughan.

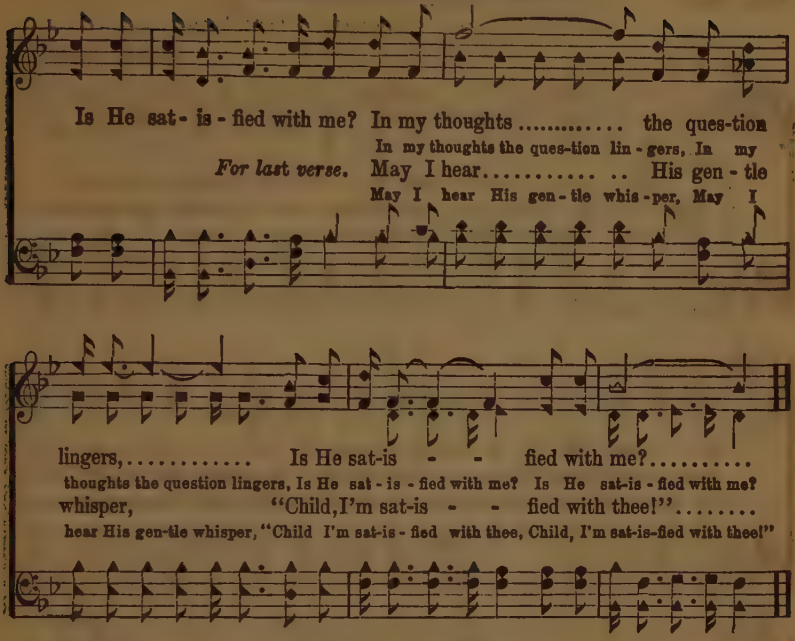

1. Stand fast, O serv-ants of our King, His blood has made us free,
2. Stand fast, some day with Him we'll reign, Let love a-bound with - in,
3. Stand fast, O sol - diers of the cross, The Sav-iour's love pro - claim,
4. Stand fast, O Chris-tians for the right, And to your Lord be true,
And now with joy - ful hearts we sing, And tell of vic - to - ry.
En - tan - gle not our-selves a - gain, In bond-age un - der sin.
Bid sin - ful men come un-to Him, O spread a - broad His name.
Go forth and la - bor with your might, There's much for you to do.
Chorus.
Stand fast, stand fast, Stand fast in the love of God; He will
Stand fast in His love, stand fast in His love,
bless us ev'ry day, As we journey on our way, Stand fast in the love of God.
in the love of God.

No. 94. Is He Satisfied With Me?

Hattie Y. Gilbert. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.

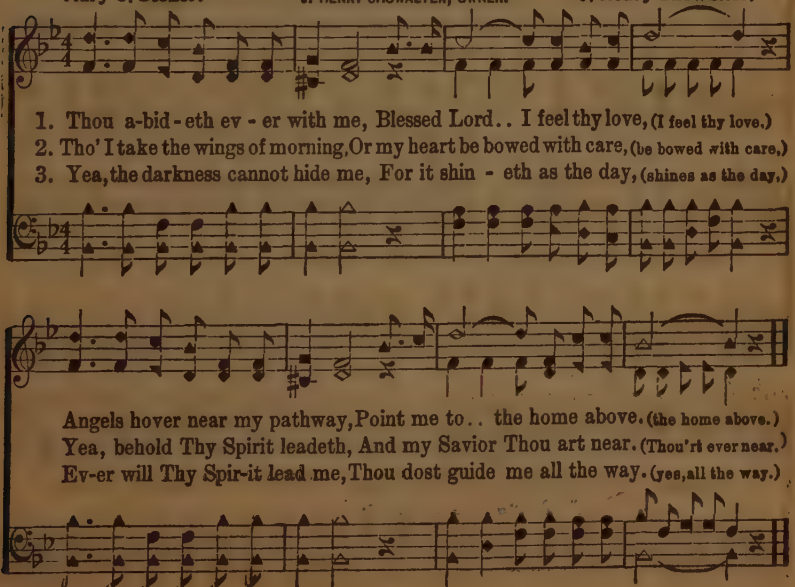

1. I am sat - is-fied with Je - sus, For His death has made me free, Ev-'ry
2. In this world of sin and sor-row, Full of hate, de-ceit and strife, If I
3. When my earthly race is end-ed, And the Fa-ther bids me come; Tho' my
day His presence cheer-eth, When by faith His face I see; Yes, I'm sat - is-
may but look to Je - sus, He will sanc - ti - fy my life; How He fills my
ef-forts may seem failures, As I count no vict'ries won; I'll be hap-py
fied with Je - sus, Yet one troub-ling question be: When I'm lost in love and
soul with goodness, And His prom-is - es to me Drive a - way all cares and
in that hour When my friends no help can be, If I hear my Sav-iour
REFRAIN.
mer - cies, Is He sat - is - fied with me?
shad-ows, Bids all dis-con-tent-ment flee! Is He sat - is - fied with me?
whis - per, "I am sat-is - fied with thee."

Is He Satisfied With Me?


Is He sat - is - fied with me? In my thoughts ..... the ques-tion
In my thoughts the ques-tion lin - gers, In my
For last verse. May I hear..... .. His gen - tle
May I hear His gen - tle whis - per, May I
lingers,..... Is He sat-is - - fied with me?.....
thoughts the question lingers, Is He sat - is - fied with me? Is He sat-is - fied with me?
whisper, "Child, I'm sat-is - - fied with thee!".....
hear His gen-tle whisper, "Child I'm sat-is - fied with thee, Child, I'm sat-is-fied with thee!"

No. 95. Abiding Presence.

Mary C. Stoner. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. Thou a-bid - eth ev - er with me, Blessed Lord.. I feel thy love, (I feel thy love.)
2. Tho' I take the wings of morning, Or my heart be bowed with care, (be bowed with care,)
3. Yea, the darkness cannot hide me, For it shin - eth as the day, (shines as the day,)
Angels hover near my pathway, Point me to.. the home above. (the home above.)
Yea, behold Thy Spirit leadeth, And my Savior Thou art near. (Thou'rt ever near.)
Ev-er will Thy Spir-it lead me, Thou dost guide me all the way. (yes, all the way.)

No. 96. The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

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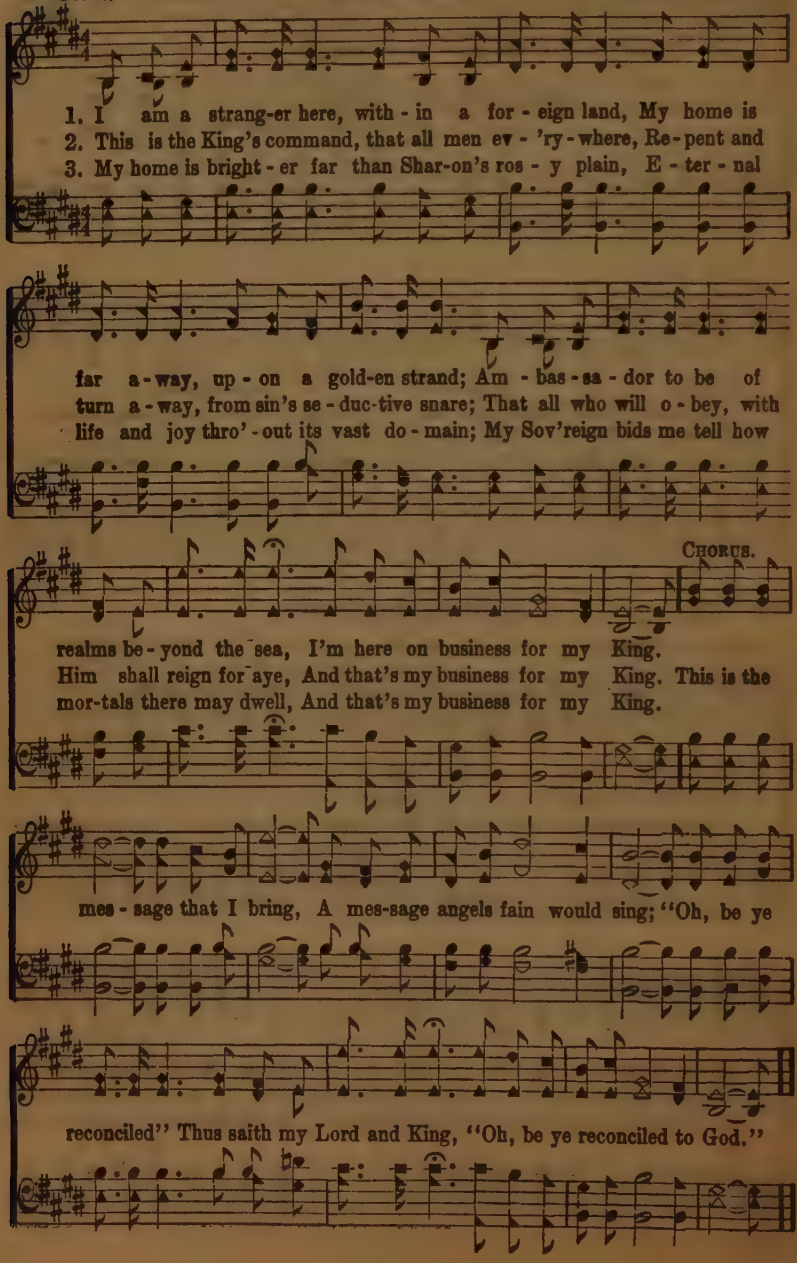
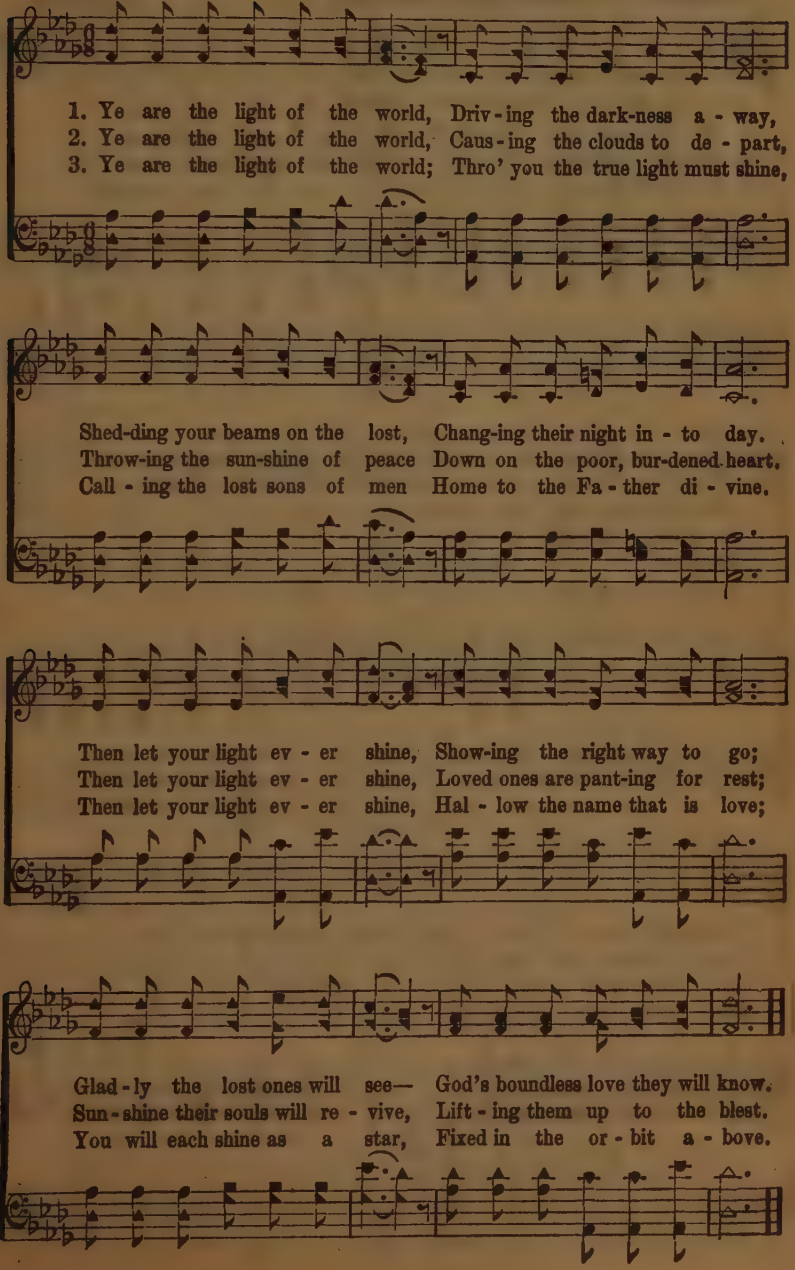
Dr. E. T. Cassel. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.


1. I am a strang-er here, with - in a for - eign land, My home is far a - way, up - on a gold-en strand; Am - bas - sa - dor to be of realms be - yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev - 'ry - where, Re - pent and turn a - way, from sin's se - duc-tive snare; That all who will o - bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
3. My home is bright - er far than Shar-on's ros - y plain, E - ter - nal life and joy thro' - out its vast do - main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
Chorus.
mes - sage that I bring, A mes-sage angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

No. 97. The Light of the World.

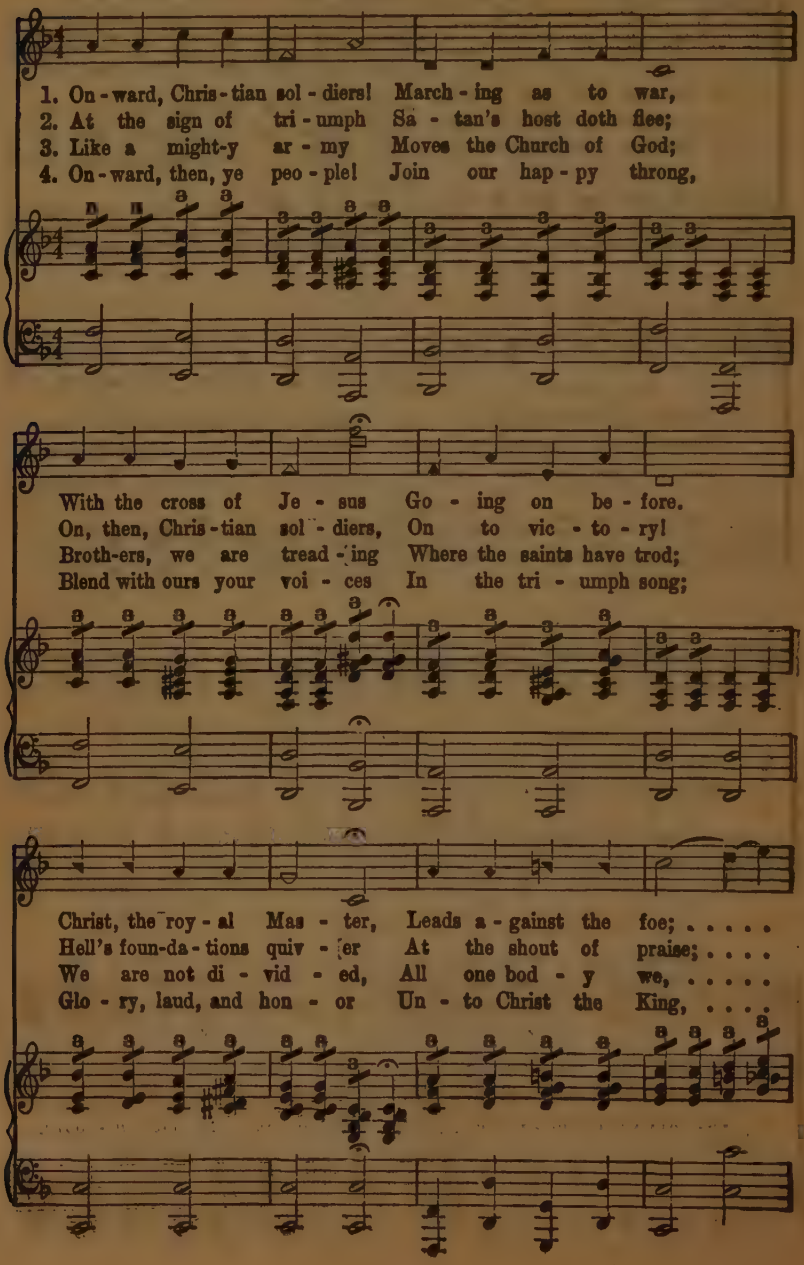
Rev. R. J. Craig. J. D. BRUNK, OWNER. USED BY PER. J. D. Brunk.


1. Ye are the light of the world, Driv-ing the dark-ness a-way,
2. Ye are the light of the world, Caus-ing the clouds to de-part,
3. Ye are the light of the world; Thro' you the true light must shine,
Shed-ding your beams on the lost, Chang-ing their night in-to day.
Throw-ing the sun-shine of peace Down on the poor, bur-dened heart.
Call-ing the lost sons of men Home to the Fa-ther di-vine.
Then let your light ev-er shine, Show-ing the right way to go;
Then let your light ev-er shine, Loved ones are pant-ing for rest;
Then let your light ev-er shine, Hal-low the name that is love;
Glad-ly the lost ones will see— God's boundless love they will know.
Sun-shine their souls will re-vive, Lift-ing them up to the blest.
You will each shine as a star, Fixed in the or-bit a-bove.

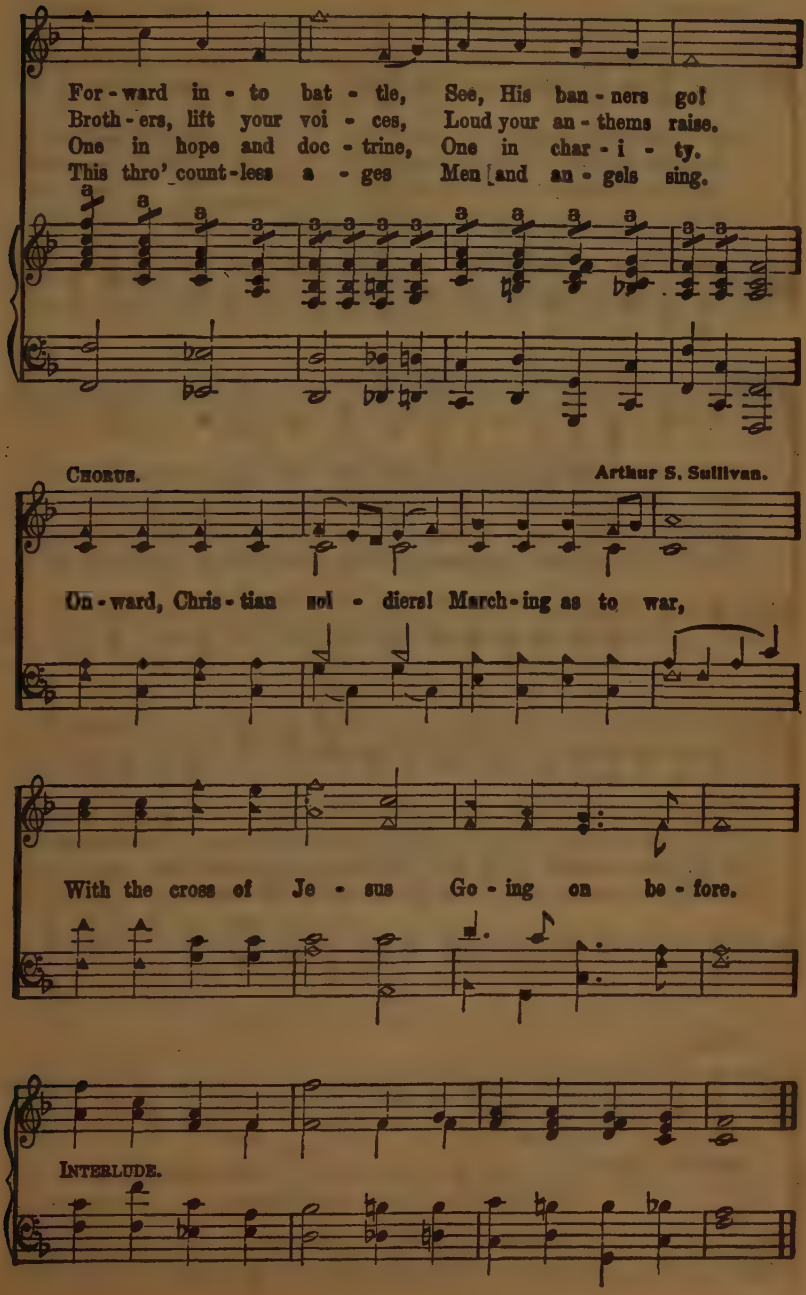
No. 98. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

To Prof. Chas. F. Allen.

Sabine Baring-Gould. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

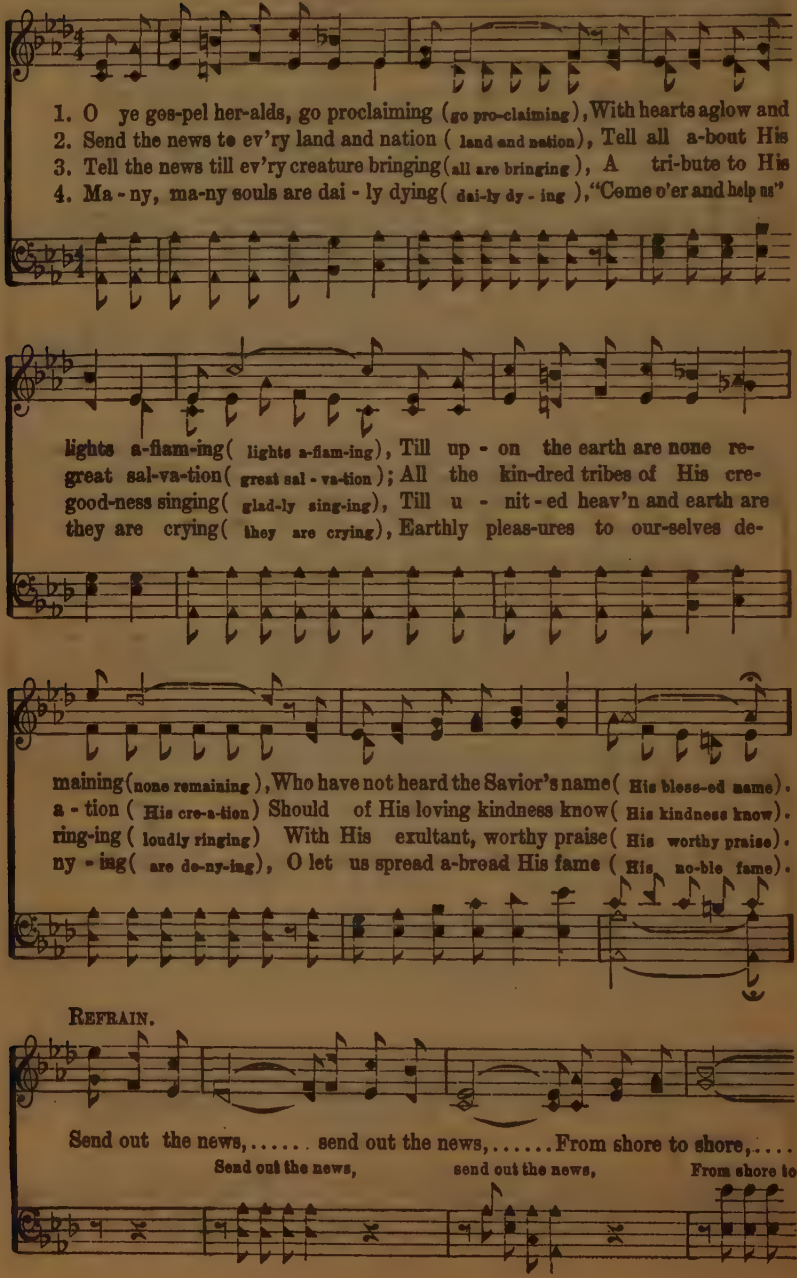

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war,
2. At the sign of tri-umph Sa-tan's host doth flee;
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God;
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng,
With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.
On, then, Chris-tian sol-diers, On to vic-to-ry!
Broth-ers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;
Blend with ours your voi-ces In the tri-umph song;
Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; . . . . .
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise; . . . .
We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we, ...
Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or Un-to Christ the King, ...

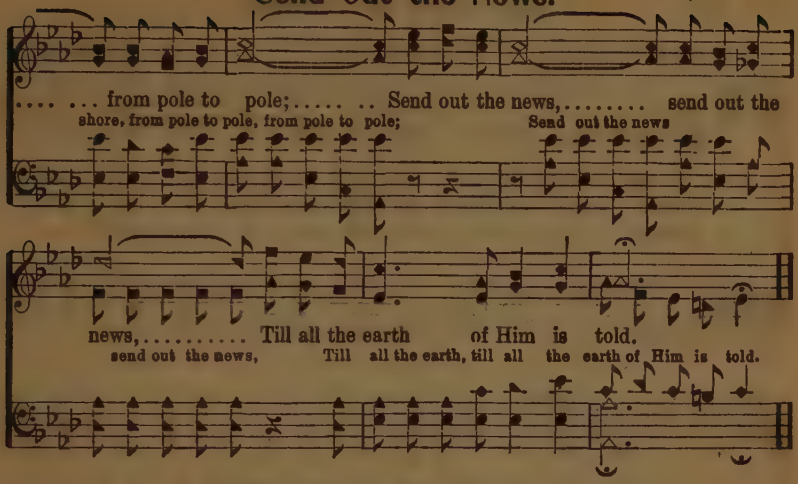
Onward, Christian Soldiers.


For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' count - less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
CHORUS.
Arthur S. Sullivan.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
INTERLUDE.

No. 99. Send Out the News.

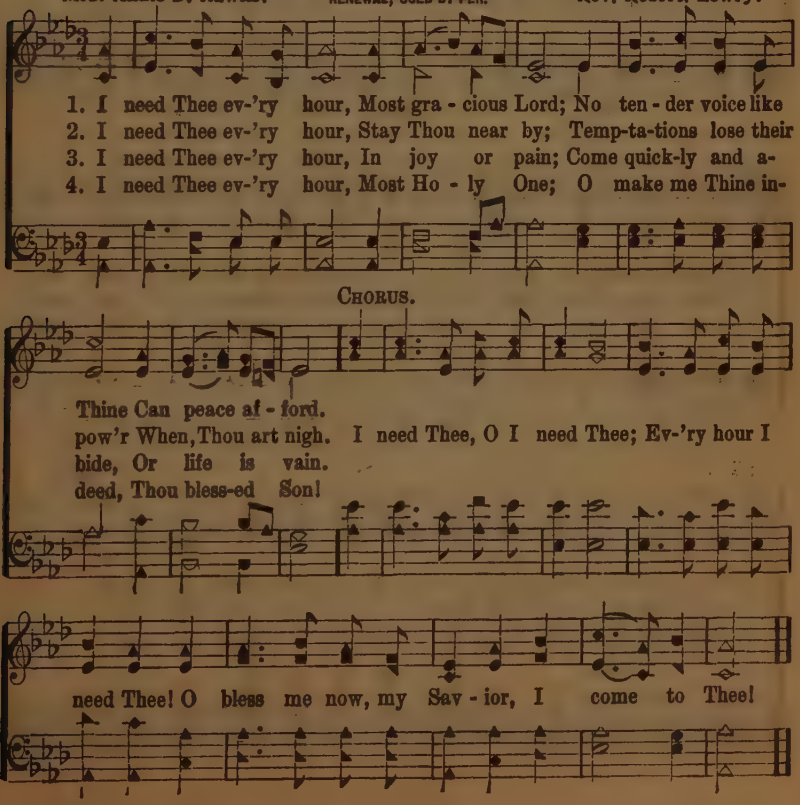
H. F. M. H. F. MORRIS, OWNER. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Homer F. Morris.


1. O ye gos-pel her-alds, go proclaiming (go pro-claiming), With hearts aglow and
2. Send the news to ev'ry land and nation (land and nation), Tell all a-bout His
3. Tell the news till ev'ry creature bringing (all are bringing), A tri-bute to His
4. Ma - ny, ma-ny souls are dai - ly dying (dai-ly dy - ing), "Come o'er and help us"
lights a-flam-ing (lights a-flam-ing), Till up - on the earth are none re-
great sal-va-tion (great sal - va-tion); All the kin-dred tribes of His cre-
good-ness singing (glad-ly sing-ing), Till u - nit-ed heav'n and earth are
they are crying (they are crying), Earthly pleas-ures to our-selves de-
maining (none remaining), Who have not heard the Savior's name (His bless-ed name).
a - tion (His cre-a-tion) Should of His loving kindness know (His kindness know).
ring-ing (loudly ringing) With His exultant, worthy praise (His worthy praise).
ny - ing (are de-ny-ing), O let us spread a-bread His fame (His no-ble fame).
REFRAIN.
Send out the news,..... send out the news,.....From shore to shore,....
Send out the news, send out the news, From shore to

Send Out the News.

.... from pole to pole; .... Send out the news, ... send out the
shore, from pole to pole, from pole to pole; Send out the news
news, ... Till all the earth of Him is told.
send out the news, Till all the earth, till all the earth of Him is told.

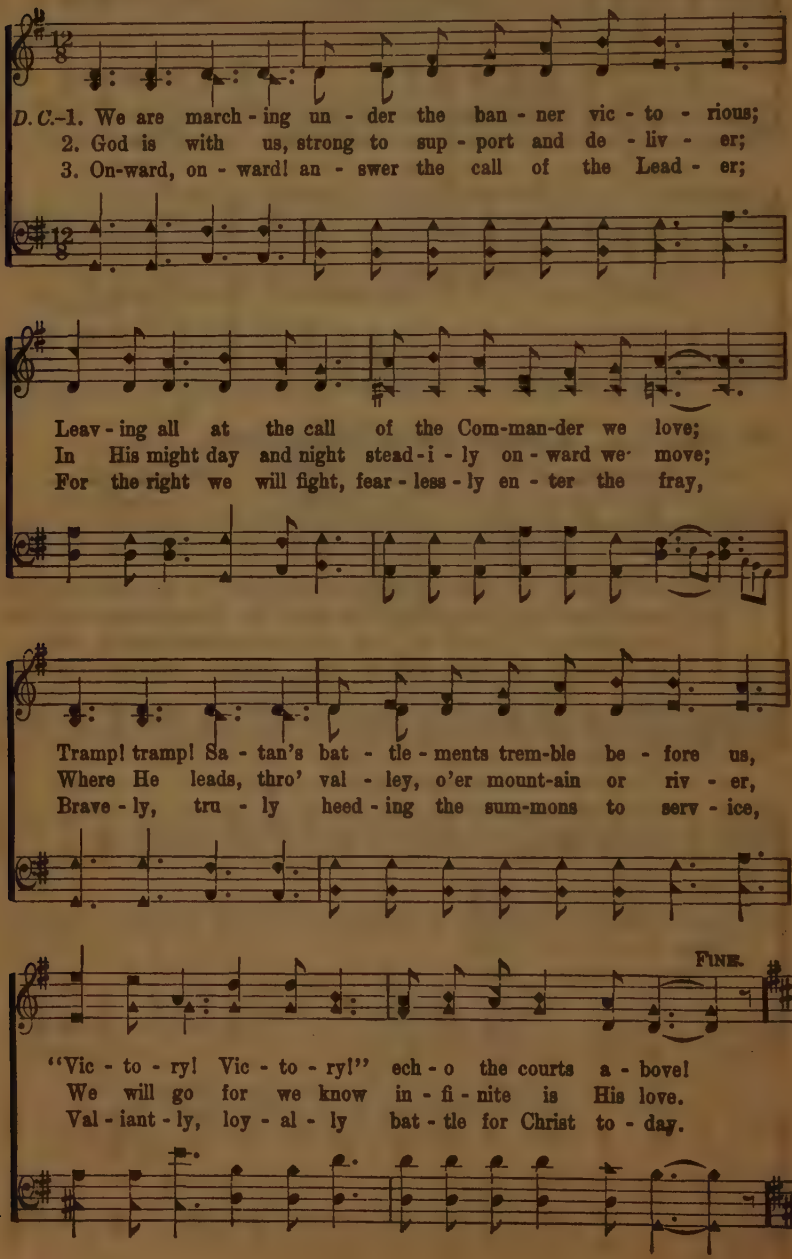
No. 100. I Need Thee Every Hour.

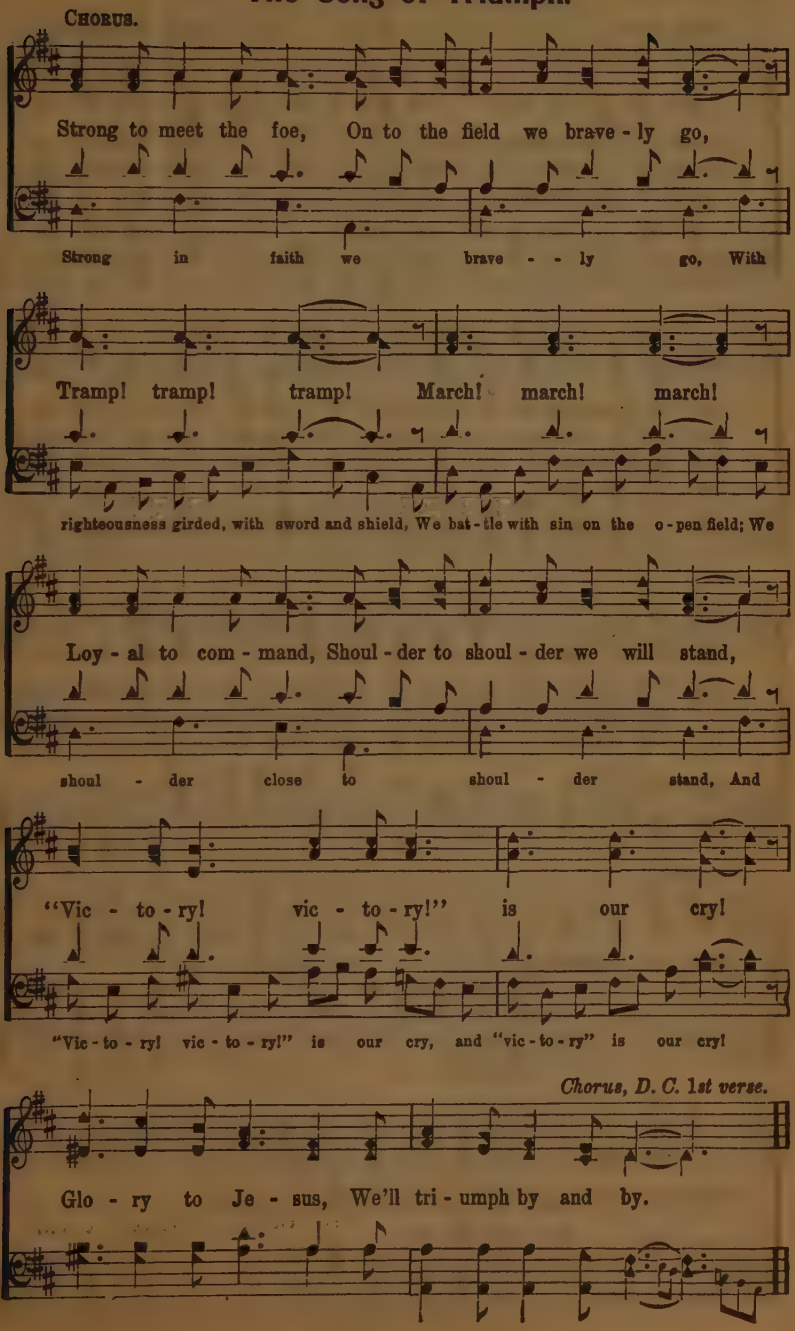
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL, USED BY PER.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-
CHORUS.
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When, Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless-ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 101. The Song of Triumph.

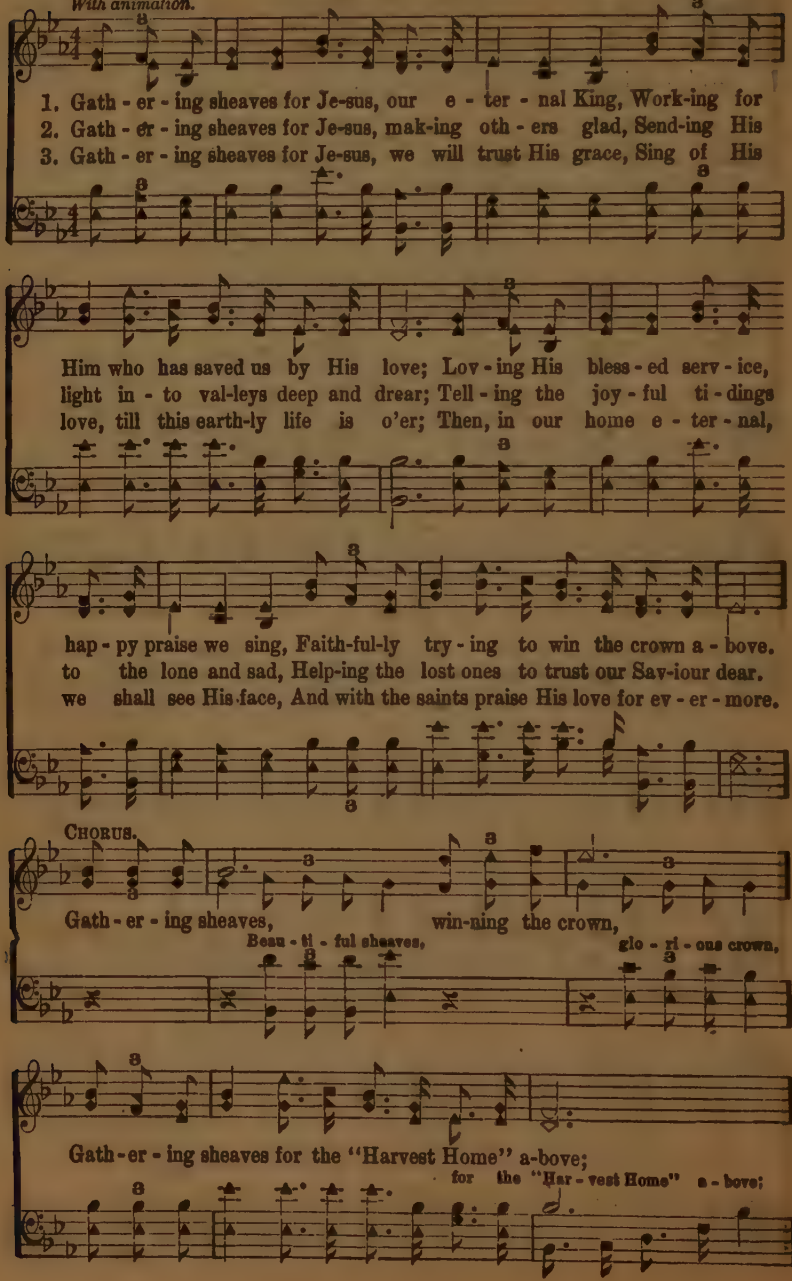
Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


D. C.–1. We are march - ing un - der the ban - ner vic - to - rious;
2. God is with us, strong to sup - port and de - liv - er;
3. On-ward, on - ward! an - swer the call of the Lead - er;
Leav - ing all at the call of the Com-man-der we love;
In His might day and night stead - i - ly on - ward we move;
For the right we will fight, fear - less - ly en - ter the fray,
Tramp! tramp! Sa - tan's bat - tle - ments trem-ble be - fore us,
Where He leads, thro' val - ley, o'er mount-ain or riv - er,
Brave - ly, tru - ly heed - ing the sum-mons to serv - ice,
FINE.
"Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry!" ech - o the courts a - bove!
We will go for we know in - fi - nite is His love.
Val - iant - ly, loy - al - ly bat - tle for Christ to - day.

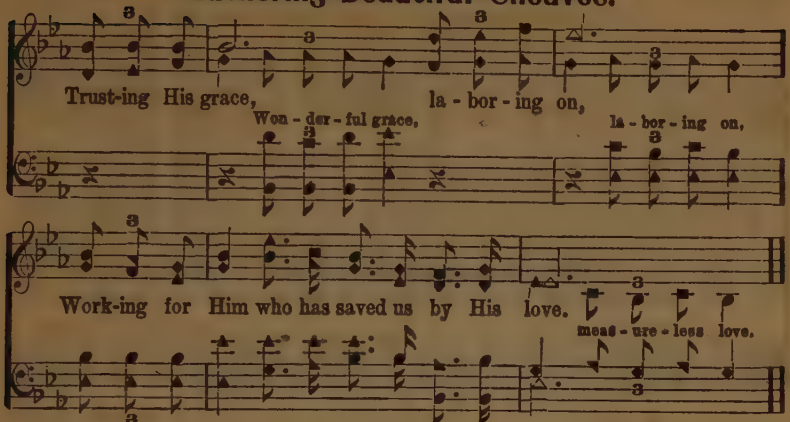
The Song of Triumph.

Chorus.
Strong to meet the foe, On to the field we brave - ly go,
Strong in faith we brave - - ly go, With
Tramp! tramp! tramp! March! march! march!
righteousness girded, with sword and shield, We bat - tle with sin on the o - pen field; We
Loy - al to com - mand, Shoul - der to shoul - der we will stand,
shoul - der close to shoul - der stand, And
"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" is our cry!
"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!" is our cry, and "vic - to - ry" is our cry!
Chorus, D. C. 1st verse.
Glo - ry to Je - sus, We'll tri - umph by and by.

No. 102. Gathering Beautiful Sheaves.

James Rowe. *With animation.* COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JAMES D. VAUGHAN. James D. Vaughan.

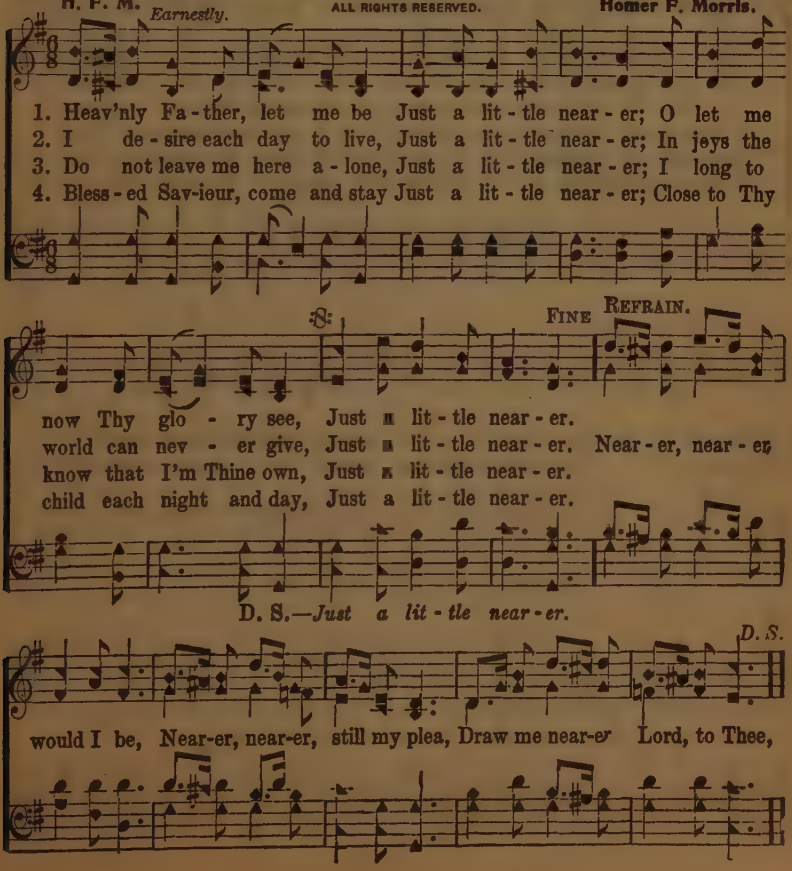

1. Gath - er - ing sheaves for Je-sus, our e - ter - nal King, Work-ing for
2. Gath - er - ing sheaves for Je-sus, mak-ing oth - ers glad, Send-ing His
3. Gath - er - ing sheaves for Je-sus, we will trust His grace, Sing of His
Him who has saved us by His love; Lov - ing His bless - ed serv - ice,
light in - to val-leys deep and drear; Tell - ing the joy - ful ti - dings
love, till this earth-ly life is o'er; Then, in our home e - ter - nal,
hap - py praise we sing, Faith-ful-ly try - ing to win the crown a - bove.
to the lone and sad, Help-ing the lost ones to trust our Sav-iour dear.
we shall see His face, And with the saints praise His love for ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Gath - er - ing sheaves, win-ning the crown,
Beau - ti - ful sheaves, glo - ri - ous crown,
Gath - er - ing sheaves for the "Harvest Home" a-bove;
for the "Har - vest Home" a - bove;

Gathering Beautiful Sheaves.


Trust-ing His grace, la - bor - ing on,
Won - der - ful grace, la - bor - ing on,
Work-ing for Him who has saved us by His love.
meas - ure - less love.

No. 103. Just a Little Nearer.

H. F. M. *Earnestly.* ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Homer F. Morris.


1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, let me be Just a lit - tle near - er; O let me
2. I de - sire each day to live, Just a lit - tle near - er; In joys the
3. Do not leave me here a - lone, Just a lit - tle near - er; I long to
4. Bless - ed Sav-iour, come and stay Just a lit - tle near - er; Close to Thy
FINE
REFRAIN.
now Thy glo - ry see, Just a lit - tle near - er.
world can nev - er give, Just a lit - tle near - er. Near - er, near - er,
know that I'm Thine own, Just a lit - tle near - er.
child each night and day, Just a lit - tle near - er.
D. S.—*Just a lit - tle near - er.*
D. S.
would I be, Near-er, near-er, still my plea, Draw me near-er Lord, to Thee,

No. 104. Walking In the King's Highway.

"And an highway shall be there, . . . and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isa. 35: 8.

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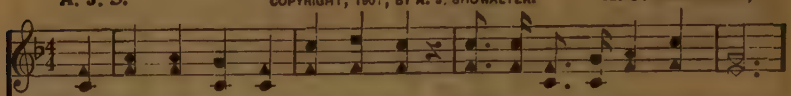
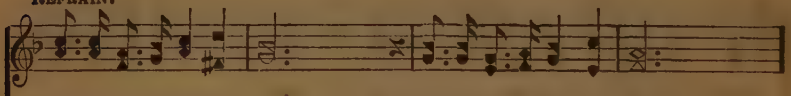


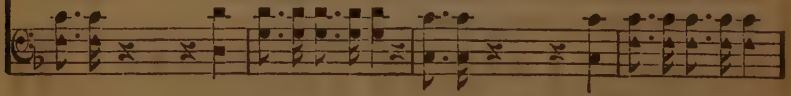
1. We're bound for glo - ry - land on high, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
2. This is the way our fa - thers trod, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
3. The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
4. No un-clean thing may pass this road, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
5. No li - ons here, nor rag-ing beasts, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;
6. We sing glad songs of joy and peace, Walk-ing in the King's high-way;

We'll reach its mansions by and by, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
The way that leads to heav'n and God, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
In des - ert lands shall burst a spring, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
But burdened souls may here un - load, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
But ransomed souls as kings and priests, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.
From doubt and fear we've found release, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

Refrain.



Walking in the King's high-way, Walking in the King's high-way;
Walking, Yes, walking in His way, Walking, Yes, walking in His way;



And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

No. 105. Standing Fast.

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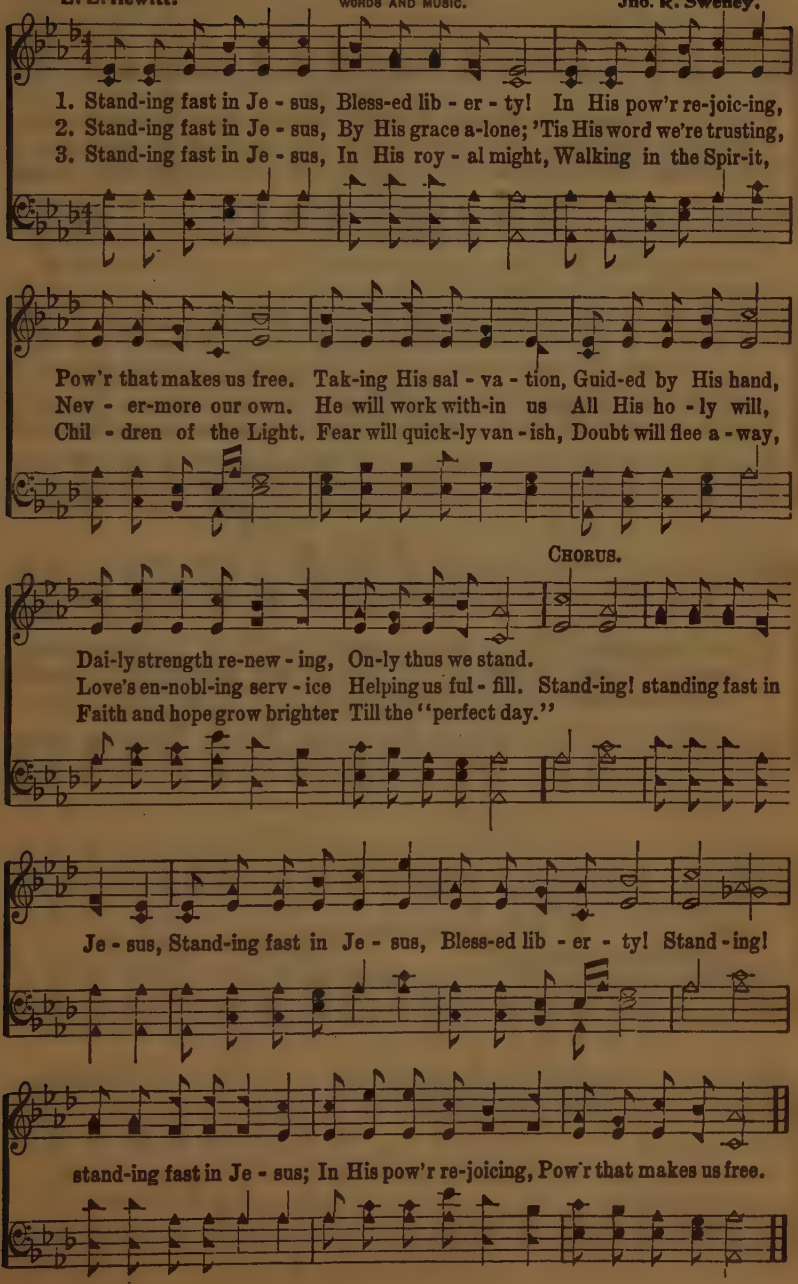
E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Stand-ing fast in Je - sus, Bless-ed lib - er - ty! In His pow'r re-joic-ing,
2. Stand-ing fast in Je - sus, By His grace a-lone; 'Tis His word we're trusting,
3. Stand-ing fast in Je - sus, In His roy - al might, Walking in the Spir-it,
Pow'r that makes us free. Tak-ing His sal - va - tion, Guid-ed by His hand,
Nev - er-more our own. He will work with-in us All His ho - ly will,
Chil - dren of the Light. Fear will quick-ly van - ish, Doubt will flee a - way,
CHORUS.
Dai-ly strength re-new - ing, On-ly thus we stand.
Love's en-nobl-ing serv - ice Helping us ful - fill. Stand-ing! standing fast in
Faith and hope grow brighter Till the "perfect day."
Je - sus, Stand-ing fast in Je - sus, Bless-ed lib - er - ty! Stand - ing!
stand-ing fast in Je - sus; In His pow'r re-joicing, Pow'r that makes us free.

No. 106. Follow Me.

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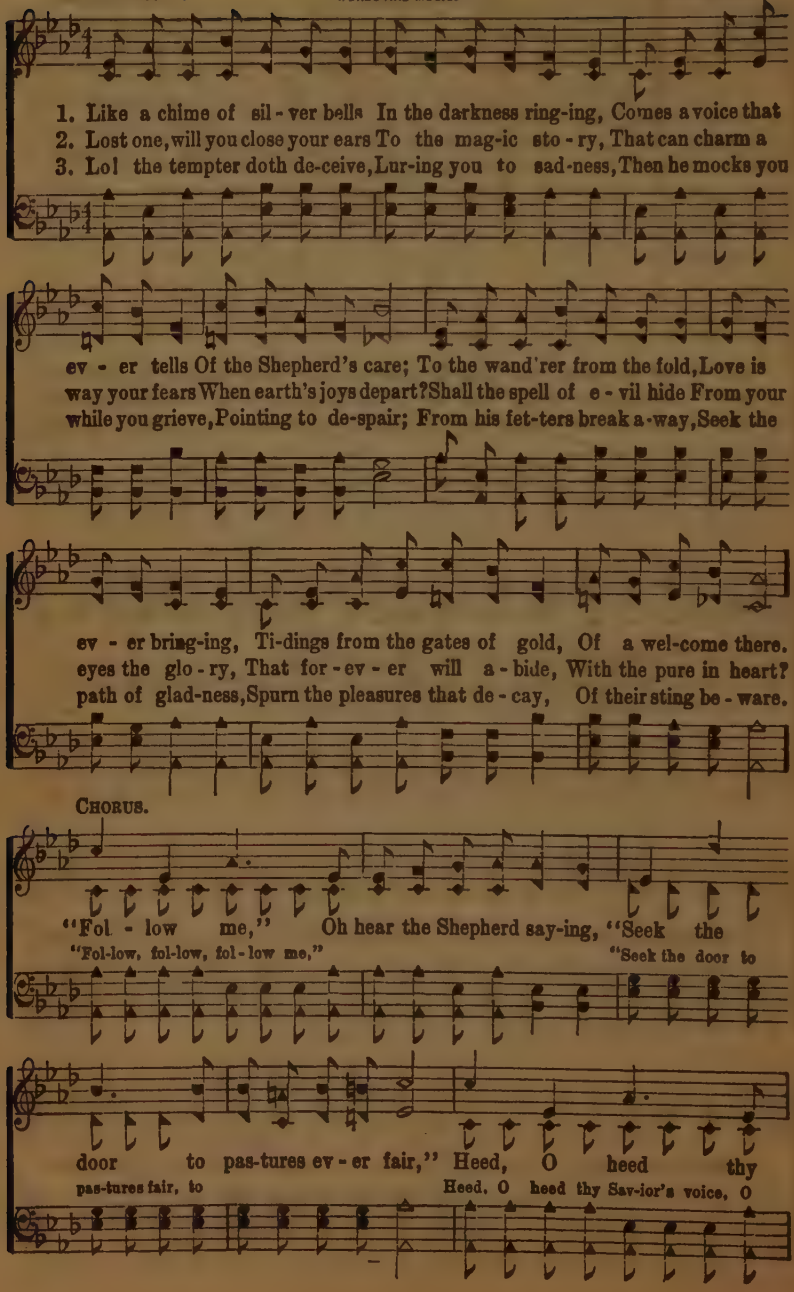
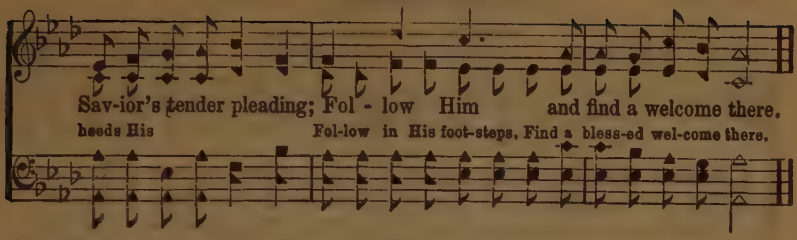
G. H. Bills. WORDS AND MUSIC. M. L. McPhail.

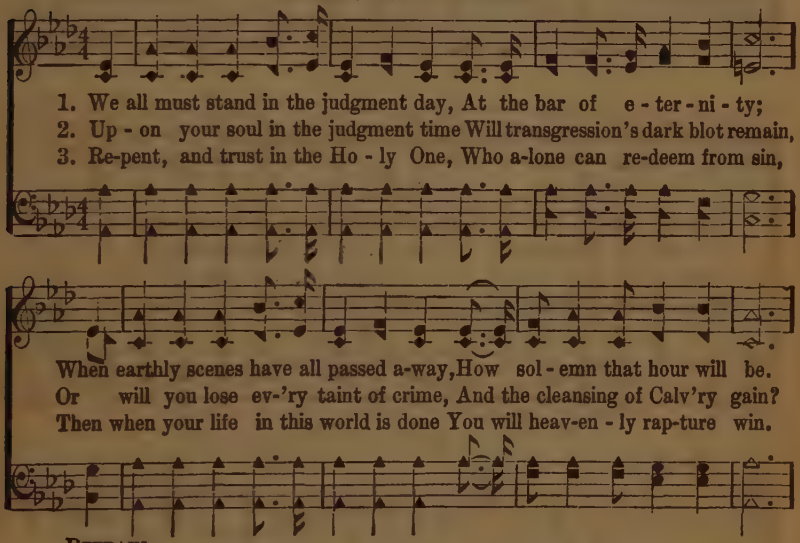

1. Like a chime of sil - ver bells In the darkness ring-ing, Comes a voice that
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag-ic sto - ry, That can charm a
3. Lo! the tempter doth de-ceive, Lur-ing you to sad-ness, Then he mocks you
ev - er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wand'rer from the fold, Love is
way your fears When earth's joys depart? Shall the spell of e - vil hide From your
while you grieve, Pointing to de-spair; From his fet-ters break a-way, Seek the
ev - er bring-ing, Ti-dings from the gates of gold, Of a wel-come there.
eyes the glo - ry, That for - ev - er will a - bide, With the pure in heart?
path of glad-ness, Spurn the pleasures that de - cay, Of their sting be - ware.
CHORUS.
"Fol - low me," Oh hear the Shepherd say-ing, "Seek the
"Fol-low, fol-low, fol - low me,"
"Seek the door to
door to pas-tures ev - er fair," Heed, O heed thy
pas-tures fair, to
Heed, O heed thy Sav-ior's voice, O

Follow Me.

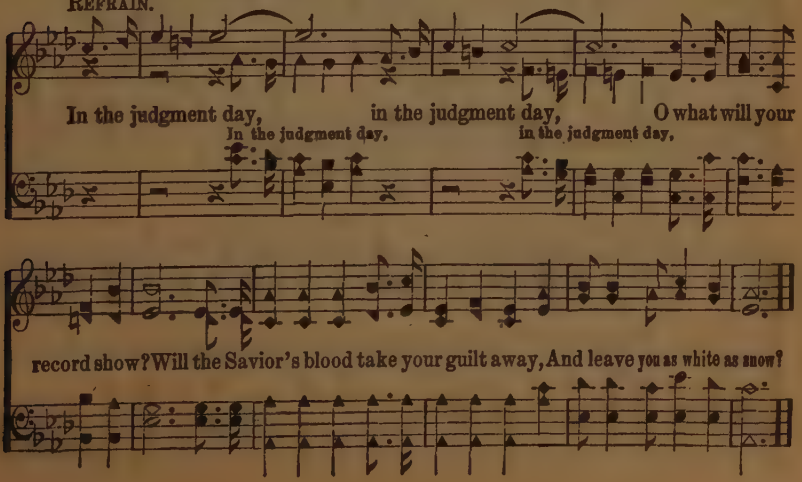

Sav-ior's tender pleading; Fol - low Him and find a welcome there.
heeds His Fol-low in His foot-steps, Find a bless-ed wel-come there.

No. 107. In the Judgment Day.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.


1. We all must stand in the judgment day, At the bar of e - ter - ni - ty;
2. Up - on your soul in the judgment time Will transgression's dark blot remain,
3. Re-pent, and trust in the Ho - ly One, Who a-lone can re-deem from sin,
When earthly scenes have all passed a-way, How sol - emn that hour will be.
Or will you lose ev-'ry taint of crime, And the cleansing of Calv'ry gain?
Then when your life in this world is done You will heav-en - ly rap-ture win.

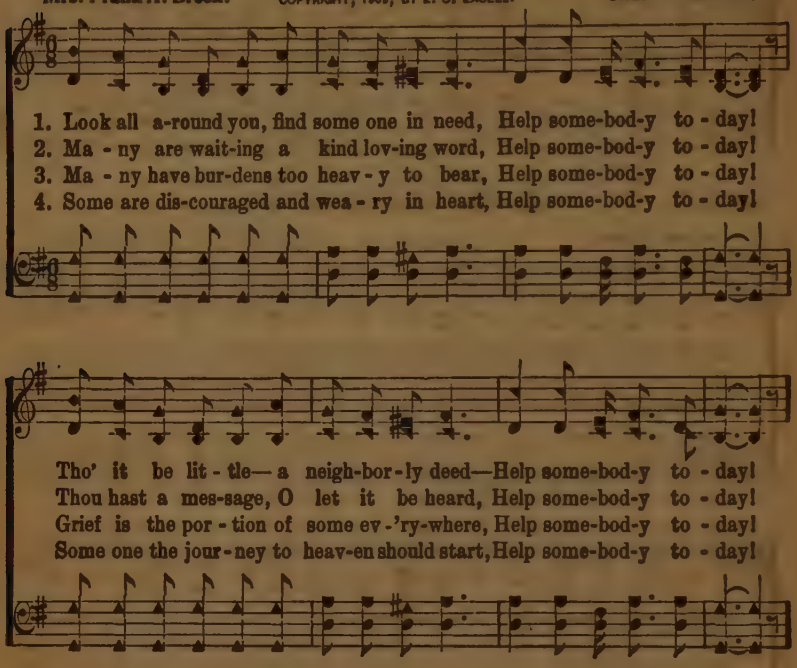
REFRAIN.


In the judgment day, in the judgment day, O what will your
In the judgment day, in the judgment day,
record show? Will the Savior's blood take your guilt away, And leave you as white as snow?

108. Help Somebody To-day.

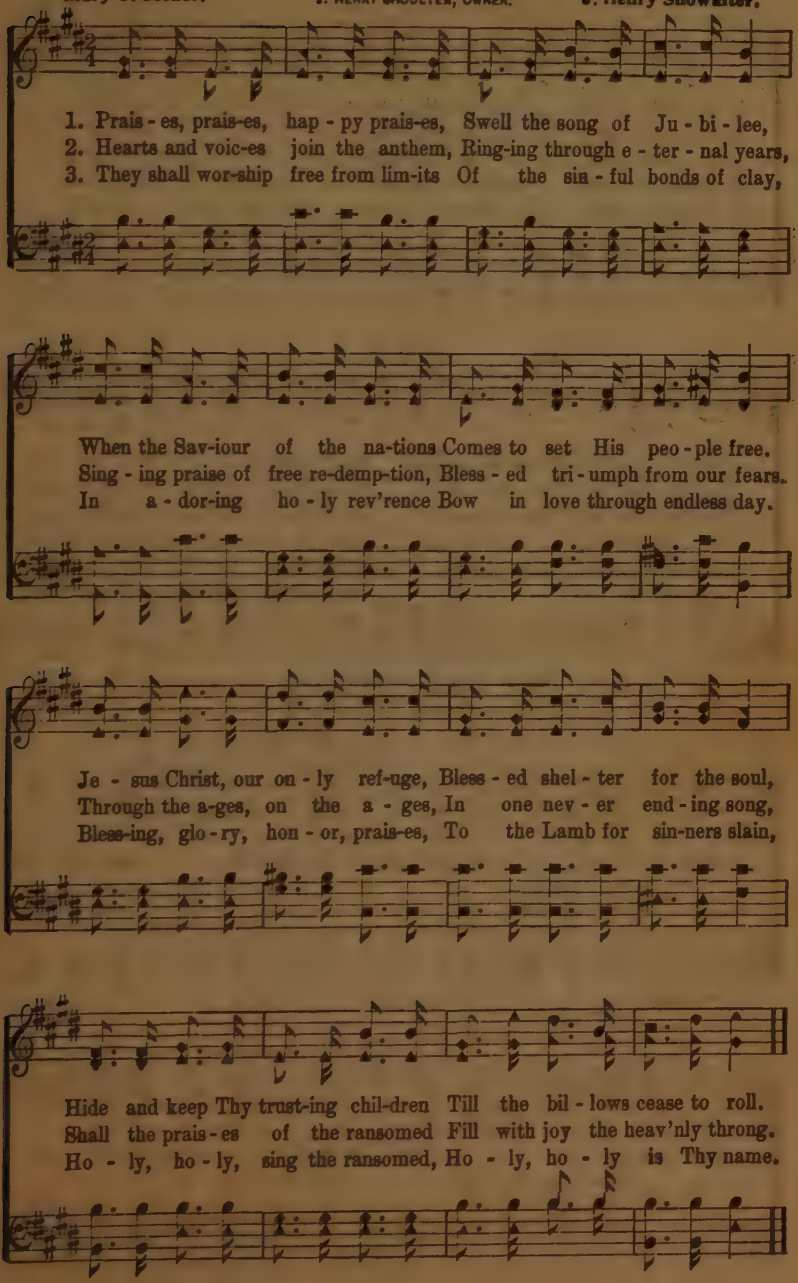
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Ma - ny are wait-ing a kind lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Ma - ny have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-couraged and wea - ry in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle— a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour - ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!
CHORUS.
Help some-bod-y to - day..... Some-bod-y a - long life's way;..... Let
to - day, homeward way;
sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help some-bod-y to - day!

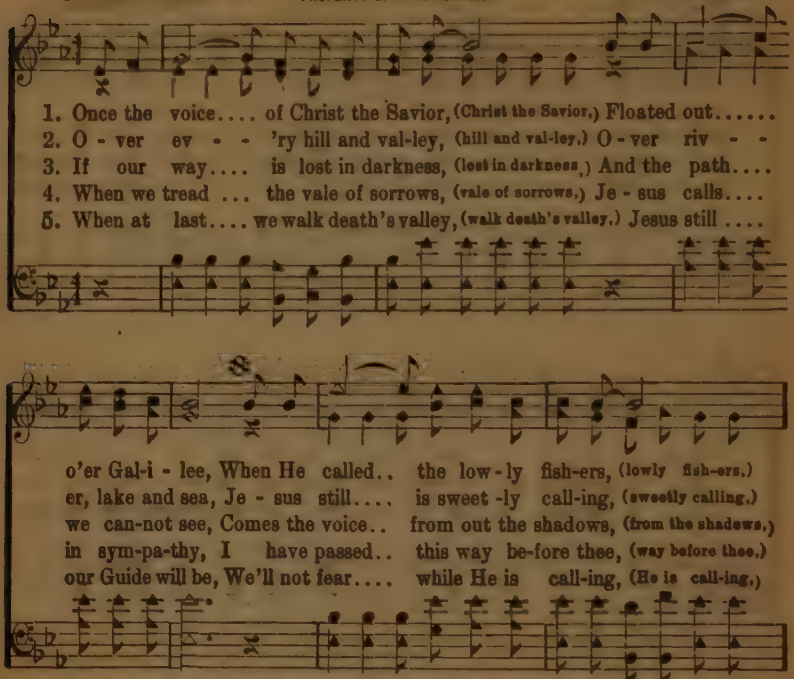
No. 109. Happy Praises.

Mary C. Stoner. J. HENRY SHOULTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. Prais - es, prais-es, hap - py prais-es, Swell the song of Ju - bi - lee,
2. Hearts and voic-es join the anthem, Ring-ing through e - ter - nal years,
3. They shall wor-ship free from lim-its Of the sin - ful bonds of clay,
When the Sav-iour of the na-tions Comes to set His peo - ple free.
Sing - ing praise of free re-demp-tion, Bless - ed tri - umph from our fears.
In a - dor-ing ho - ly rev'rence Bow in love through endless day.
Je - sus Christ, our on - ly ref-uge, Bless - ed shel - ter for the soul,
Through the a-ges, on the a - ges, In one nev - er end - ing song,
Bless-ing, glo - ry, hon - or, prais-es, To the Lamb for sin-ners slain,
Hide and keep Thy trust-ing chil-dren Till the bil - lows cease to roll.
Shall the prais - es of the ransomed Fill with joy the heav'nly throng.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, sing the ransomed, Ho - ly, ho - ly is Thy name.

No. 110. We Will Follow Thee.

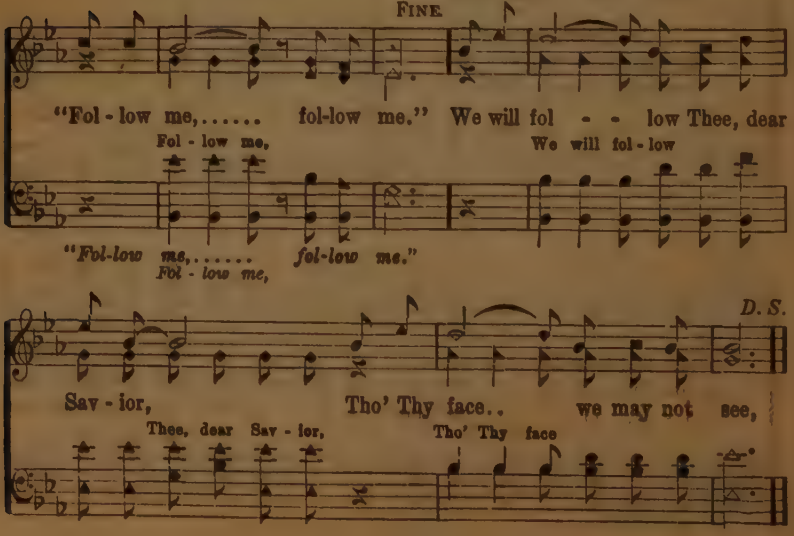
Johnson Oatman, Jr. PROPERTY OF K. C. ROBINSON. K. C. Robinson.


1. Once the voice.... of Christ the Savior, (Christ the Savior,) Floated out.....
2. O - ver ev - - 'ry hill and val-ley, (hill and val-ley,) O - ver riv - -
3. If our way.... is lost in darkness, (lost in darkness,) And the path....
4. When we tread ... the vale of sorrows, (vale of sorrows,) Je - sus calls....
5. When at last.... we walk death's valley, (walk death's valley,) Jesus still ....
o'er Gal-i - lee, When He called.. the low-ly fish-ers, (lowly fish-ers,)
er, lake and sea, Je - sus still.... is sweet-ly call-ing, (sweetly calling,)
we can-not see, Comes the voice.. from out the shadows, (from the shadows,)
in sym-pa-thy, I have passed.. this way be-fore thee, (way before thee,)
our Guide will be, We'll not fear.... while He is call-ing, (He is call-ing,)

D. S.—*While we hear.... Thy sweet voice calling,*
While we hear *gen-tly call-ing,*

REFRAIN.

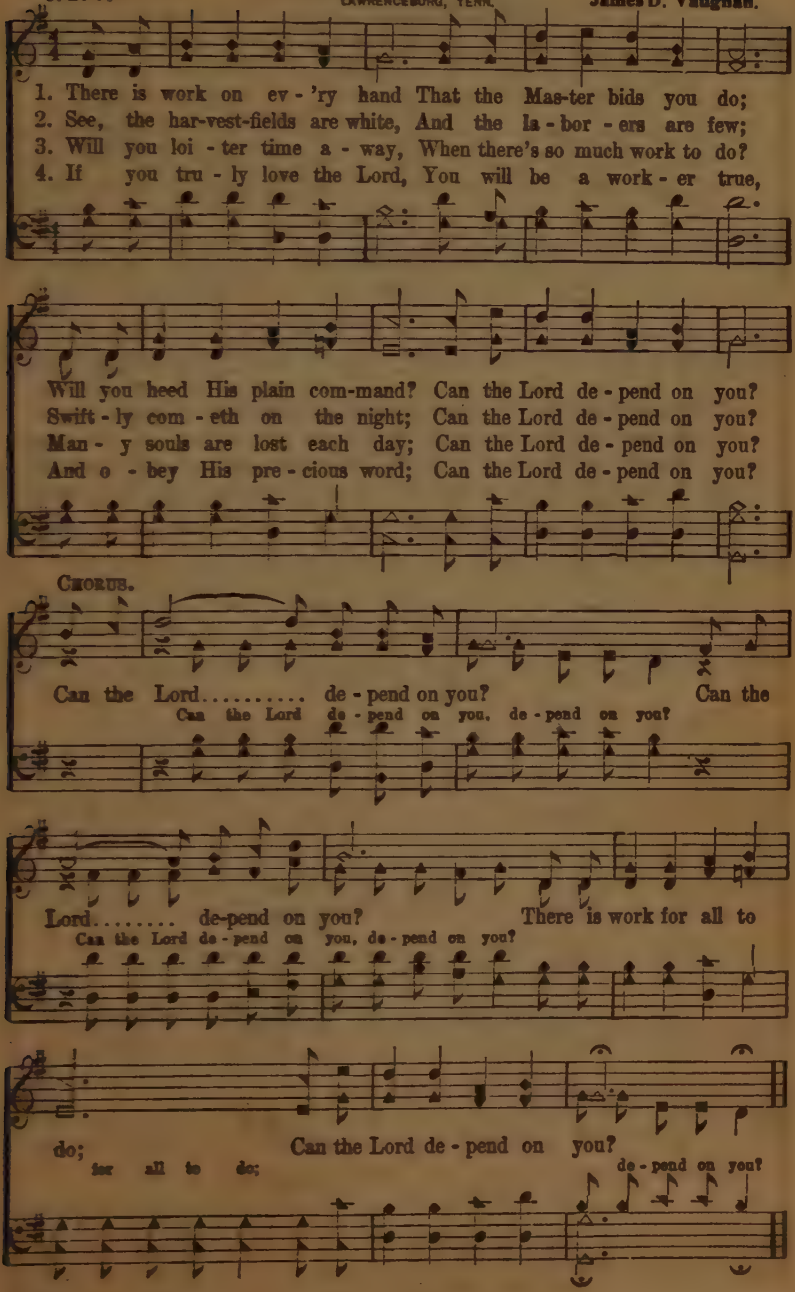
FINE.


"Fol - low me,..... fol-low me." We will fol - - low Thee, dear
Fol - low me, We will fol - low
"Fol-low me,..... fol-low me."
Fol - low me,
D. S.
Sav - ior, Tho' Thy face.. we may not see,
Thee, dear Sav - ior, Tho' Thy face

No. 111. Can the Lord Depend On You?

J. B. V.

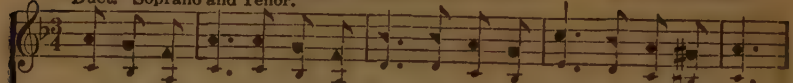
COPYRIGHT 1904, BY JAMES D. VAUGHAN, LAWRENCEBURG, TENN.

James D. Vaughan.

1. There is work on ev-'ry hand That the Mas-ter bids you do;
2. See, the har-vest-fields are white, And the la-bor-ers are few;
3. Will you loi-ter time a-way, When there's so much work to do?
4. If you tru-ly love the Lord, You will be a work-er true,
Will you heed His plain com-mand? Can the Lord de-pend on you?
Swift-ly com-eth on the night; Can the Lord de-pend on you?
Man-y souls are lost each day; Can the Lord de-pend on you?
And o-bey His pre-cious word; Can the Lord de-pend on you?
Chorus.
Can the Lord..... de-pend on you? Can the
Can the Lord de-pend on you, de-pend on you?
Lord..... de-pend on you? There is work for all to
Can the Lord de-pend on you, de-pend on you?
do; Can the Lord de-pend on you?
for all to do; de-pend on you?

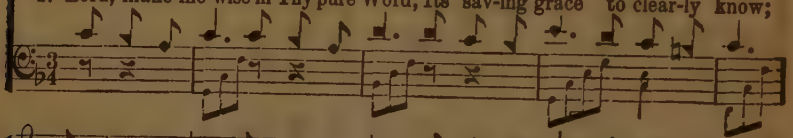
No. 112. O Make Me Wise.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

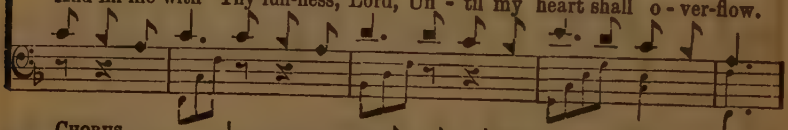
Duet. Soprano and Tenor.



1. Lord, make me wise that I may speak To wea-ry hearts of Thy great love;
2. Lord, make me wise that I may show Thy balm to ev - 'ry breaking heart;
3. Lord, make me wise to ev - er stand Up - on the rock of Cal - va - ry;
4. Lord, make me wise in Thy pure Word, Its sav-ing grace to clear-ly know;

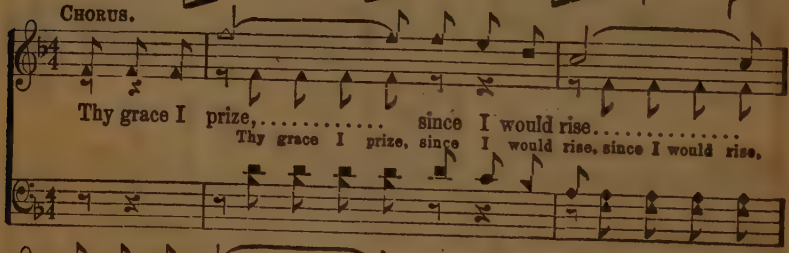


O make me wise that I may seek And lead lost souls to heav'n a-bove.
O make me wise that I may know The gos-pel sto - ry I im - part.
O make me wise to reach a hand To those who sink in life's dark sea.
And fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my heart shall o - ver-flow.

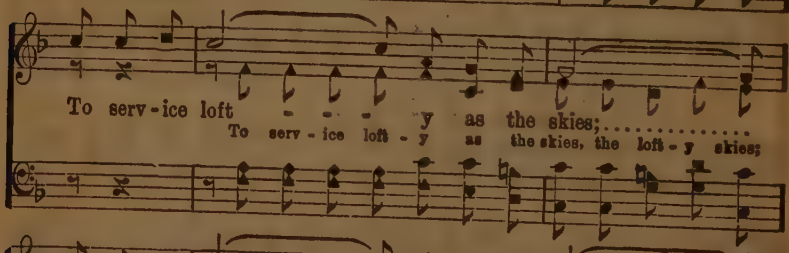


CHORUS.

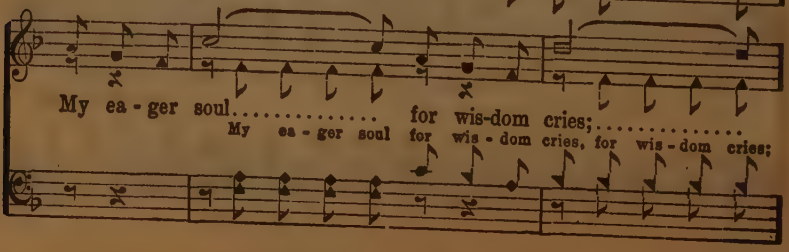
Thy grace I prize,..... since I would rise.....
Thy grace I prize, since I would rise, since I would rise.



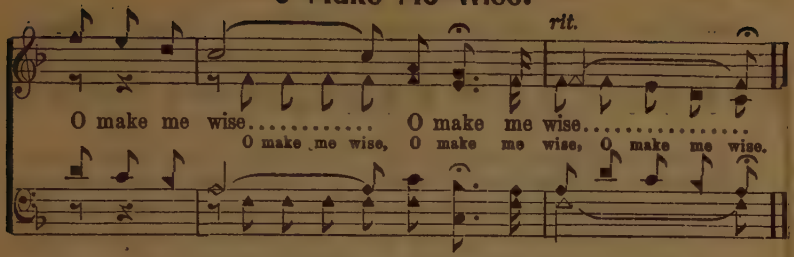
To serv-ice loft - - - y as the skies;.....
To serv - ice loft - y as the skies, the loft - y skies;



My ea - ger soul..... for wis-dom cries;.....
My ea - ger soul for wis - dom cries, for wis - dom cries;

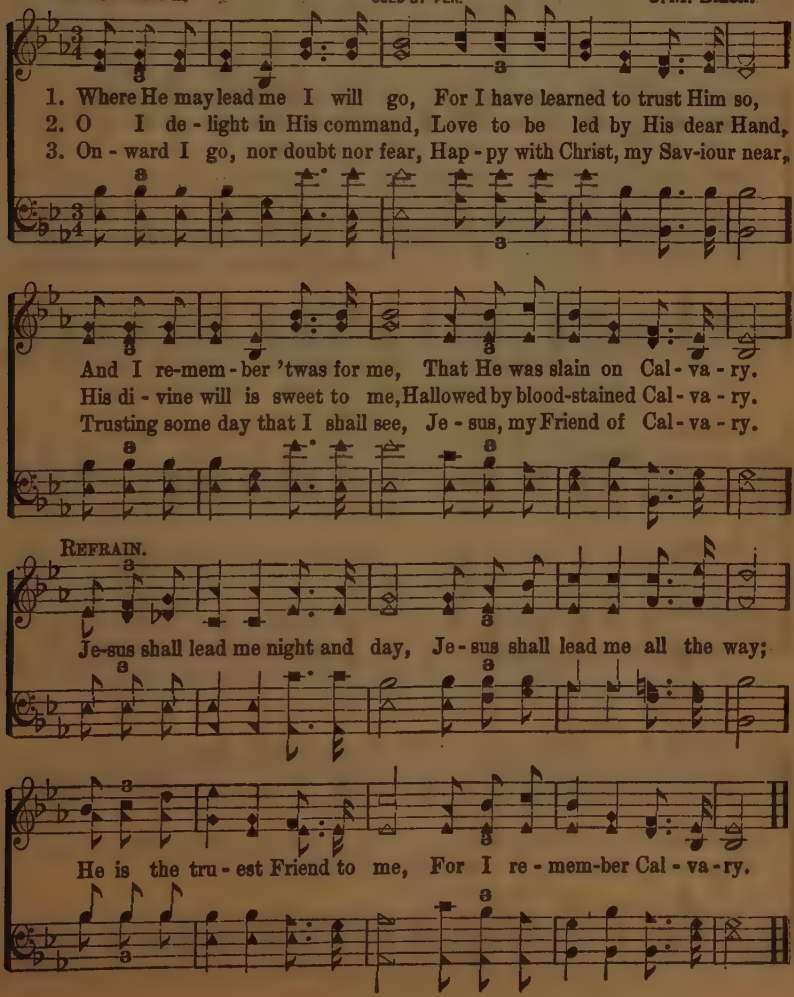


O Make Me Wise.



No. 113. I Remember Calvary.

W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. M. BLACK. USED BY PER. J. M. Black.


1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so,
2. O I de - light in His command, Love to be led by His dear Hand,
3. On - ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap - py with Christ, my Sav-iour near,
And I re-mem - ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His di - vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal - va - ry.
Trusting some day that I shall see, Je - sus, my Friend of Cal - va - ry.
REFRAIN.
Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way;
He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

No. 114. In the Light of His Love.

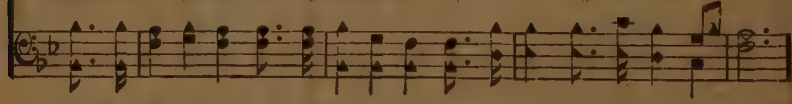
James Rowe. PROPERTY OF PERRY BROS. MUSIC CO. Chas. E. Adams.

1. We are marching on from day to day, In the light of our Saviour's love;
2. We are not a - fraid the foe to meet, For our Sav-iour will shield our souls;
3. We are trust-ing wholly on His grace, Which is dai - ly sur-round-ing all;
4. He has promised us that by and by, If we faith-ful - ly wage the strife,

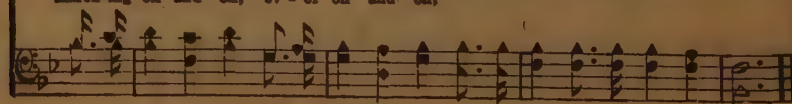
Sing - ing songs of praise a-long the way, We are bound for our home a-bove.
He will al-ways keep us pure and sweet, For His won-der-ful love con-trols.
He will cheer us on with His smiling face, And will lift us when-e'er we fall.
We shall share His glo - ry in the sky, And be crowned with the crown of life.

REFRAIN.

Marching on,.... ev - er on,.... True to Je - sus our King a - bove;
March-ing on and on, ev - er on and on,

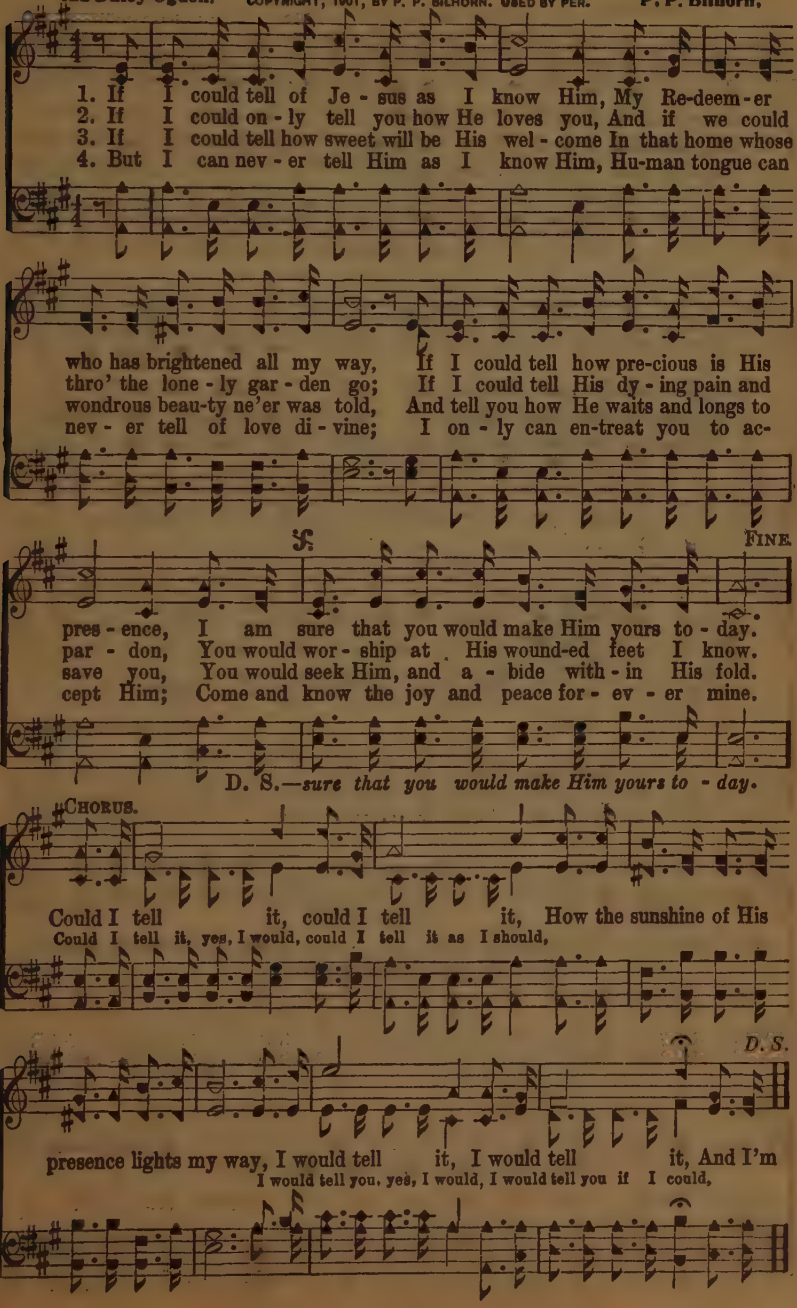


Marching on,.... ev - er on,..... In the light of His precious love.
March-ing on and on, ev - er on and on,

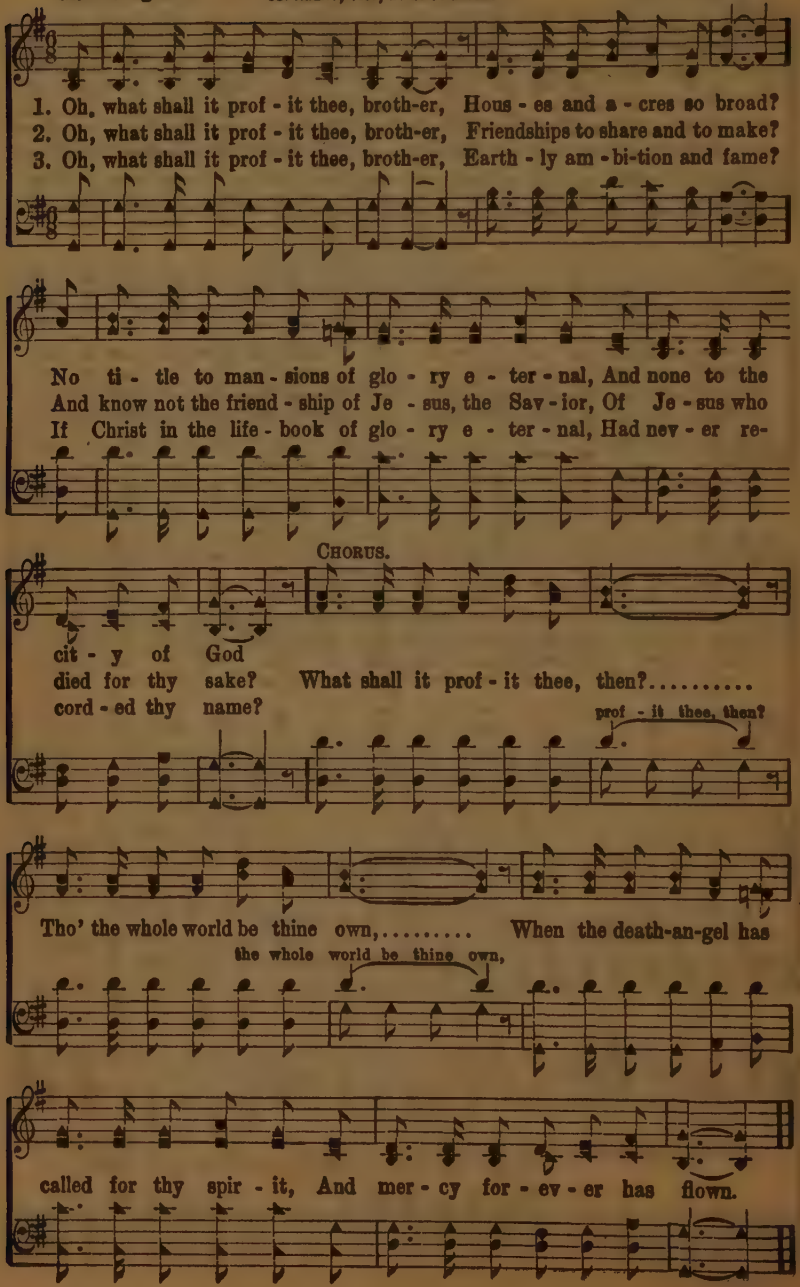


No. 115. Gould I Tell It.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY P. P. BILHORN. USED BY PER. P. P. Bilhorn.


1. If I could tell of Je - sus as I know Him, My Re-deem - er
2. If I could on - ly tell you how He loves you, And if we could
3. If I could tell how sweet will be His wel - come In that home whose
4. But I can nev - er tell Him as I know Him, Hu-man tongue can
who has brightened all my way, If I could tell how pre-cious is His
thro' the lone - ly gar - den go; If I could tell His dy - ing pain and
wondrous beau-ty ne'er was told, And tell you how He waits and longs to
nev - er tell of love di - vine; I on - ly can en-treat you to ac-
pres - ence, I am sure that you would make Him yours to - day.
par - don, You would wor - ship at His wound-ed feet I know.
save you, You would seek Him, and a - bide with - in His fold.
cept Him; Come and know the joy and peace for - ev - er mine.
FINE.
D. S.—sure that you would make Him yours to - day.
CHORUS.
Could I tell it, could I tell it, How the sunshine of His
Could I tell it, yes, I would, could I tell it as I should,
D. S.
presence lights my way, I would tell it, I would tell it, And I'm
I would tell you, yes, I would, I would tell you if I could,

No. 116. What Shall It Profit Thee?

M. P. Ferguson. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A Ogden.

1. Oh, what shall it prof - it thee, broth-er, Hous - es and a - cres so broad?
2. Oh, what shall it prof - it thee, broth-er, Friendships to share and to make?
3. Oh, what shall it prof - it thee, broth-er, Earth - ly am - bi-tion and fame?
No ti - tle to man - sions of glo - ry e - ter - nal, And none to the
And know not the friend - ship of Je - sus, the Sav - ior, Of Je - sus who
If Christ in the life - book of glo - ry e - ter - nal, Had nev - er re-
CHORUS.
cit - y of God
died for thy sake? What shall it prof - it thee, then?.....
cord - ed thy name?
prof - it thee, then?
Tho' the whole world be thine own,..... When the death-an-gel has
the whole world be thine own,
called for thy spir - it, And mer - cy for - ev - er has flown.

No. 117. I Love to Go to the Sunday-School.

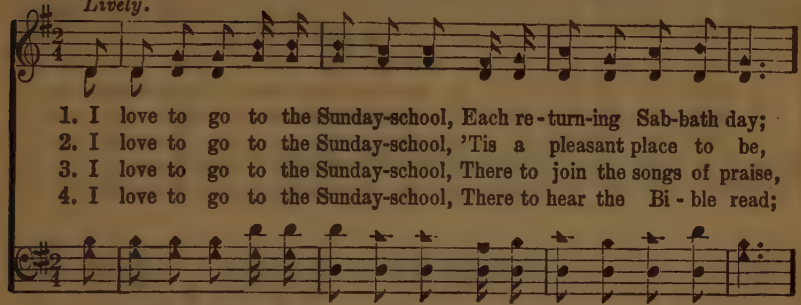
Learn to fear the Lord.—Duet. 13: 13.

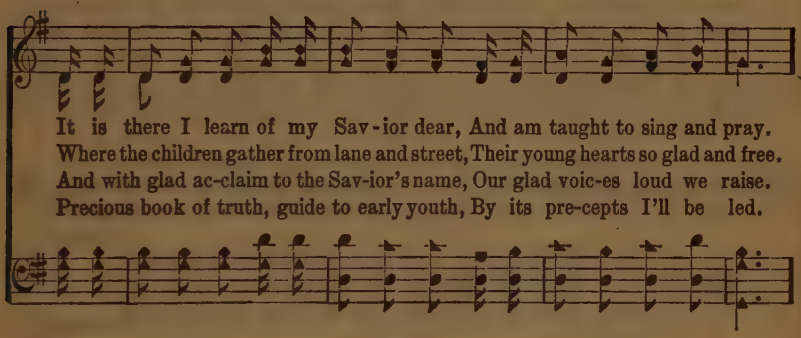
C. E. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE.

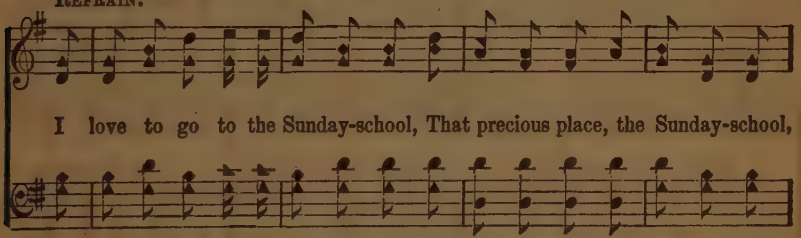
Chas. Edw. Pollock.

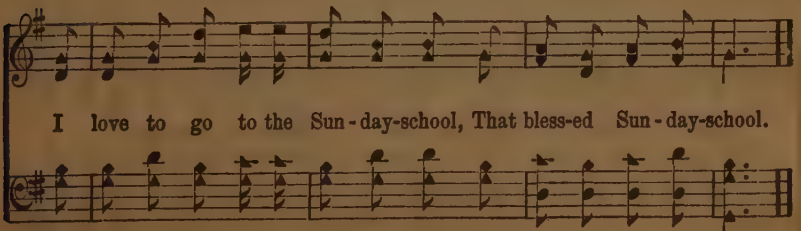
Lively.


1. I love to go to the Sunday-school, Each re-turn-ing Sab-bath day;
2. I love to go to the Sunday-school, 'Tis a pleasant place to be,
3. I love to go to the Sunday-school, There to join the songs of praise,
4. I love to go to the Sunday-school, There to hear the Bi-ble read;


It is there I learn of my Sav-ior dear, And am taught to sing and pray.
Where the children gather from lane and street, Their young hearts so glad and free.
And with glad ac-claim to the Sav-ior's name, Our glad voic-es loud we raise.
Precious book of truth, guide to early youth, By its pre-cepts I'll be led.

REFRAIN.





More Like the Master.

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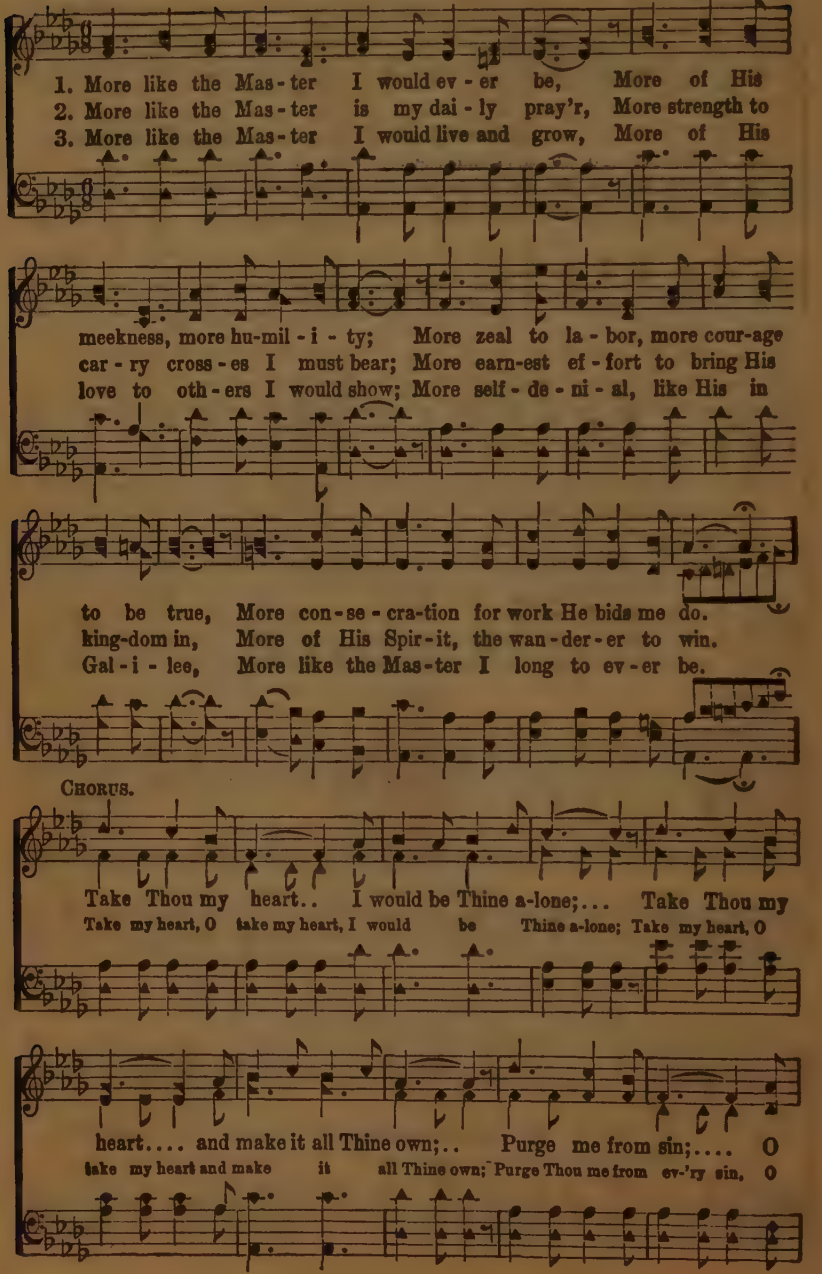
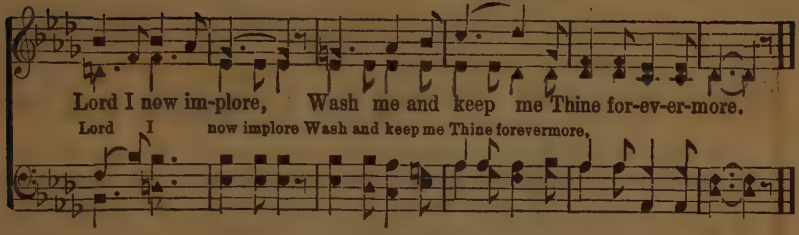
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

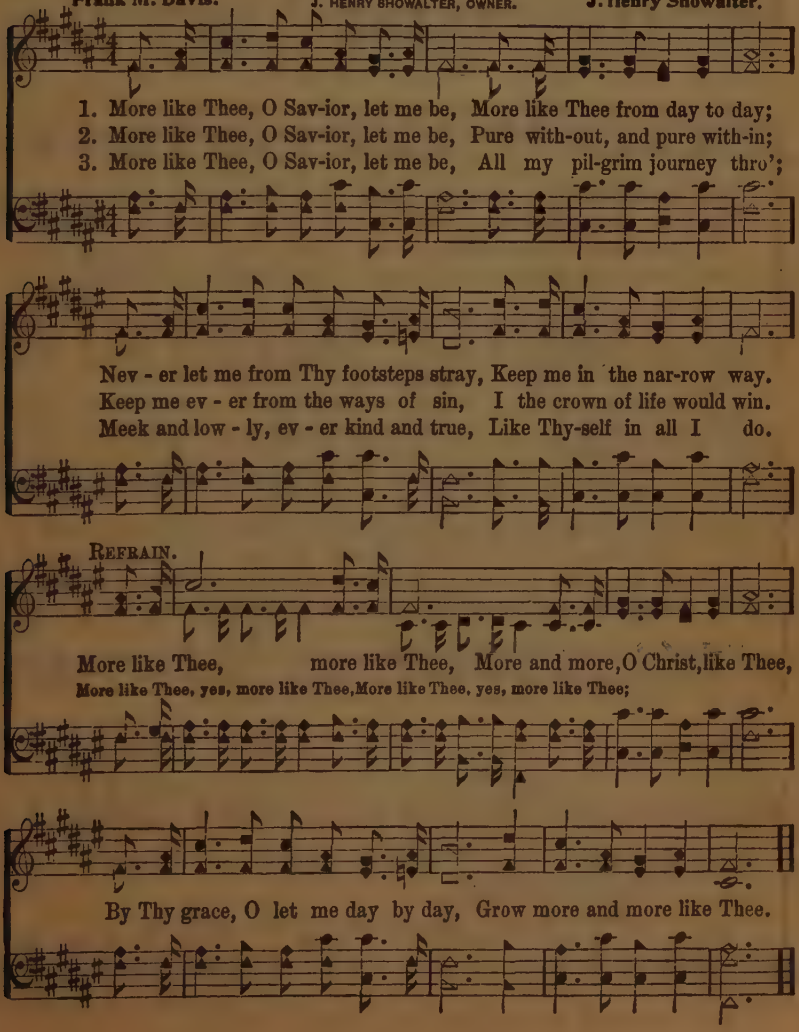

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow, More of His
meekness, more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age
car-ry cross-es I must bear; More earn-est ef-fort to bring His
love to oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in
to be true, More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do.
king-dom in, More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
Gal-i-lee, More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be.
CHORUS.
Take Thou my heart.. I would be Thine a-lone;... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O
heart.... and make it all Thine own;.. Purge me from sin;.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev-'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.



No. 119. More Like Thee.

Frank M. Davis. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. More like Thee, O Sav-ior, let me be, More like Thee from day to day;
2. More like Thee, O Sav-ior, let me be, Pure with-out, and pure with-in;
3. More like Thee, O Sav-ior, let me be, All my pil-grim journey thro';
Nev - er let me from Thy footsteps stray, Keep me in the nar-row way.
Keep me ev - er from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win.
Meek and low - ly, ev - er kind and true, Like Thy-self in all I do.
REFRAIN.
More like Thee, more like Thee, More and more, O Christ, like Thee,
More like Thee, yes, more like Thee, More like Thee, yes, more like Thee;
By Thy grace, O let me day by day, Grow more and more like Thee.

No. 120. When Love Shines In.

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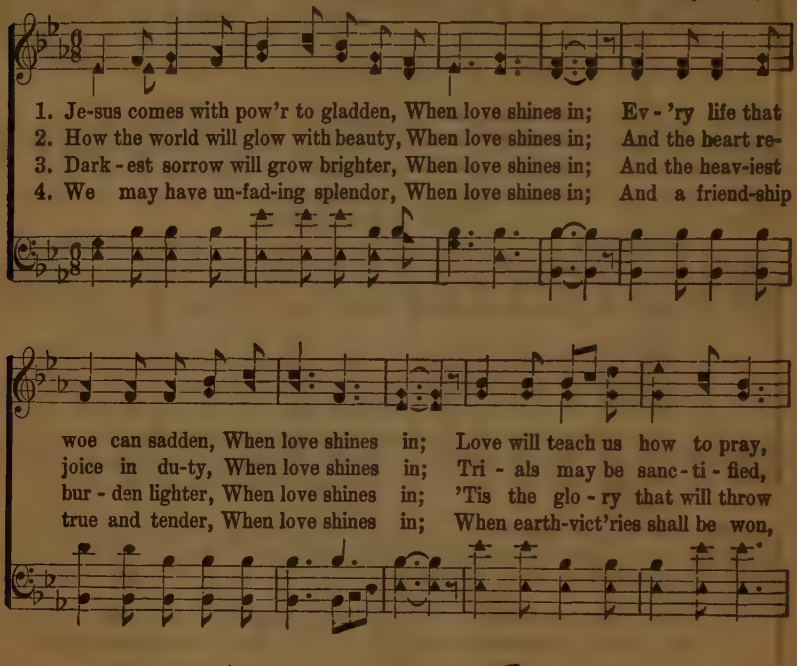
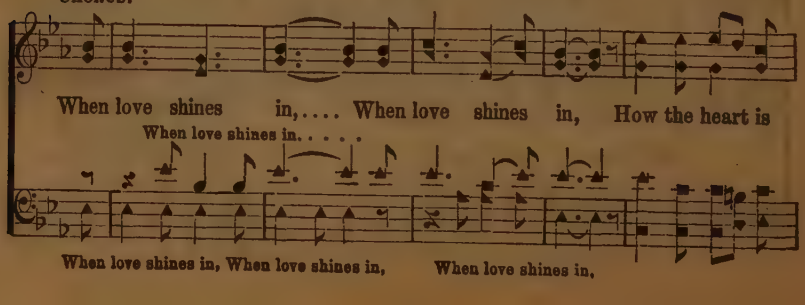
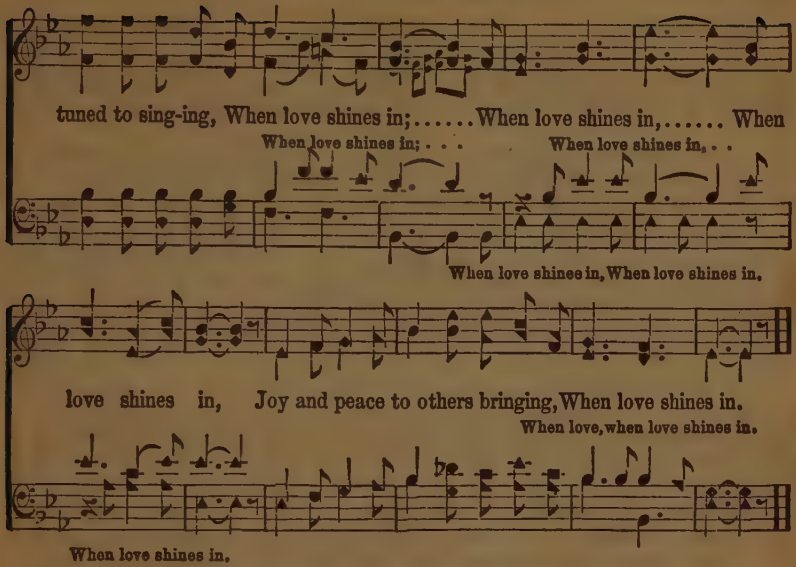
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in; Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in; And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in; And the heav-iest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in; And a friend-ship
woe can sadden, When love shines in; Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du-ty, When love shines in; Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,
bur-den lighter, When love shines in; 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
true and tender, When love shines in; When earth-vict'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom a-way, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.

CHORUS.

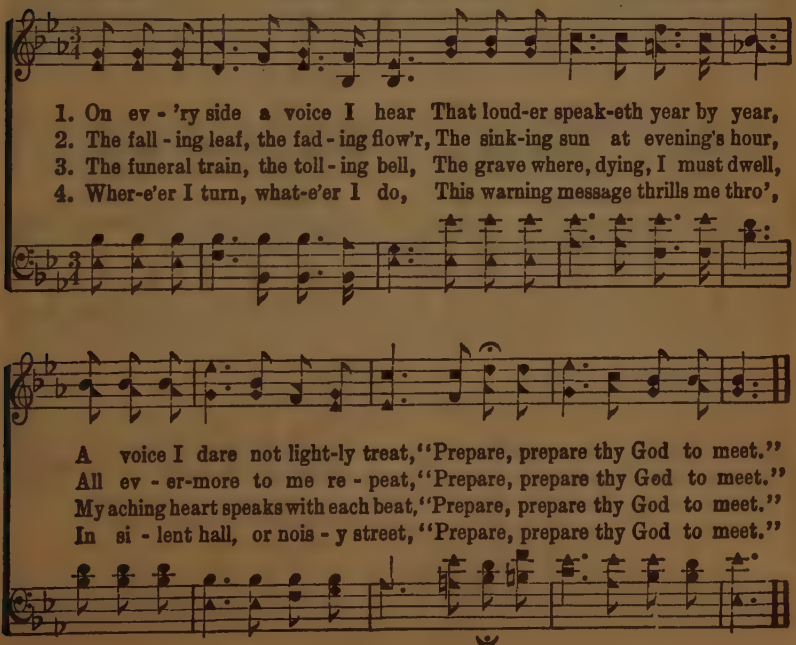

When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in.....
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in.

When Love Shines In.


tuned to sing-ing, When love shines in;.....When love shines in,..... When
When love shines in; . . .
When love shines in, . .
When love shines in, When love shines in.
love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love, when love shines in.
When love shines in.

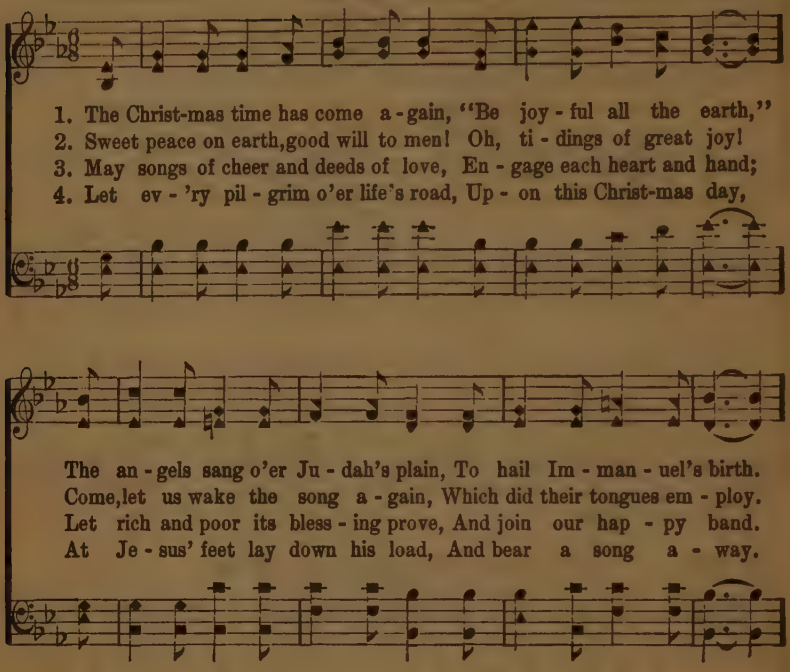
No. 121. Prepare Thy God to Meet.

H. A. N. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. H. H. McGranahan.

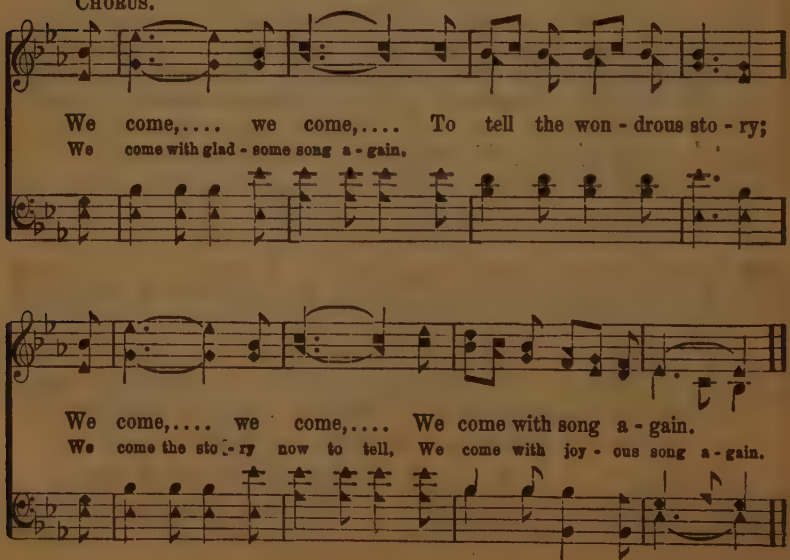

1. On ev - 'ry side a voice I hear That loud-er speak-eth year by year,
2. The fall - ing leaf, the fad - ing flow'r, The sink-ing sun at evening's hour,
3. The funeral train, the toll - ing bell, The grave where, dying, I must dwell,
4. Wher-e'er I turn, what-e'er I do, This warning message thrills me thro',
A voice I dare not light-ly treat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
All ev - er-more to me re - peat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
My aching heart speaks with each beat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
In si - lent hall, or nois - y street, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."

No. 122. Christmas Carol.

J. O. Barnhart. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. The Christ-mas time has come a-gain, "Be joy-ful all the earth,"
2. Sweet peace on earth, good will to men! Oh, ti-dings of great joy!
3. May songs of cheer and deeds of love, En-gage each heart and hand;
4. Let ev-'ry pil-grim o'er life's road, Up-on this Christ-mas day,
The an-gels sang o'er Ju-dah's plain, To hail Im-man-uel's birth.
Come, let us wake the song a-gain, Which did their tongues em-ploy.
Let rich and poor its bless-ing prove, And join our hap-py band.
At Je-sus' feet lay down his load, And bear a song a-way.

CHORUS.


We come,.... we come,.... To tell the won-drous sto-ry;
We come with glad-some song a-gain.
We come,.... we come,.... We come with song a-gain.
We come the sto-ry now to tell, We come with joy-ous song a-gain.

No. 123. The Man of Galilee.

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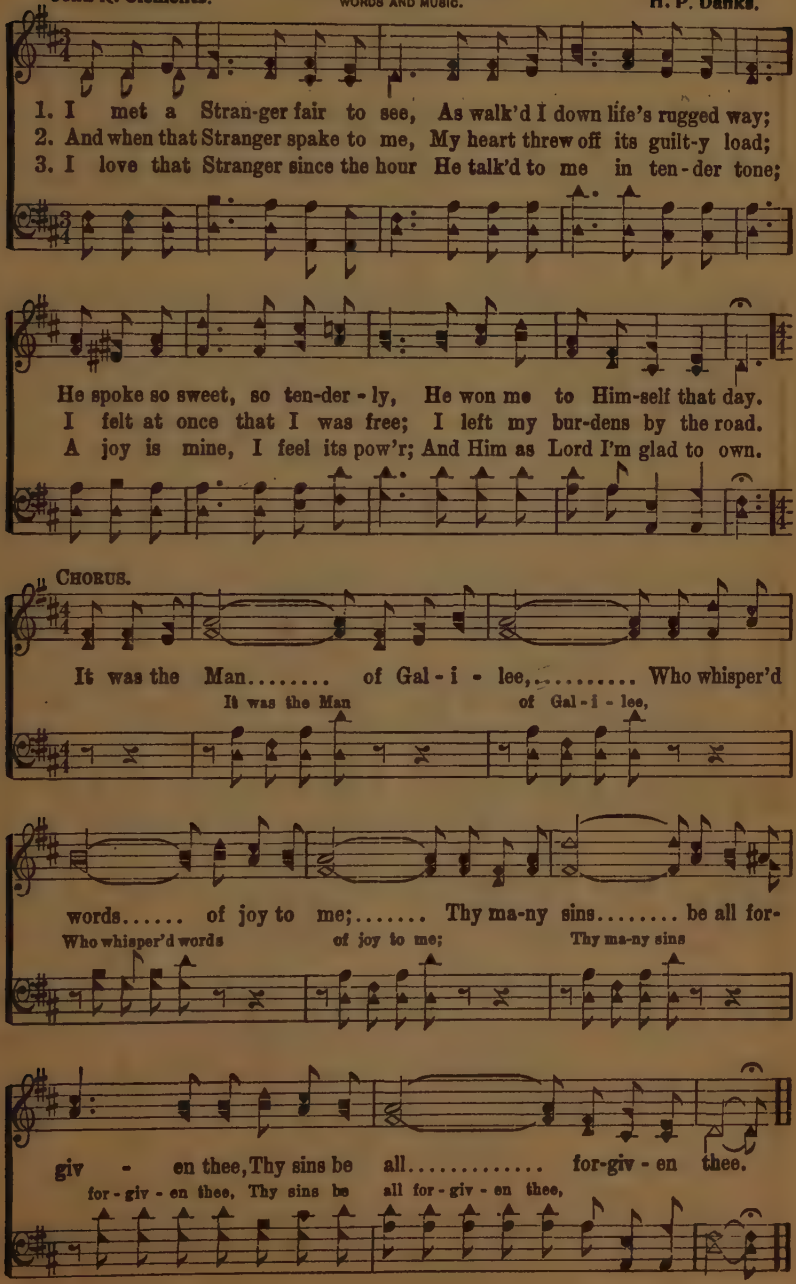
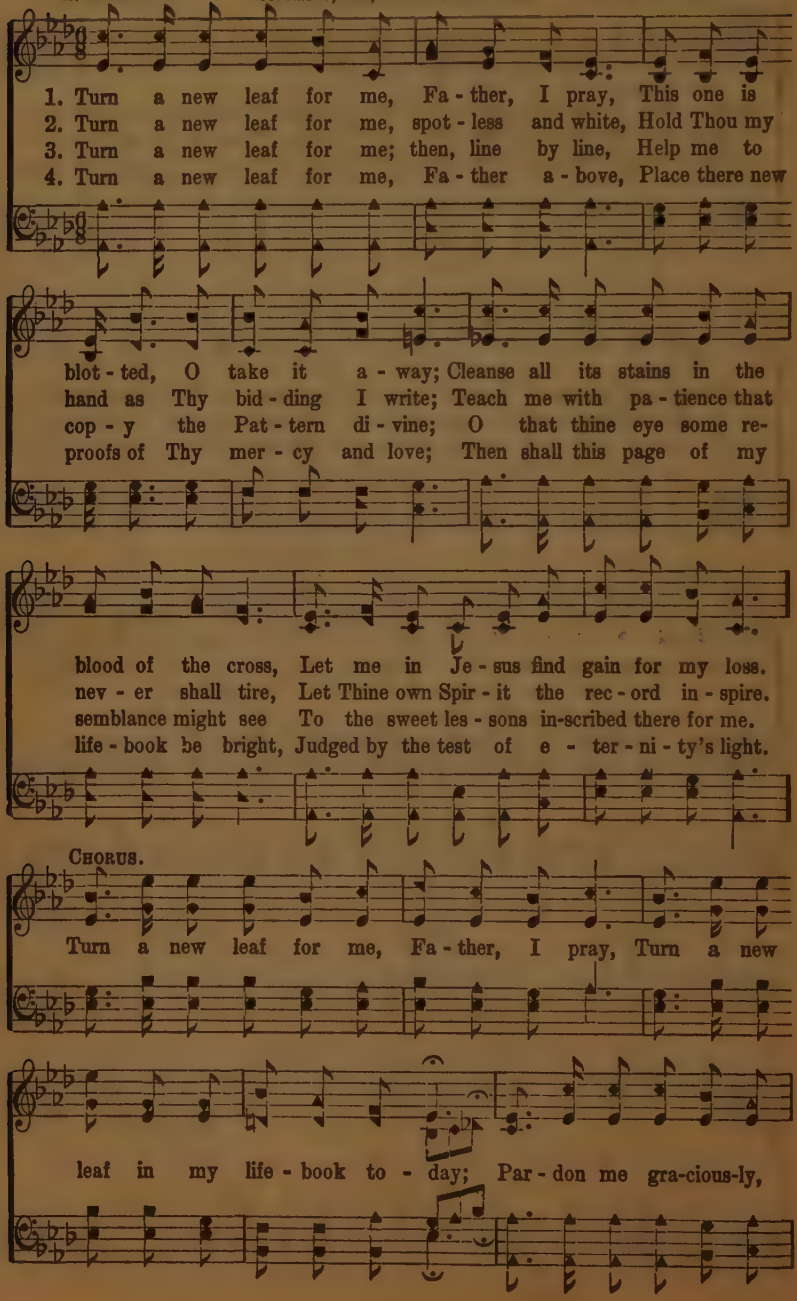
John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC. H. P. Danks.

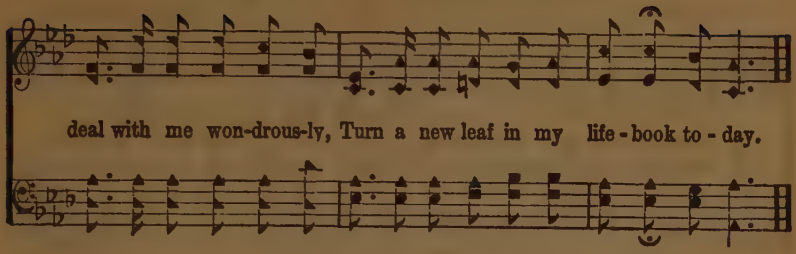

1. I met a Stran-ger fair to see, As walk'd I down life's rugged way;
2. And when that Stranger spake to me, My heart threw off its guilt-y load;
3. I love that Stranger since the hour He talk'd to me in ten-der tone;
He spoke so sweet, so ten-der-ly, He won me to Him-self that day.
I felt at once that I was free; I left my bur-dens by the road.
A joy is mine, I feel its pow'r; And Him as Lord I'm glad to own.
CHORUS.
It was the Man..... of Gal-i-lee,..... Who whisper'd
It was the Man of Gal-i-lee,
words..... of joy to me;..... Thy ma-ny sins..... be all for-
Who whisper'd words of joy to me; Thy ma-ny sins
giv-en thee, Thy sins be all..... for-giv-en thee.
for-giv-en thee, Thy sins be all for-giv-en thee,

No. 124. Turn a New Leaf for Me.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

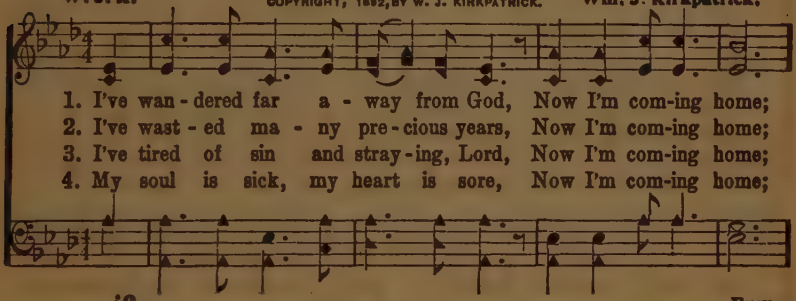

1. Turn a new leaf for me, Fa - ther, I pray, This one is
2. Turn a new leaf for me, spot - less and white, Hold Thou my
3. Turn a new leaf for me; then, line by line, Help me to
4. Turn a new leaf for me, Fa - ther a - bove, Place there new
blot - ted, O take it a - way; Cleanse all its stains in the
hand as Thy bid - ding I write; Teach me with pa - tience that
cop - y the Pat - tern di - vine; O that thine eye some re-
proofs of Thy mer - cy and love; Then shall this page of my
blood of the cross, Let me in Je - sus find gain for my loss.
nev - er shall tire, Let Thine own Spir - it the rec - ord in - spire.
semblance might see To the sweet les - sons in-scribed there for me.
life - book be bright, Judged by the test of e - ter - ni - ty's light.
CHORUS.
Turn a new leaf for me, Fa - ther, I pray, Turn a new
leaf in my life - book to - day; Par - don me gra-cious-ly,

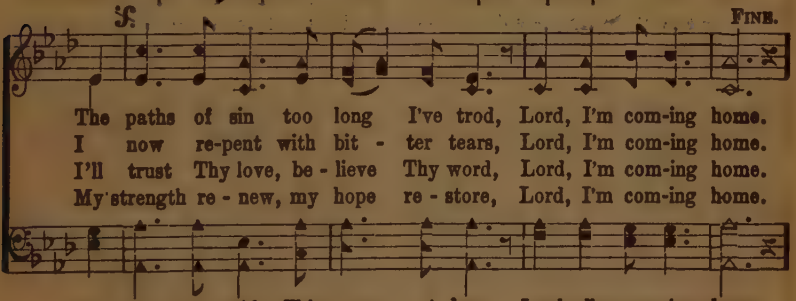
Turn a New Leaf for Me.

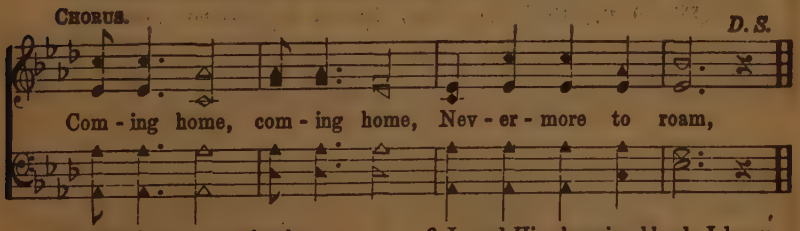


No. 125. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed ma-ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;


FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.—O-pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

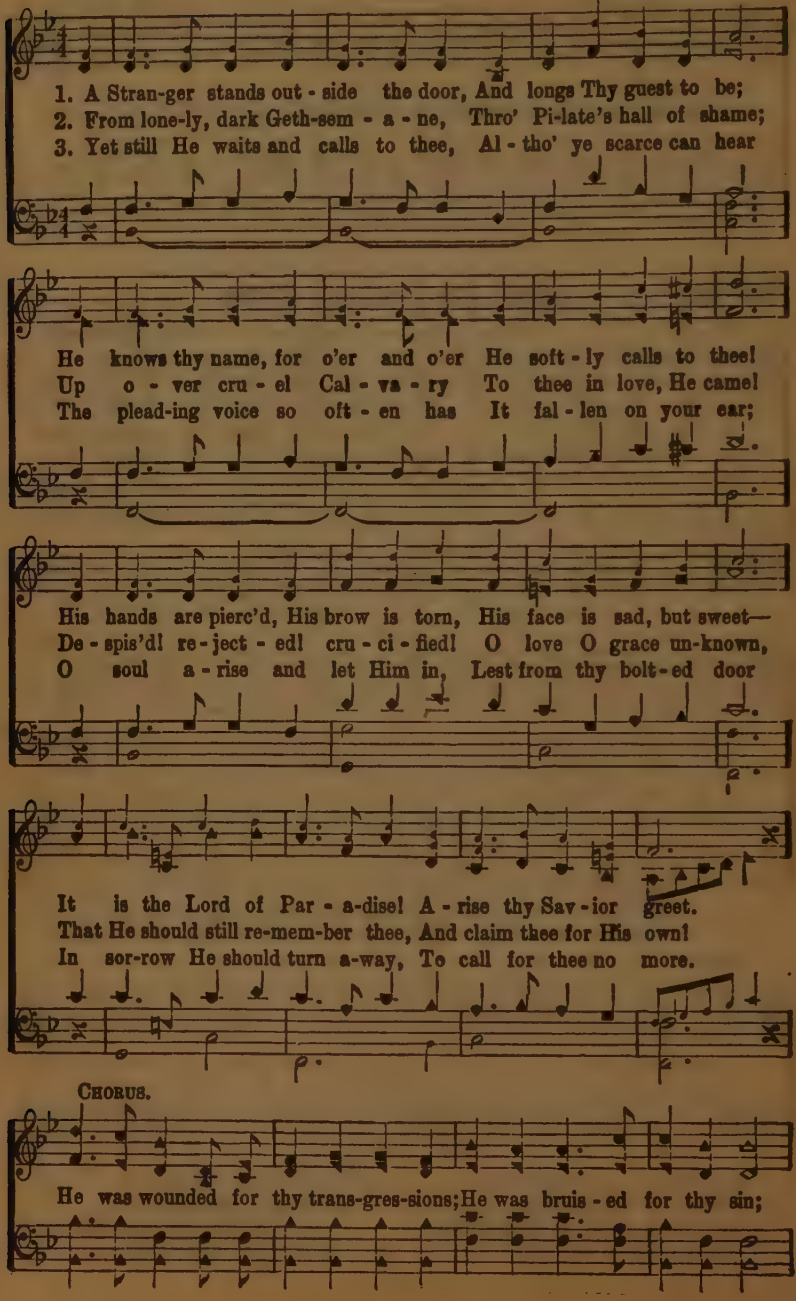


5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

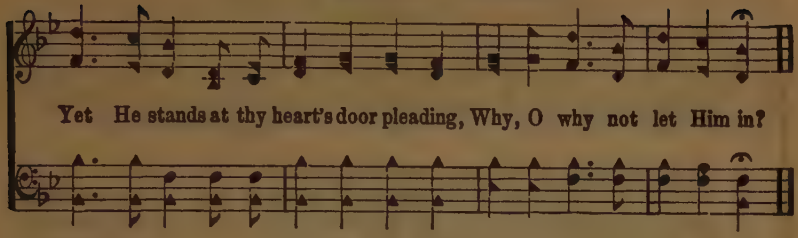
6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 126. The Slighted Stranger.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A Stran-ger stands out - side the door, And longs Thy guest to be;
2. From lone-ly, dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Thro' Pi-late's hall of shame;
3. Yet still He waits and calls to thee, Al - tho' ye scarce can hear
He knows thy name, for o'er and o'er He soft - ly calls to thee!
Up o - ver cru - el Cal - va - ry To thee in love, He came!
The plead-ing voice so oft - en has It fal - len on your ear;
His hands are pierc'd, His brow is torn, His face is sad, but sweet—
De - spis'd! re - ject - ed! cru - ci - fied! O love O grace un-known,
O soul a - rise and let Him in, Lest from thy bolt - ed door
It is the Lord of Par - a-dise! A - rise thy Sav - ior greet.
That He should still re-mem-ber thee, And claim thee for His own!
In sor-row He should turn a-way, To call for thee no more.
Chorus.
He was wounded for thy trans-gres-sions; He was bruis - ed for thy sin;

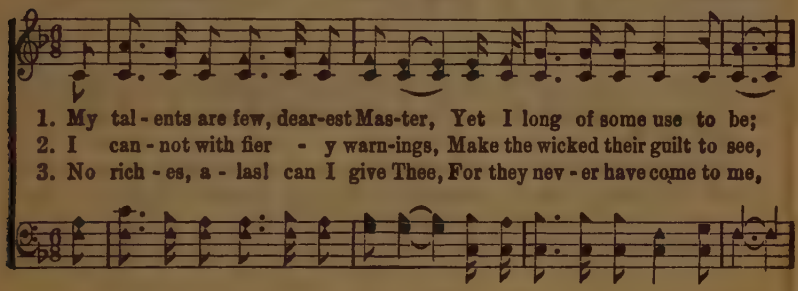
The Slighted Stranger.

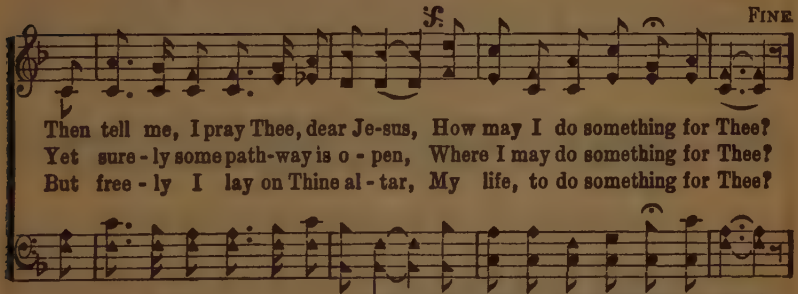


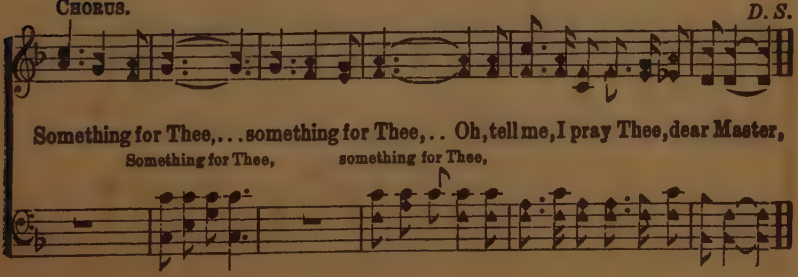
No. 127. Something for Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Wm. H. Gardner. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. H. Packard.


1. My tal - ents are few, dear-est Mas-ter, Yet I long of some use to be;
2. I can - not with fier - y warn-ings, Make the wicked their guilt to see,
3. No rich - es, a - las! can I give Thee, For they nev - er have come to me,

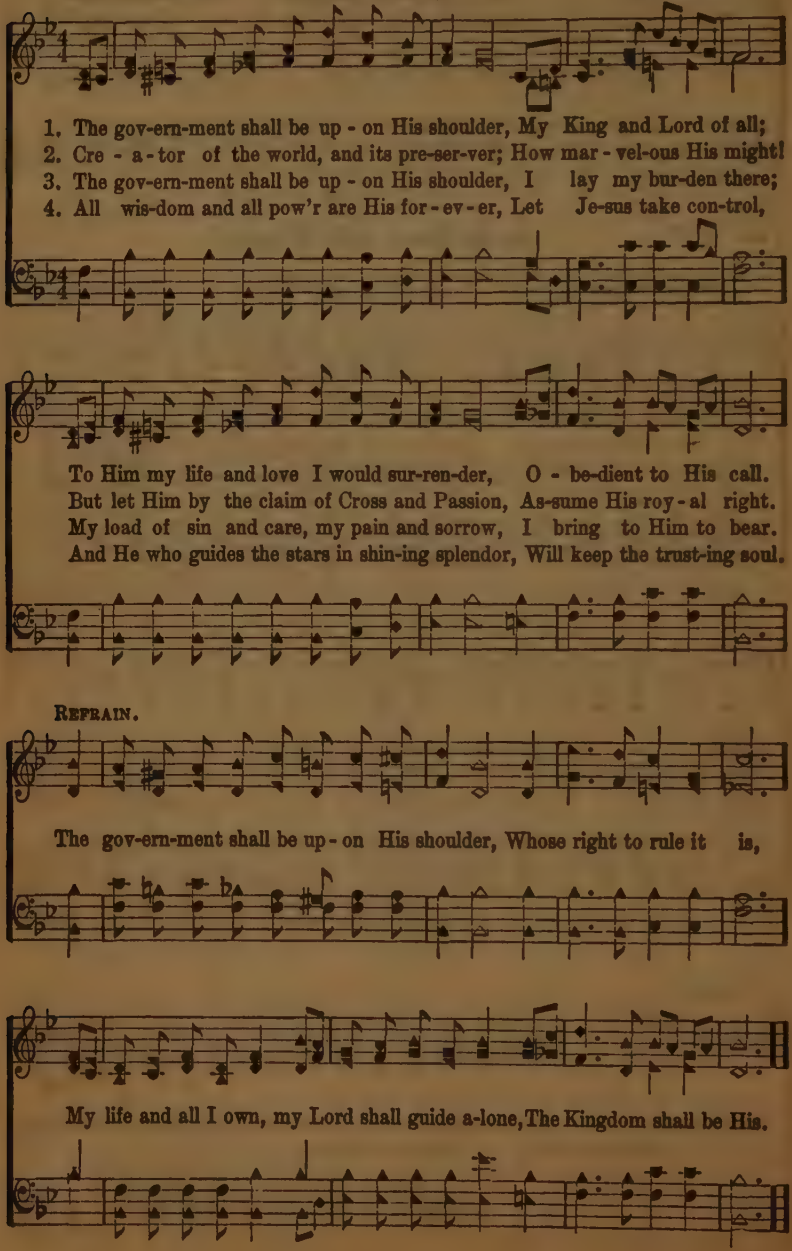

FINE
Then tell me, I pray Thee, dear Je-sus, How may I do something for Thee?
Yet sure - ly some path-way is o - pen, Where I may do something for Thee?
But free - ly I lay on Thine al - tar, My life, to do something for Thee?
D. S.—How may I do some-thing for Thee?



No. 128. The Government Shall be Upon His Shoulder.

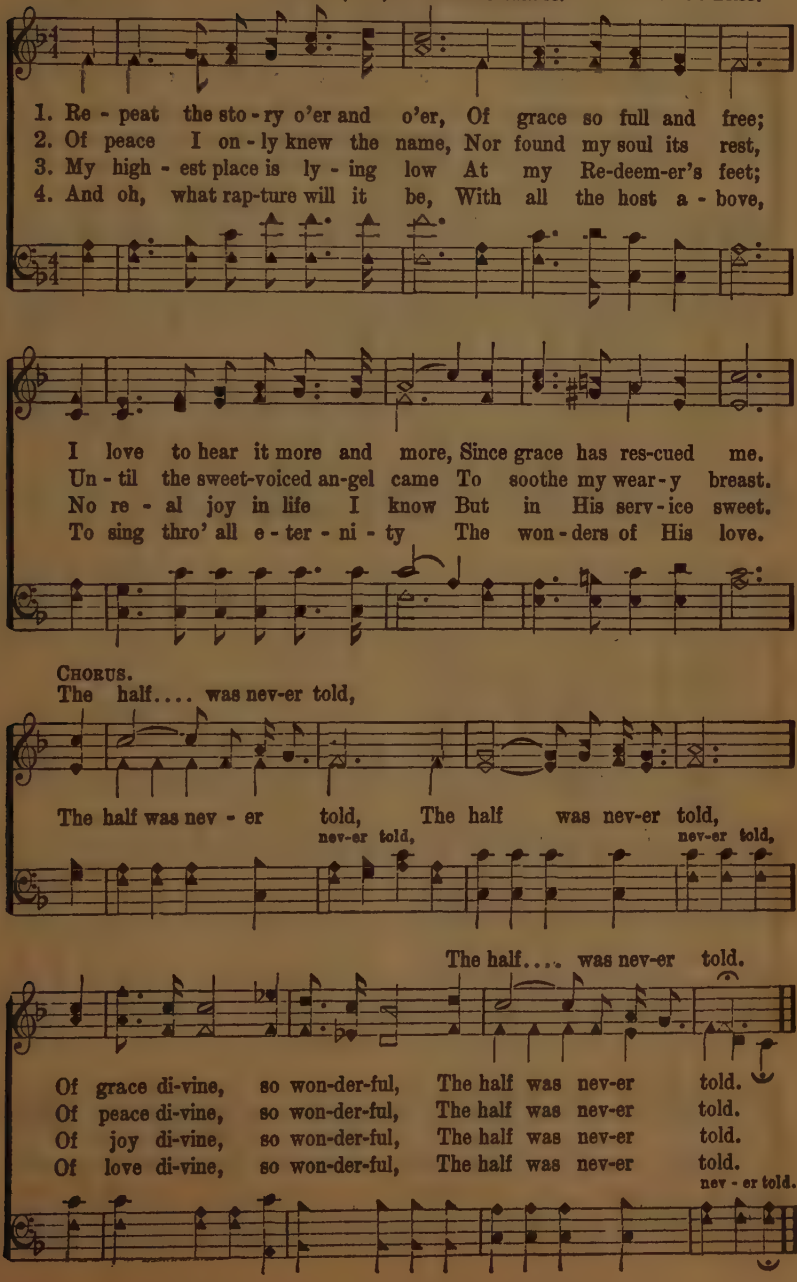
Isaiah 9: 6.

Julia H. Johnston. BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, OWNER. J. E. Delmarter.


1. The gov-ern-ment shall be up - on His shoulder, My King and Lord of all;
2. Cre - a - tor of the world, and its pre-ser-ver; How mar - vel-ous His might!
3. The gov-ern-ment shall be up - on His shoulder, I lay my bur-den there;
4. All wis-dom and all pow'r are His for - ev - er, Let Je-sus take con-trol,
To Him my life and love I would sur-ren-der, O - be-dient to His call.
But let Him by the claim of Cross and Passion, As-sume His roy - al right.
My load of sin and care, my pain and sorrow, I bring to Him to bear.
And He who guides the stars in shin-ing splendor, Will keep the trust-ing soul.
REFRAIN.
The gov-ern-ment shall be up - on His shoulder, Whose right to rule it is,
My life and all I own, my Lord shall guide a-lone, The Kingdom shall be His.

No. 129. The Half Was Never Told.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.


1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet;
4. And oh, what rap-ture will it be, With all the host a - bove,
I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
Un - til the sweet-voiced an-gel came To soothe my wear - y breast.
No re - al joy in life I know But in His serv - ice sweet.
To sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty The won - ders of His love.
Chorus.
The half.... was nev-er told,
The half was nev - er told, The half was nev-er told,
nev-er told, nev-er told,
The half.... was nev-er told.
Of grace di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half was nev-er told.
Of peace di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half was nev-er told.
Of joy di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half was nev-er told.
Of love di-vine, so won-der-ful, The half was nev-er told.
nev - er told.

No. 130. Hallelujah, We Shall Rise!

But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen.—1 Cor. 15: 13.

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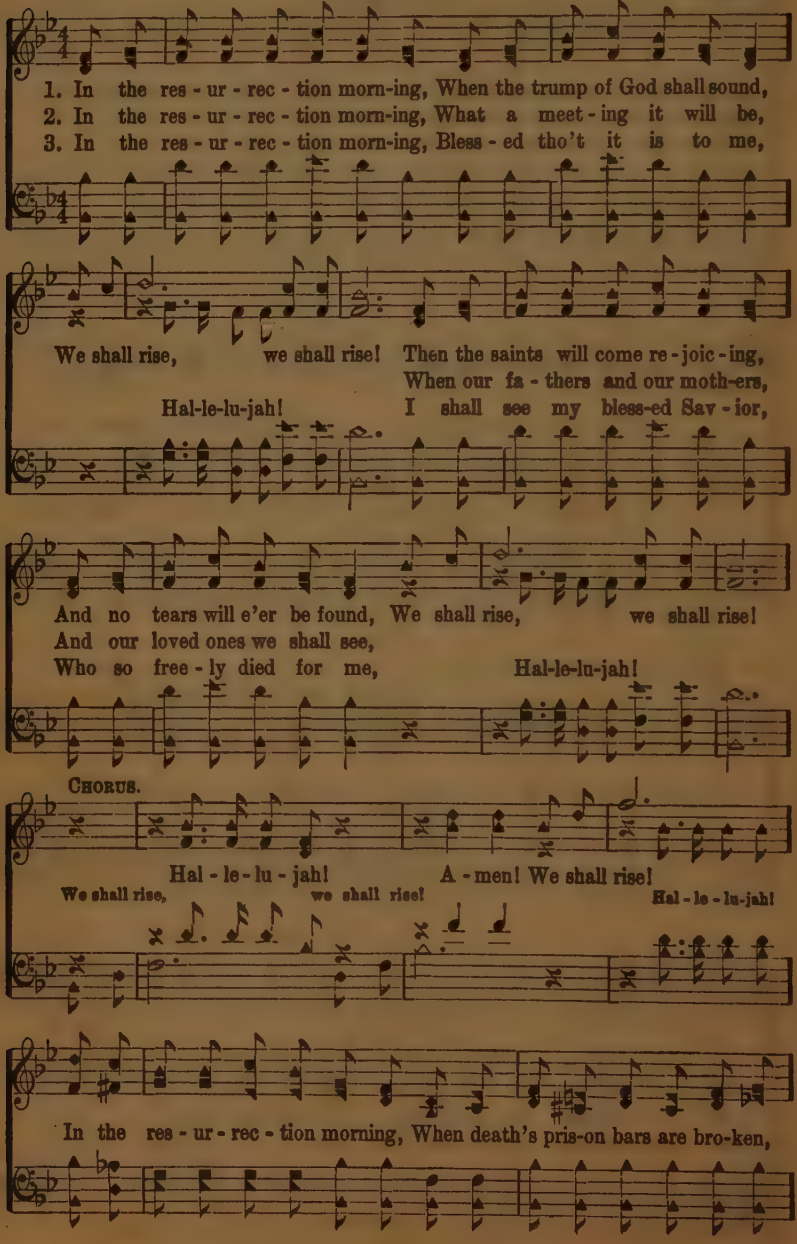
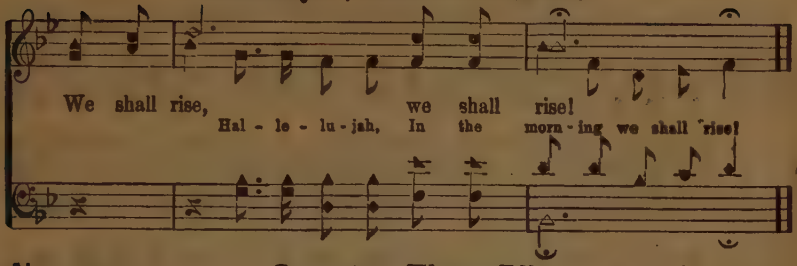
J. E. T. J. E. Thomas.


1. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, When the trump of God shall sound,
2. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, What a meet - ing it will be,
3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, Bless - ed tho't it is to me,
We shall rise, we shall rise! Then the saints will come re - joic - ing,
When our fa - thers and our moth-ers,
Hal-le-lu-jah! I shall see my bless-ed Sav - ior,
And no tears will e'er be found, We shall rise, we shall rise!
And our loved ones we shall see,
Who so free - ly died for me, Hal-le-lu-jah!
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! We shall rise!
We shall rise, we shall rise! Hal - le - lu - jah!
In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, When death's pris-on bars are bro-ken,

Hallelujah, We Shall Rise!



No. 131. Sweeter Than All.

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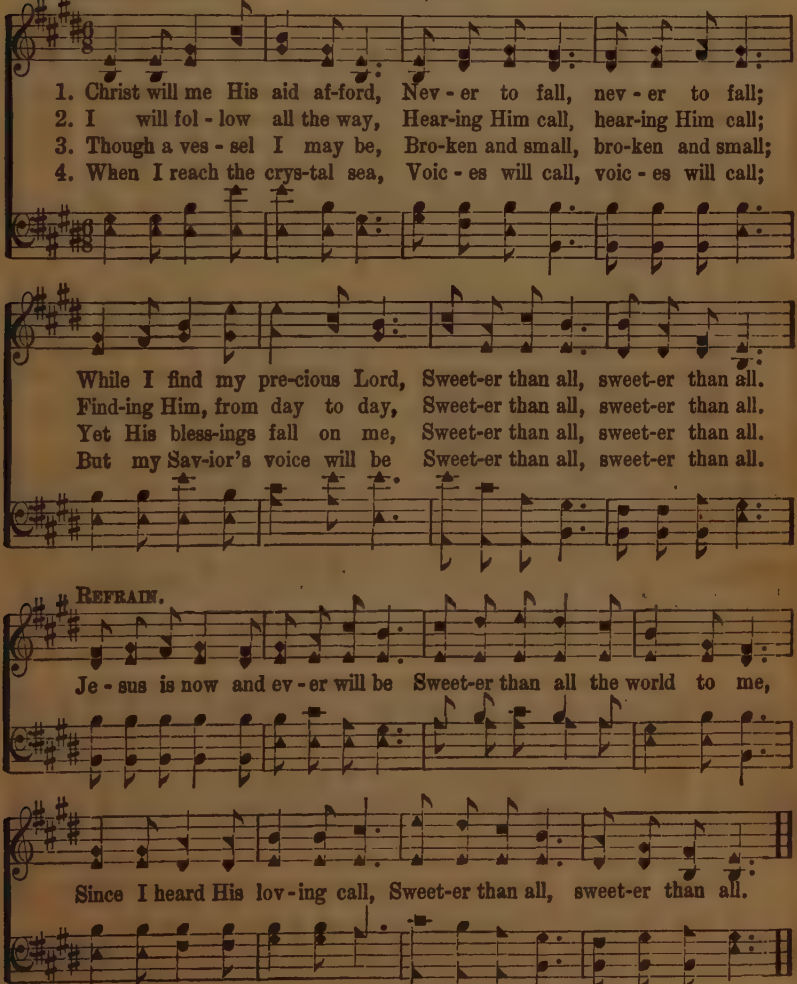
J. J. HOOD, OWNER.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.


1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev - er to fall, nev - er to fall;
2. I will fol - low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Though a ves - sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small;
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voic - es will call, voic - es will call;
While I find my pre-cious Lord, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find-ing Him, from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus is now and ev - er will be Sweet-er than all the world to me,
Since I heard His lov - ing call, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.

No. 132. When the Curtains are Lifted.

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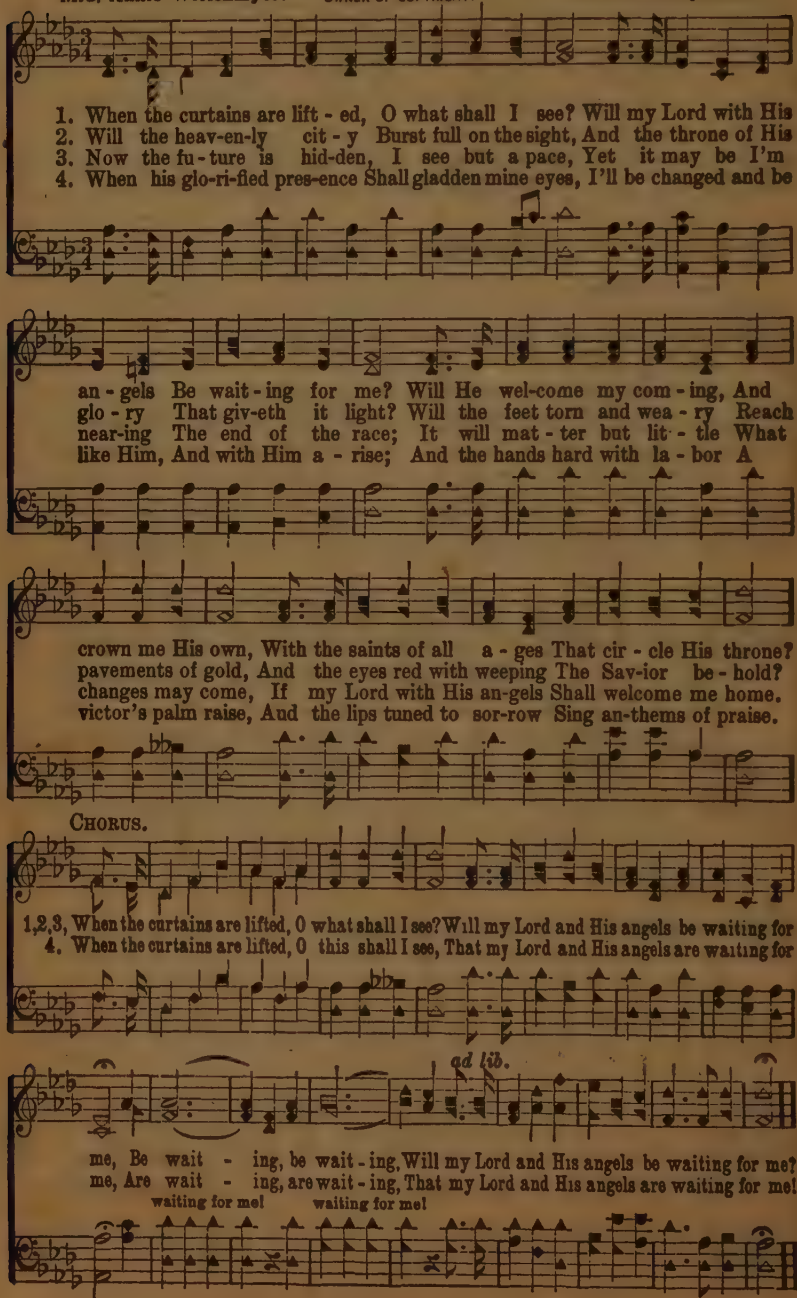
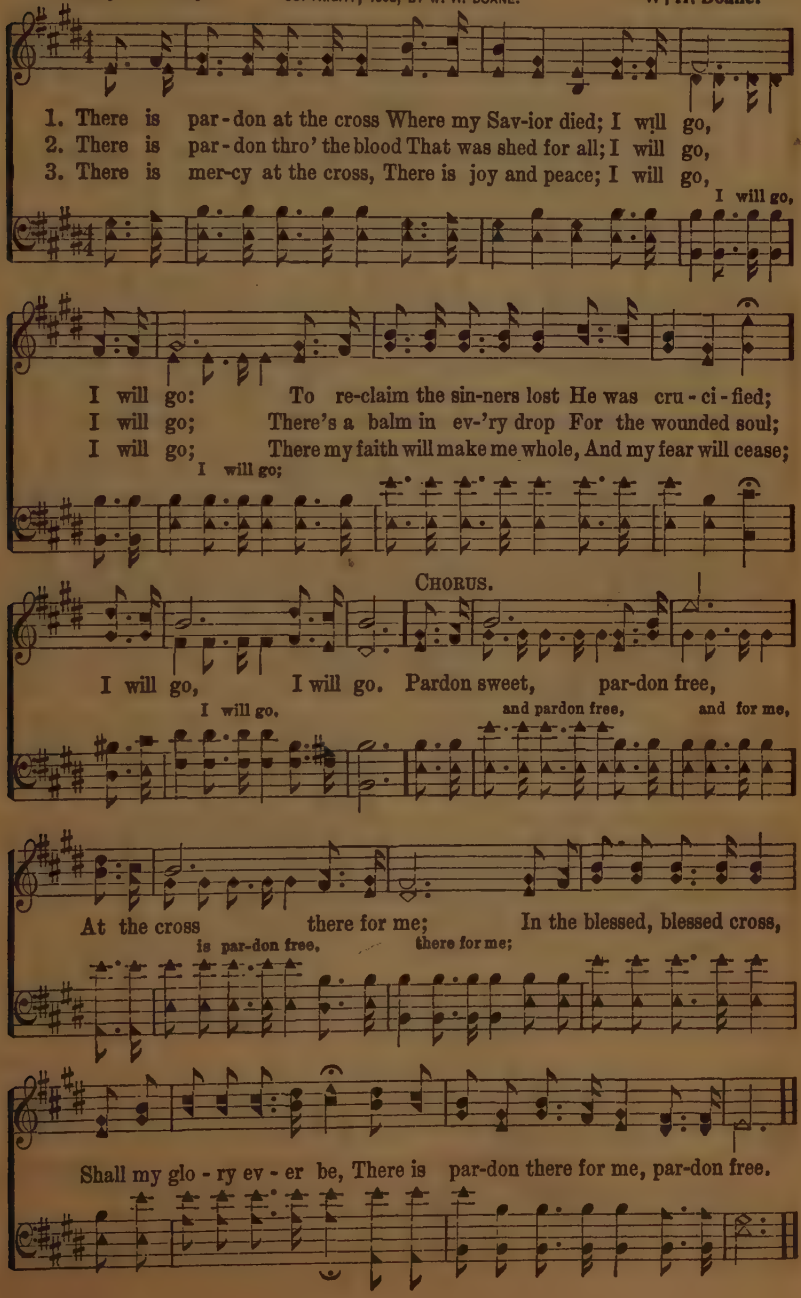
Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

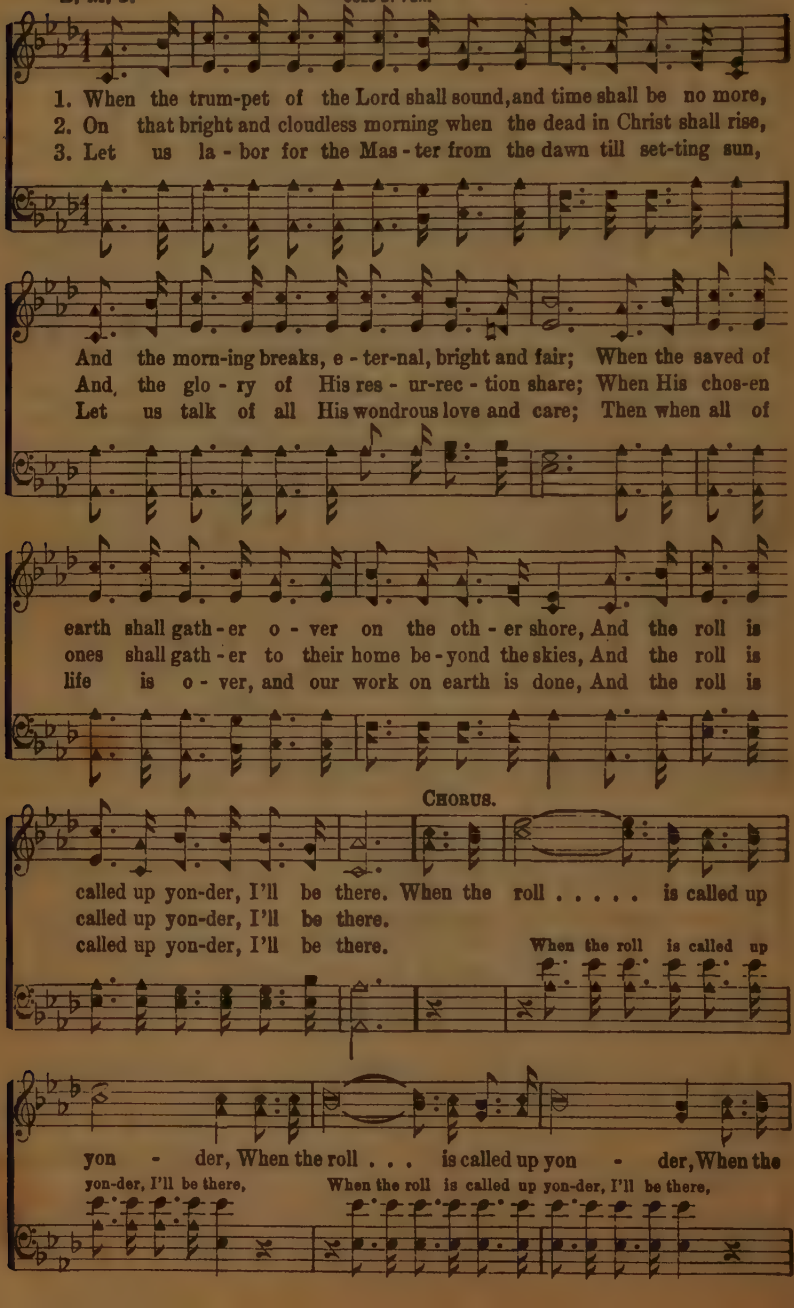

1. When the curtains are lift - ed, O what shall I see? Will my Lord with His an - gels Be wait - ing for me? Will He wel-come my com - ing, And crown me His own, With the saints of all a - ges That cir - cle His throne?
2. Will the heav-en-ly cit - y Burst full on the sight, And the throne of His glo - ry That giv-eth it light? Will the feet torn and wea - ry Reach pavements of gold, And the eyes red with weeping The Sav-ior be - hold?
3. Now the fu - ture is hid-den, I see but a pace, Yet it may be I'm near-ing The end of the race; It will mat - ter but lit - tle What changes may come, If my Lord with His an-gels Shall welcome me home.
4. When his glo-ri-fied pres-ence Shall gladden mine eyes, I'll be changed and be like Him, And with Him a - rise; And the hands hard with la - bor A victor's palm raise, And the lips tuned to sor-row Sing an-thems of praise.
CHORUS.
1,2,3, When the curtains are lifted, O what shall I see? Will my Lord and His angels be waiting for me, Be wait - ing, be wait - ing, Will my Lord and His angels be waiting for me?
4. When the curtains are lifted, O this shall I see, That my Lord and His angels are waiting for me, Are wait - ing, are wait - ing, That my Lord and His angels are waiting for me!
ad lib.
waiting for me! waiting for me!

No. 133. There Is Pardon At the Cross.

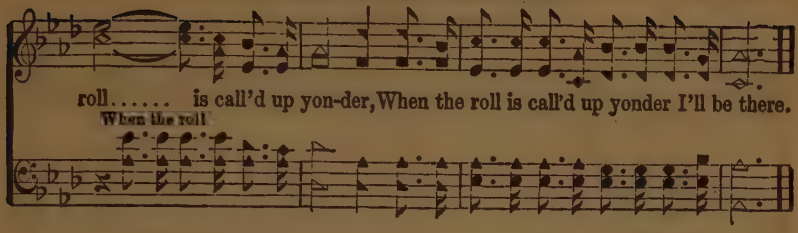
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. There is par-don at the cross Where my Sav-ior died; I will go,
2. There is par-don thro' the blood That was shed for all; I will go,
3. There is mer-cy at the cross, There is joy and peace; I will go,
I will go,
I will go: To re-claim the sin-ners lost He was cru-ci-fied;
I will go; There's a balm in ev-'ry drop For the wounded soul;
I will go; There my faith will make me whole, And my fear will cease;
I will go;
CHORUS.
I will go, I will go. Pardon sweet, par-don free,
I will go. and pardon free, and for me,
At the cross there for me; In the blessed, blessed cross,
is par-don free. there for me;
Shall my glo-ry ev-er be, There is par-don there for me, par-don free.

No. 134. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

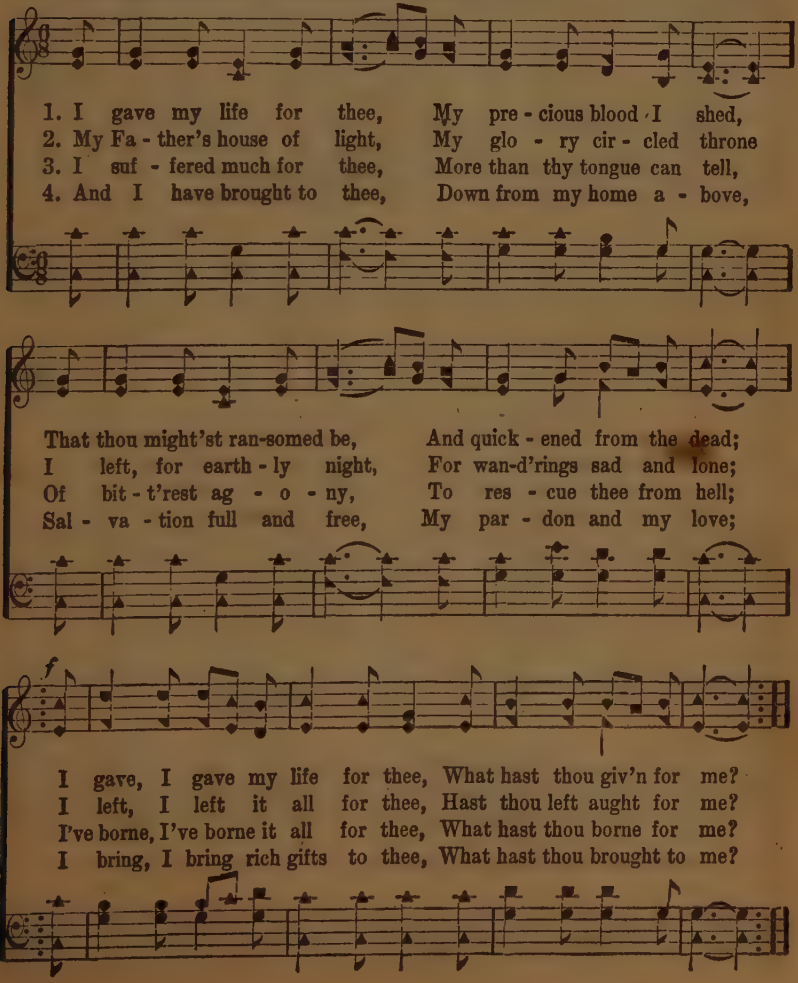
B. M. J. J. M. BLACK OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting sun,
And the morn-ing breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of
And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share; When His chos-en
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of
earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is
ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is
life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is
CHORUS.
called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . . is called up
called up yon-der, I'll be there.
called up yon-der, I'll be there.
When the roll is called up
yon - der, When the roll . . . is called up yon - der, When the
yon-der, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

When the Roll is Called.



No. 135. I Gave My Life for Thee.

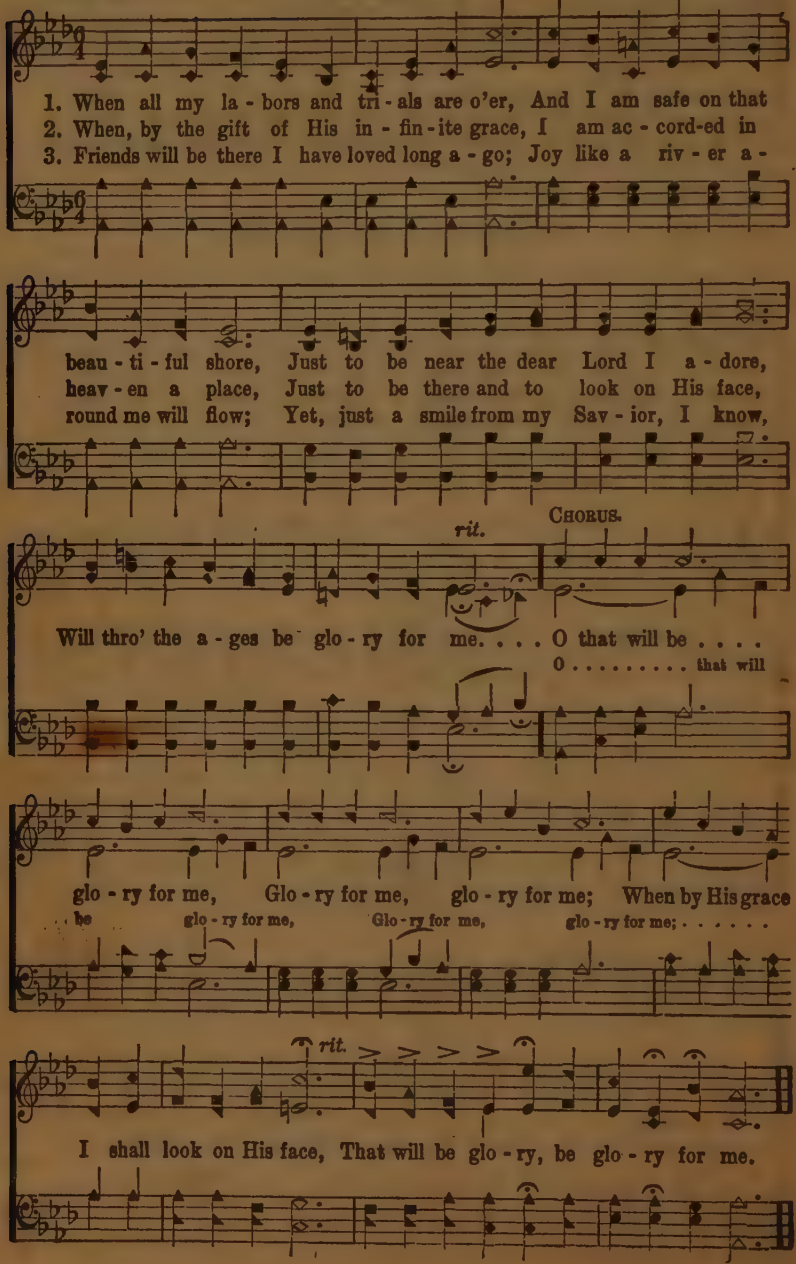
Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.


1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,
That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;
f
I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

No. 136. O That Will Be Glory.

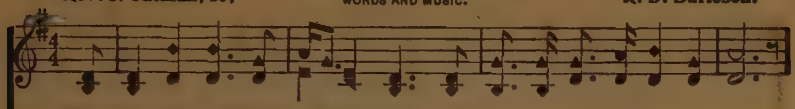
C. H. G.

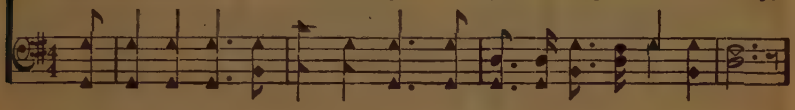
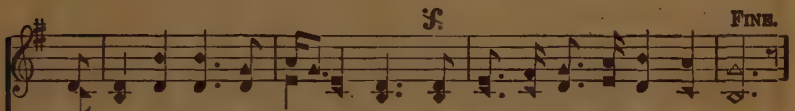
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac - cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a -
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,
rit.
CHORUS.
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me. . . . O that will be . . . .
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo - ry for me, glo - ry for me; . . . . . .
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 137. I Hope to Meet You There Some Day.

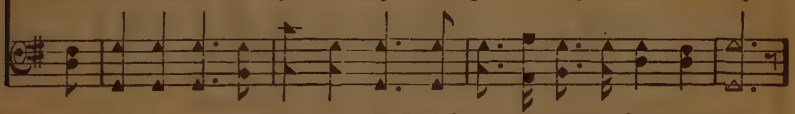
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1907 BY E. O. EXCELL. R. D. Burleson.
WORDS AND MUSIC.



1. When I have reach'd the souls bright land, I hope to meet you there some day;
2. When I shall walk the gold - en street, I hope to meet you there some day;
3. Where sin can harm our souls no more, I hope to meet you there some day;
4. Where tears no more will dim the eye, I hope to meet you there some day;



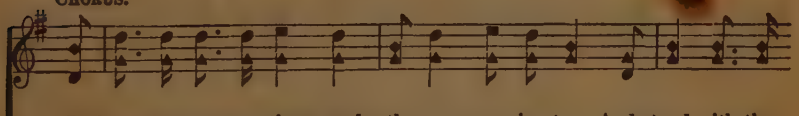
FINE.

When I be - fore the throne shall stand, I hope to meet you there some day.
A - mong the friends that I shall greet, I hope to meet you there some day.
Up - on the bright e - ter - nal shore, I hope to meet you there some day.
Where we will nev - er say "Good bye," I hope to meet you there some day.



D. S.-*I hope to meet you there some day.*

CHORUS.



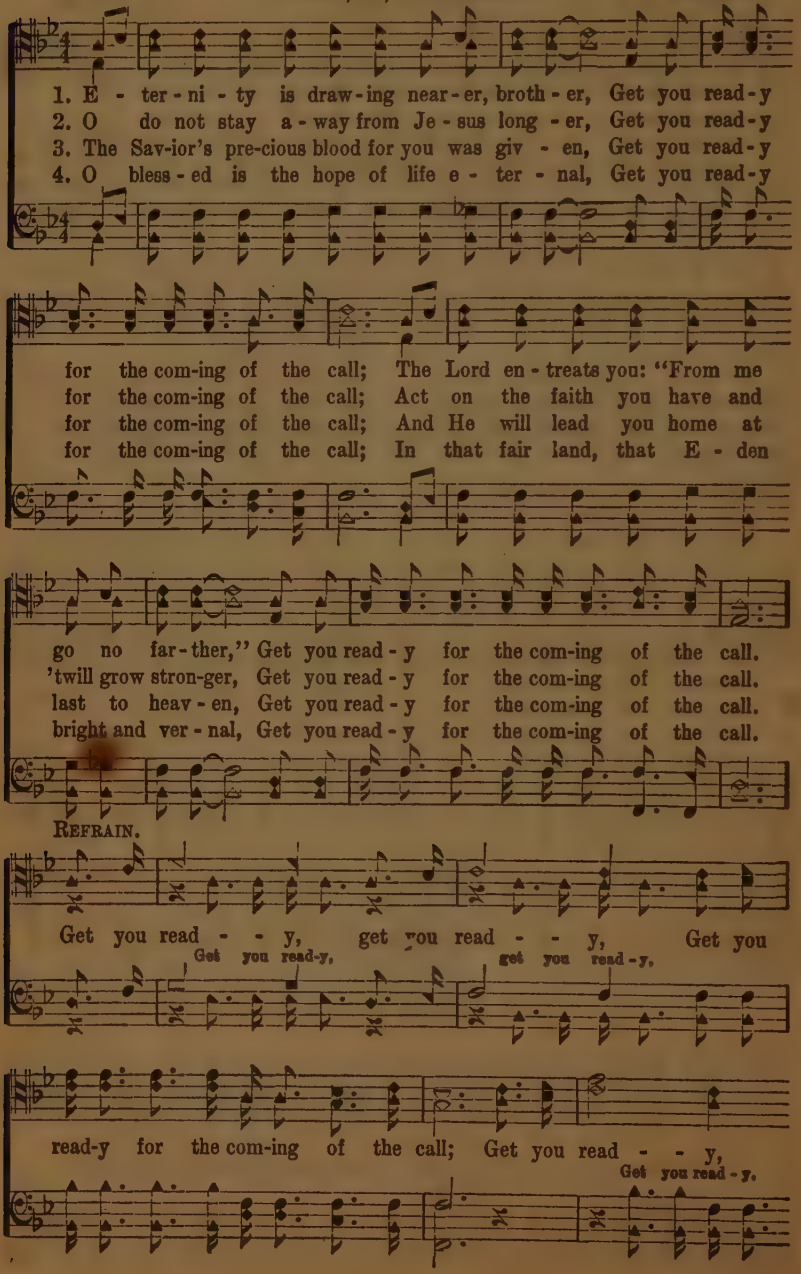
I hope to meet you there my broth - er, my sis - ter, And stand with the

D. S.

saints in white a - ray; When I have reach'd my Fa-ther's home in heav-en,

No. 138. Get You Ready for the Coming of the Call.

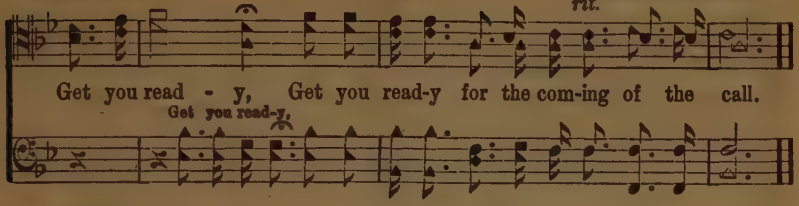
A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.


1. E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing near - er, broth - er, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call; The Lord en - treats you: "From me go no far - ther," Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call.
2. O do not stay a - way from Je - sus long - er, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call; Act on the faith you have and 'twill grow stron - ger, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call.
3. The Sav - ior's pre - cious blood for you was giv - en, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call; And He will lead you home at last to heav - en, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call.
4. O bless - ed is the hope of life e - ter - nal, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call; In that fair land, that E - den bright and ver - nal, Get you read - y for the com - ing of the call.
REFRAIN.
Get you read - - y, get you read - - y, Get you read-y for the com-ing of the call; Get you read - - y,
Get you read-y,
get you read-y,
Get you read-y.

Get You Ready for the Coming of the Call.

After last verse, repeat pp.

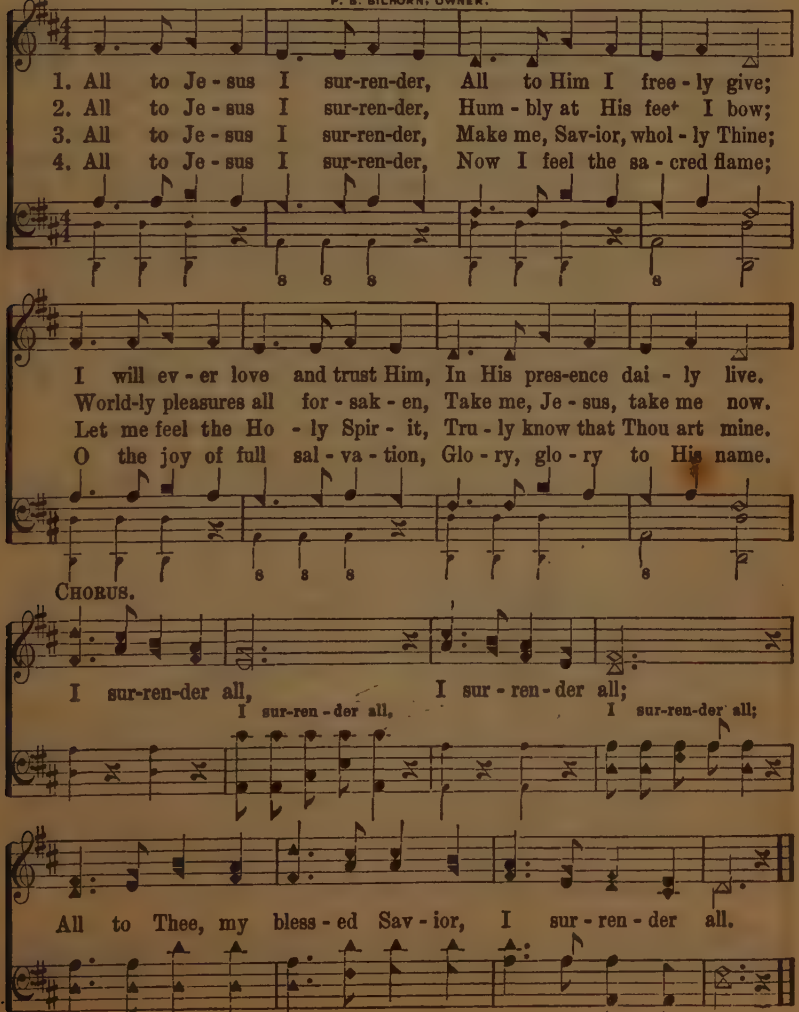
rit.



No. 139. I Surrender All.

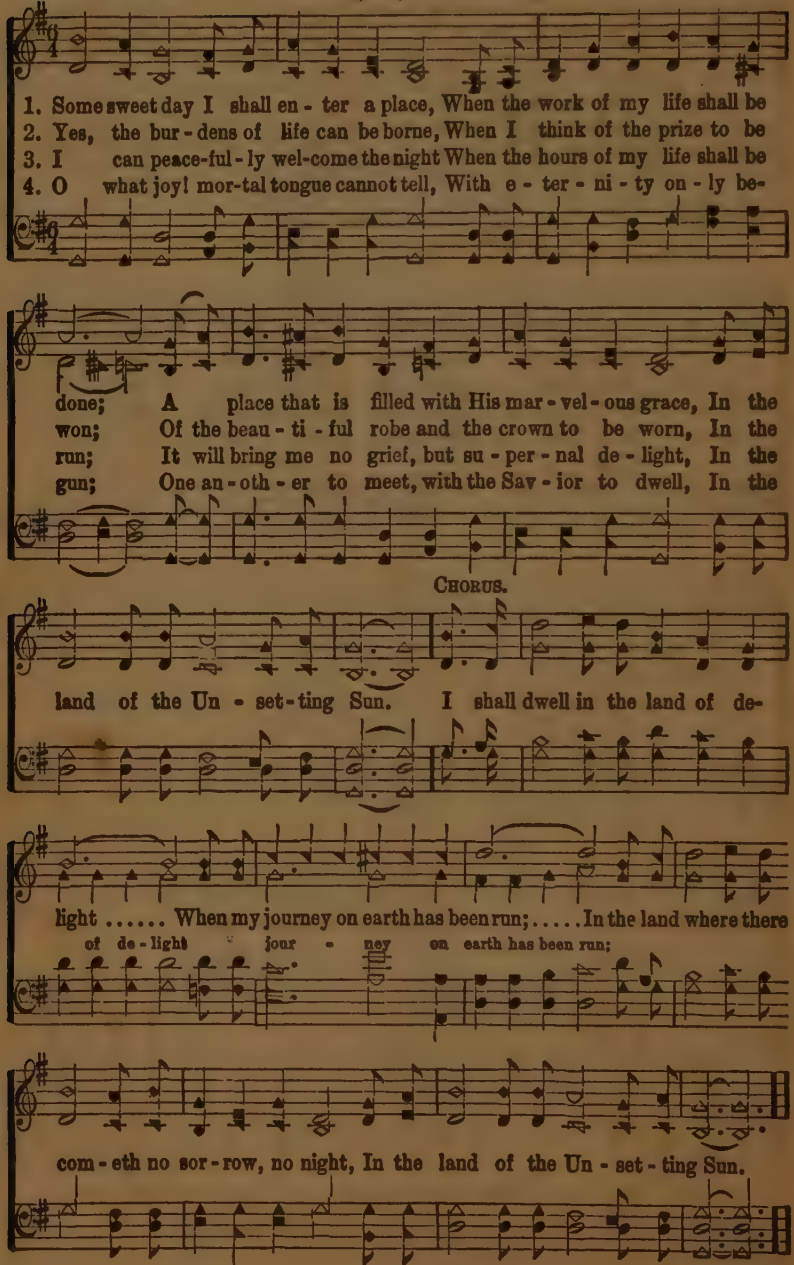
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WEEDEN & VAN DE VENTER.
USED BY PER.
P. S. BILHORN, OWNER.

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.


1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol - ly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.
World-ly pleasures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
O the joy of full sal - va - tion, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
Chorus.
I sur-ren-der all, I sur - ren - der all;
I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren-der all;
All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

No. 140. Land of the Unsetting Sun.

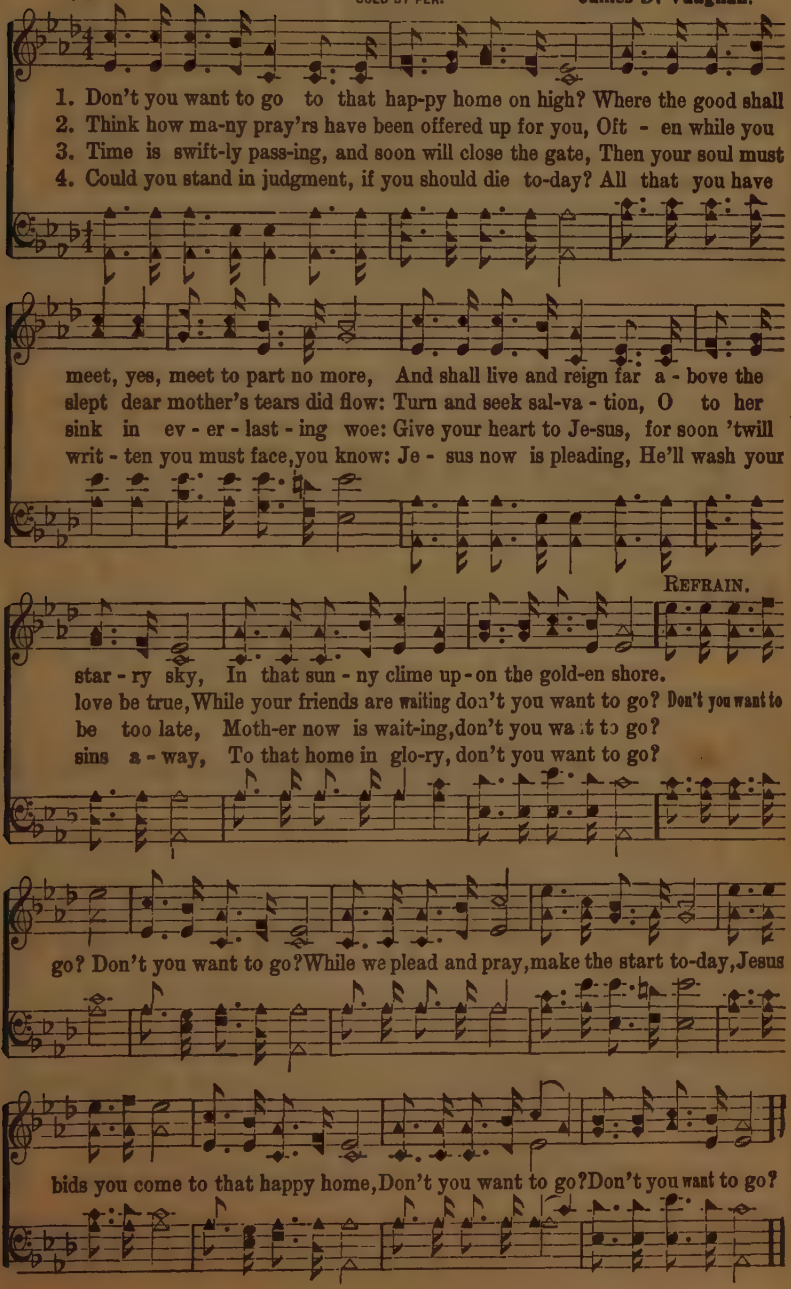
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. C. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some sweet day I shall en - ter a place, When the work of my life shall be
2. Yes, the bur - dens of life can be borne, When I think of the prize to be
3. I can peace-ful - ly wel-come the night When the hours of my life shall be
4. O what joy! mor-tal tongue cannot tell, With e - ter - ni - ty on - ly be-
done; A place that is filled with His mar - vel - ous grace, In the
won; Of the beau - ti - ful robe and the crown to be worn, In the
run; It will bring me no grief, but su - per - nal de - light, In the
gun; One an - oth - er to meet, with the Sav - ior to dwell, In the
CHORUS.
land of the Un - set - ting Sun. I shall dwell in the land of de-
light ..... When my journey on earth has been run; ..... In the land where there
of de - light jour - ney on earth has been run;
com - eth no sor - row, no night, In the land of the Un - set - ting Sun.

No. 141. Don't You Want to Go?

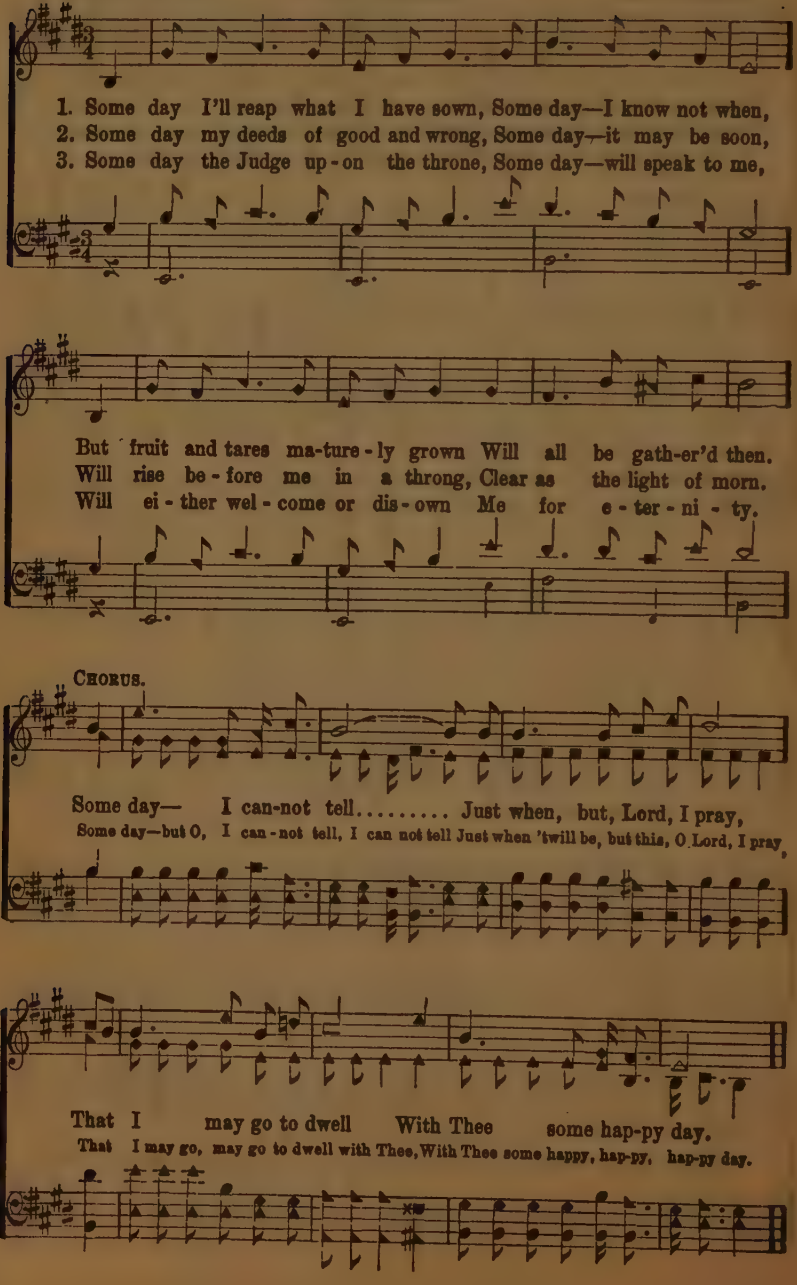
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY J. D. VAUGHAN.
USED BY PER.

J. D. V. James D. Vaughan.

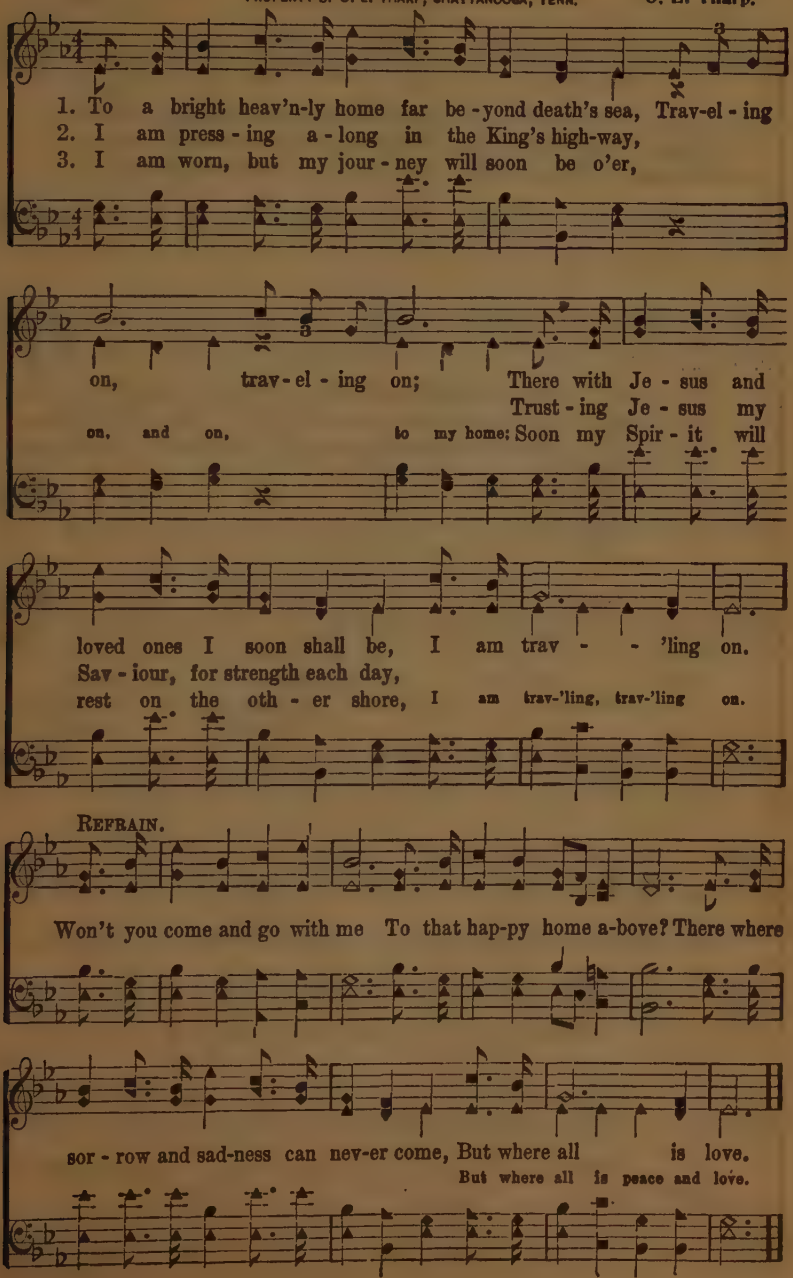

1. Don't you want to go to that hap-py home on high? Where the good shall
2. Think how ma-ny pray'rs have been offered up for you, Oft - en while you
3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, and soon will close the gate, Then your soul must
4. Could you stand in judgment, if you should die to-day? All that you have
meet, yes, meet to part no more, And shall live and reign far a - bove the
slept dear mother's tears did flow: Turn and seek sal-va - tion, O to her
sink in ev - er - last - ing woe: Give your heart to Je-sus, for soon 'twill
writ - ten you must face, you know: Je - sus now is pleading, He'll wash your
REFRAIN.
star - ry sky, In that sun - ny clime up - on the gold-en shore.
love be true, While your friends are waiting don't you want to go? Don't you want to
be too late, Moth-er now is wait-ing, don't you wa it to go?
sins a - way, To that home in glo-ry, don't you want to go?
go? Don't you want to go? While we plead and pray, make the start to-day, Jesus
bids you come to that happy home, Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?

No. 142. Some Happy Day.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. Some day I'll reap what I have sown, Some day—I know not when,
2. Some day my deeds of good and wrong, Some day—it may be soon,
3. Some day the Judge up-on the throne, Some day—will speak to me,
But fruit and tares ma-ture-ly grown Will all be gath-er'd then.
Will rise be-fore me in a throng, Clear as the light of morn.
Will ei-ther wel-come or dis-own Me for e-ter-ni-ty.
CHORUS.
Some day— I can-not tell..... Just when, but, Lord, I pray,
Some day—but O, I can-not tell, I can not tell Just when 'twill be, but this, O Lord, I pray,
That I may go to dwell With Thee some hap-py day.
That I may go, may go to dwell with Thee, With Thee some happy, hap-py, hap-py day.

No. 143. The Heavenly Home Above.

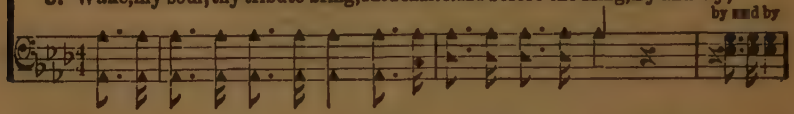
O. L. T. PROPERTY OF O. L. THARP, CHATTANOOGA, TENN. O. L. Tharp.

1. To a bright heav'n-ly home far be-yond death's sea, Trav-el-ing
2. I am press-ing a-long in the King's high-way,
3. I am worn, but my jour-ney will soon be o'er,
on, trav-el-ing on; There with Je-sus and
Trust-ing Je-sus my
on, and on, to my home; Soon my Spir-it will
loved ones I soon shall be, I am trav-'ling on.
Sav-iour, for strength each day,
rest on the oth-er shore, I am trav-'ling, trav-'ling on.
REFRAIN.
Won't you come and go with me To that hap-py home a-bove? There where
sor-row and sad-ness can nev-er come, But where all is love.
But where all is peace and love.

No. 144. We Shall Stand Before the King.

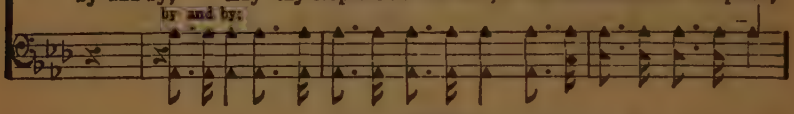
COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. E. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. We shall stand be-fore the King, With the angels we shall sing, By and by,
2. Ring, ye bells of heaven, ring, We shall stand before the King, By and by,
3. Wake, my soul, thy tribute bring, Thou shalt stand before the King, By and by,

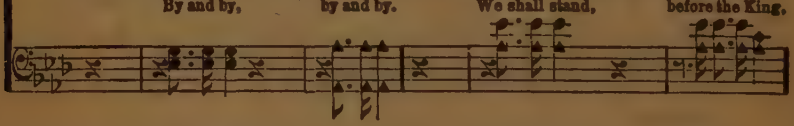


by and by; Walk the bright, the golden shore, Praising Him forevermore,
by and by; There our sorrows will be o'er, There His name we will adore,
by and by; Lay thy trophies at His feet, In His likeness stand complete,

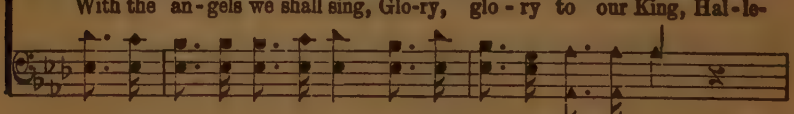


CHORUS.

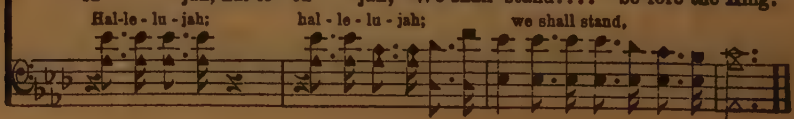
By and by,.... by and by. We shall stand... before the King,...



With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King, Hal-le-



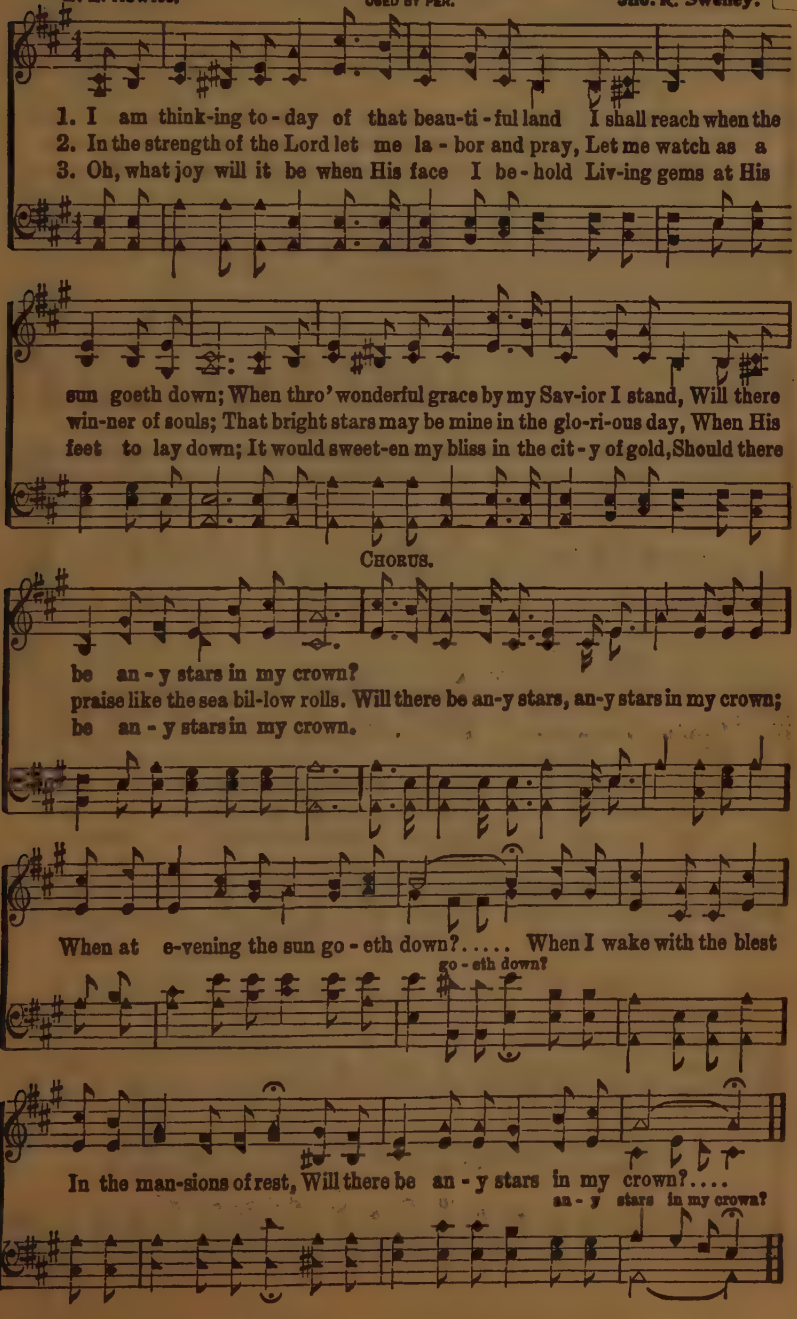
lu - jah, hal-le-lu - jah, We shall stand.... be-fore the King.



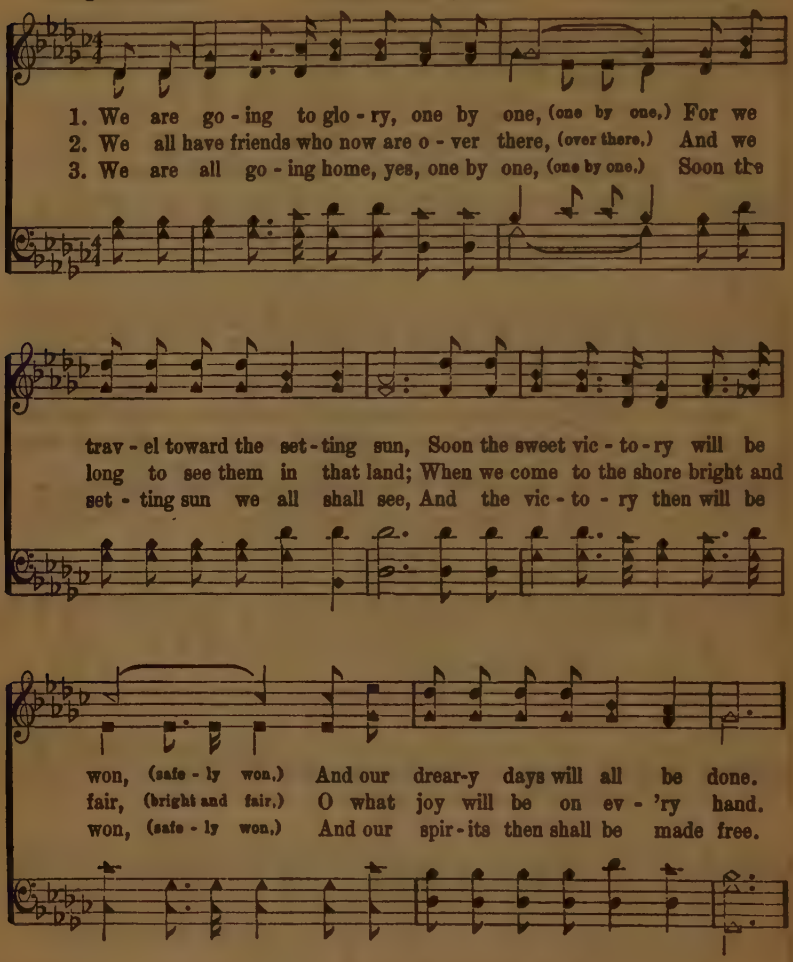
No. 145. Will There be Any Stars in My Crown?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER.

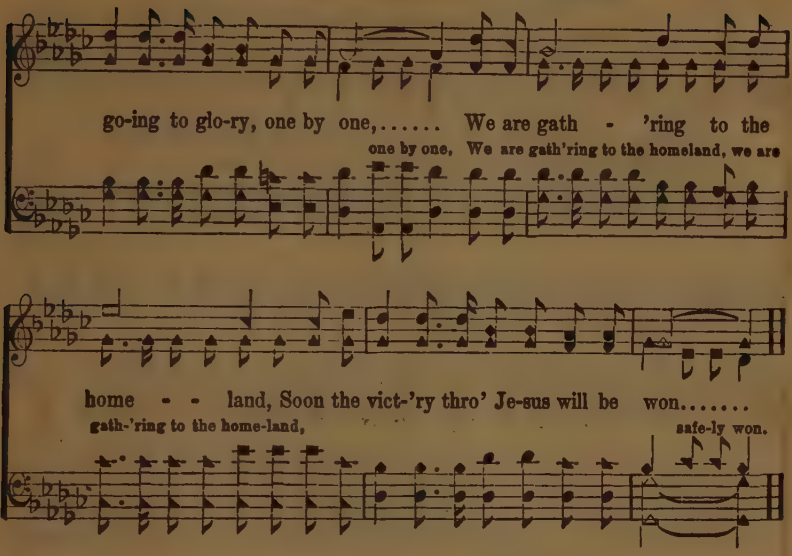
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy will it be when His face I be-hold Liv-ing gems at His
sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
CHORUS.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my crown;
be an-y stars in my crown.
When at e-vening the sun go-eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?
In the man-sions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?.....
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 146 Gathering to the Homeland.

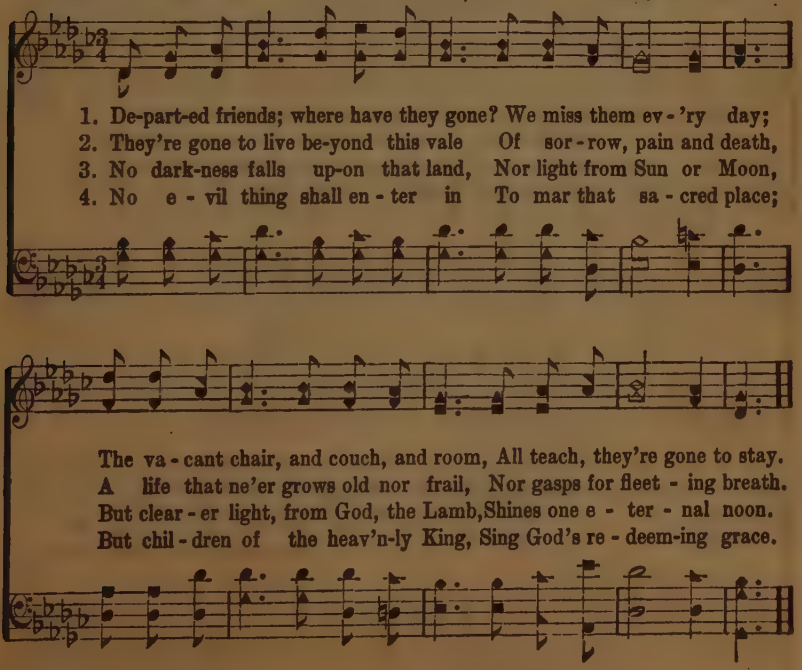
Edgar M. Hoffer. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.

1. We are go - ing to glo - ry, one by one, (one by one,) For we
2. We all have friends who now are o - ver there, (over there,) And we
3. We are all go - ing home, yes, one by one, (one by one,) Soon the
trav - el toward the set - ting sun, Soon the sweet vic - to - ry will be
long to see them in that land; When we come to the shore bright and
set - ting sun we all shall see, And the vic - to - ry then will be
won, (safe - ly won,) And our drear-y days will all be done.
fair, (bright and fair,) O what joy will be on ev - 'ry hand.
won, (safe - ly won,) And our spir - its then shall be made free.
REFRAIN.
We are gath - - 'ring to the home - - land, We are
We are gath-'ring to the home-land, we are gath-'ring to the home-land,

Gathering to the Homeland.


go-ing to glo-ry, one by one,..... We are gath - 'ring to the
one by one, We are gath'ring to the homeland, we are
home - - land, Soon the vict-'ry thro' Je-sus will be won.....
gath-'ring to the home-land,
safe-ly won.

No. 147. Our Sainted Dead.

Eld. J. S. Mohler. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. De-part-ed friends; where have they gone? We miss them ev - 'ry day;
2. They're gone to live be-yond this vale Of sor - row, pain and death,
3. No dark-ness falls up-on that land, Nor light from Sun or Moon,
4. No e - vil thing shall en - ter in To mar that sa - cred place;
The va - cant chair, and couch, and room, All teach, they're gone to stay.
A life that ne'er grows old nor frail, Nor gasps for fleet - ing breath.
But clear - er light, from God, the Lamb,Shines one e - ter - nal noon.
But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, Sing God's re - deem-ing grace.

No. 148. When the Saints are Marching In.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY J. M. BLACK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Katherine E. Purvis. J. M. Black.

1. Thro' the shin-ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints.... are
2. Part-ed friends shall meet On the gold-en street, When the saints.... are
3. Ev-'ry tongue and race Shall ex-tol God's grace, When the saints.... are
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a - gain, When the saints.... are

When the saints are

marching in;..... The redeemed shall come, And be crowned at home,
marching in;..... Spotless robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear,
marching in;..... And the blood-wash'd throng Shall repeat the song,
marching in;..... We shall of - fer praise Thro' e - ter - nal days,

are marching in;

CHORUS.

When the saints..... are marching in. When the saints..... are

when the saints When the saints

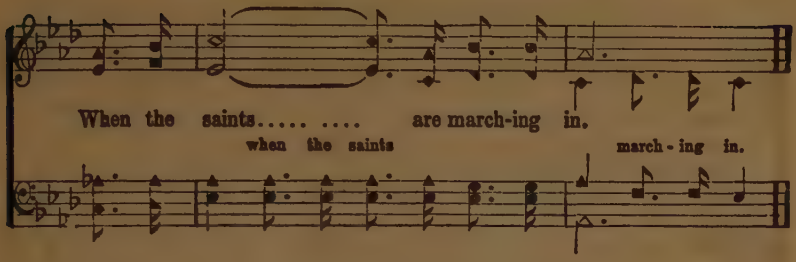
march-ing in, When the saints..... are march-ing

are march-ing in. When the saints

in; Joy - ful songs of sal-va-tion thro' the sky shall ring,

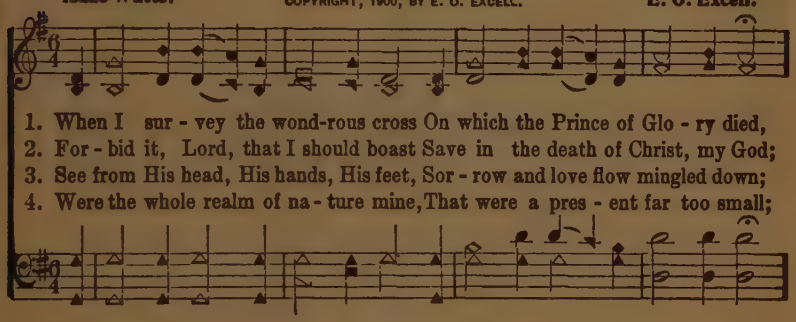
are marching in;

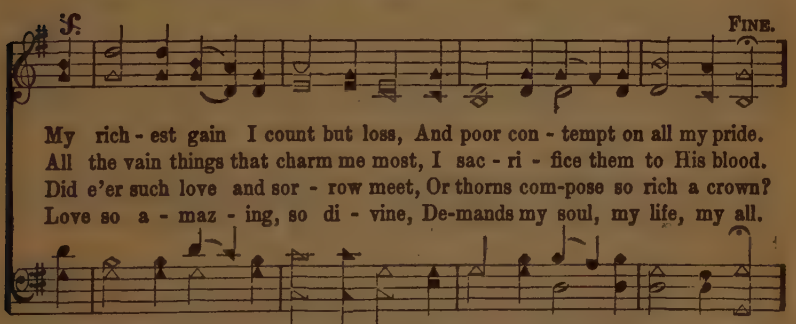
When the Saints are Marching In.



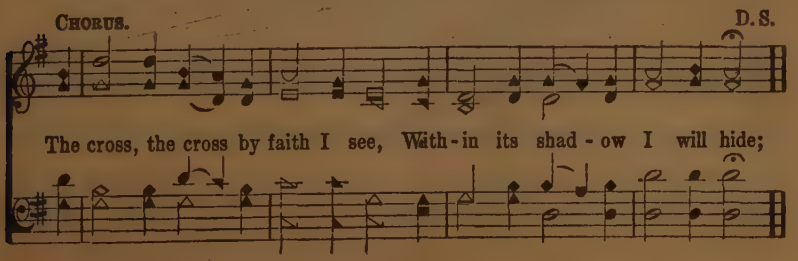
No. 149. The Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.


1. When I sur - vey the wond-rous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;


f.
FINE.
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And poor con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

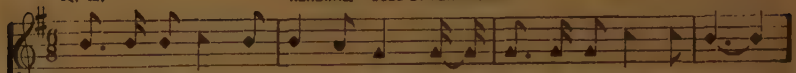
D. S.—*The blood, the blood a - vails for me, For me the Prince of Glo - ry died.*



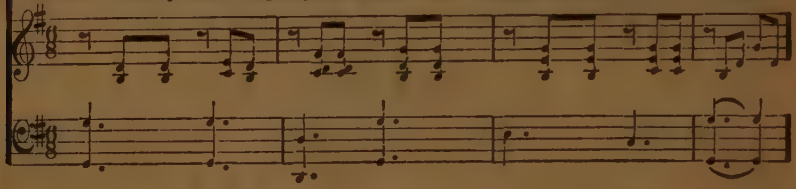
No. 150. Where is My Boy To-Night?

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

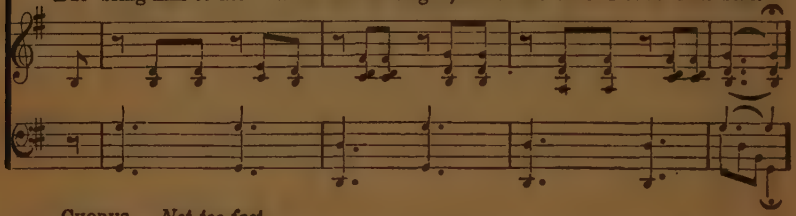
R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.



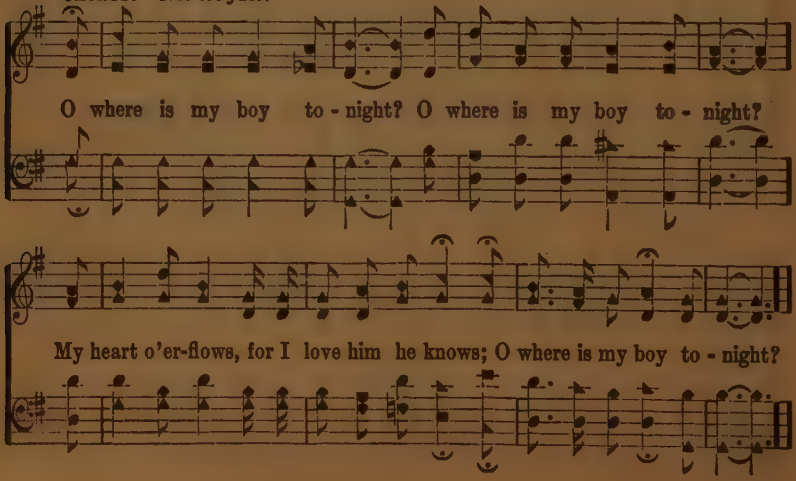
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night— The boy of my tend'rest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time,
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go search for him where you will;



The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



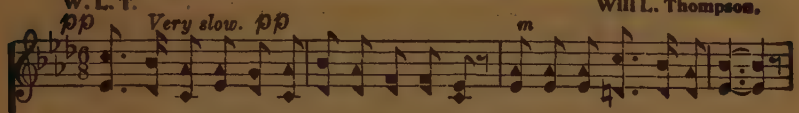
O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night?

My heart o'er-flows, for I love him he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

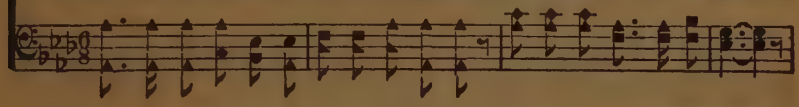
No. 151. Softly and Tenderly.

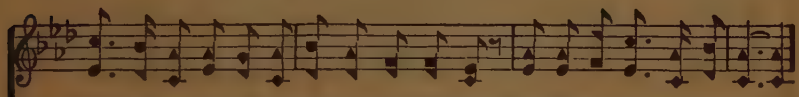
BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

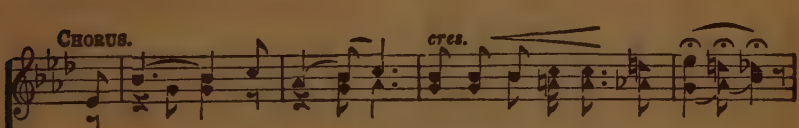


1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

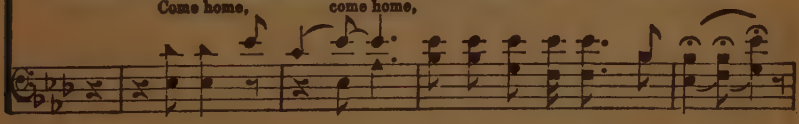


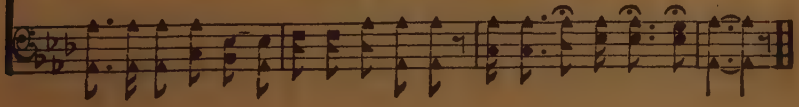


See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

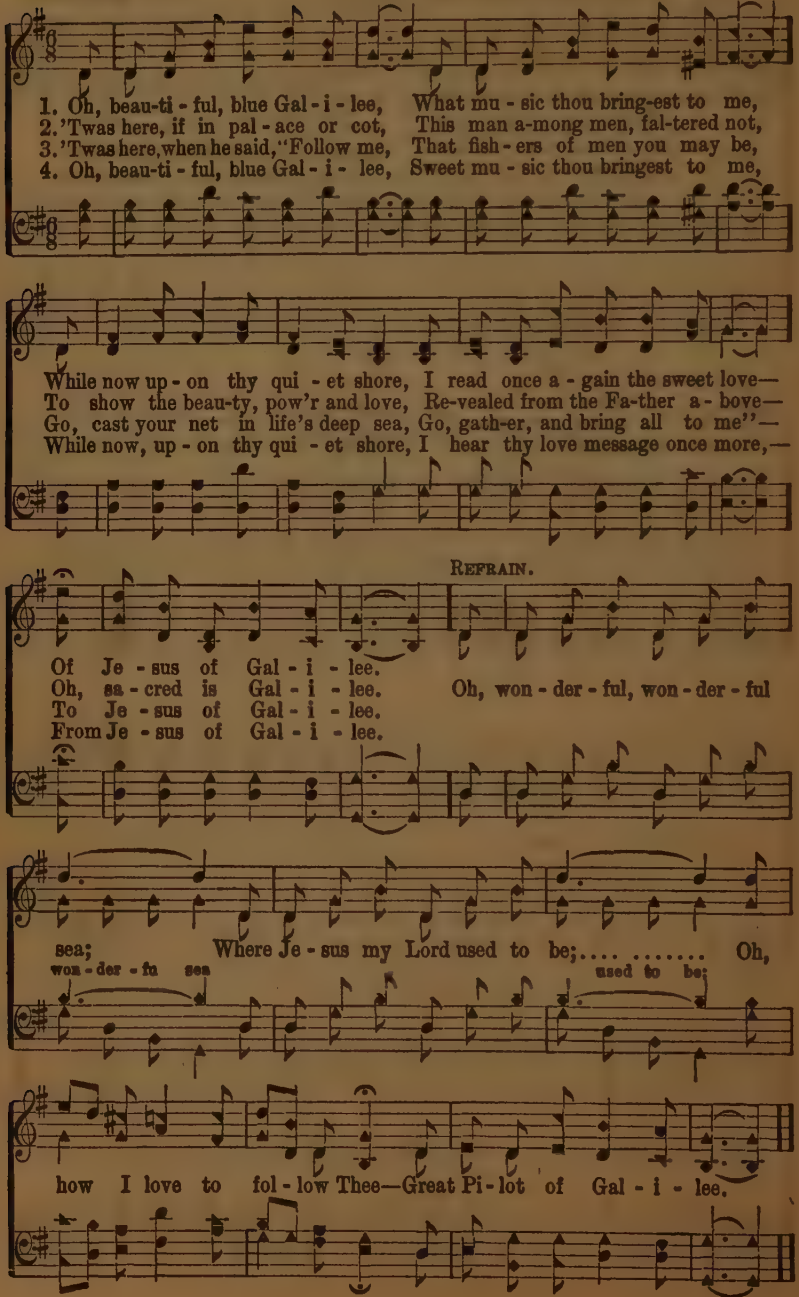


Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,

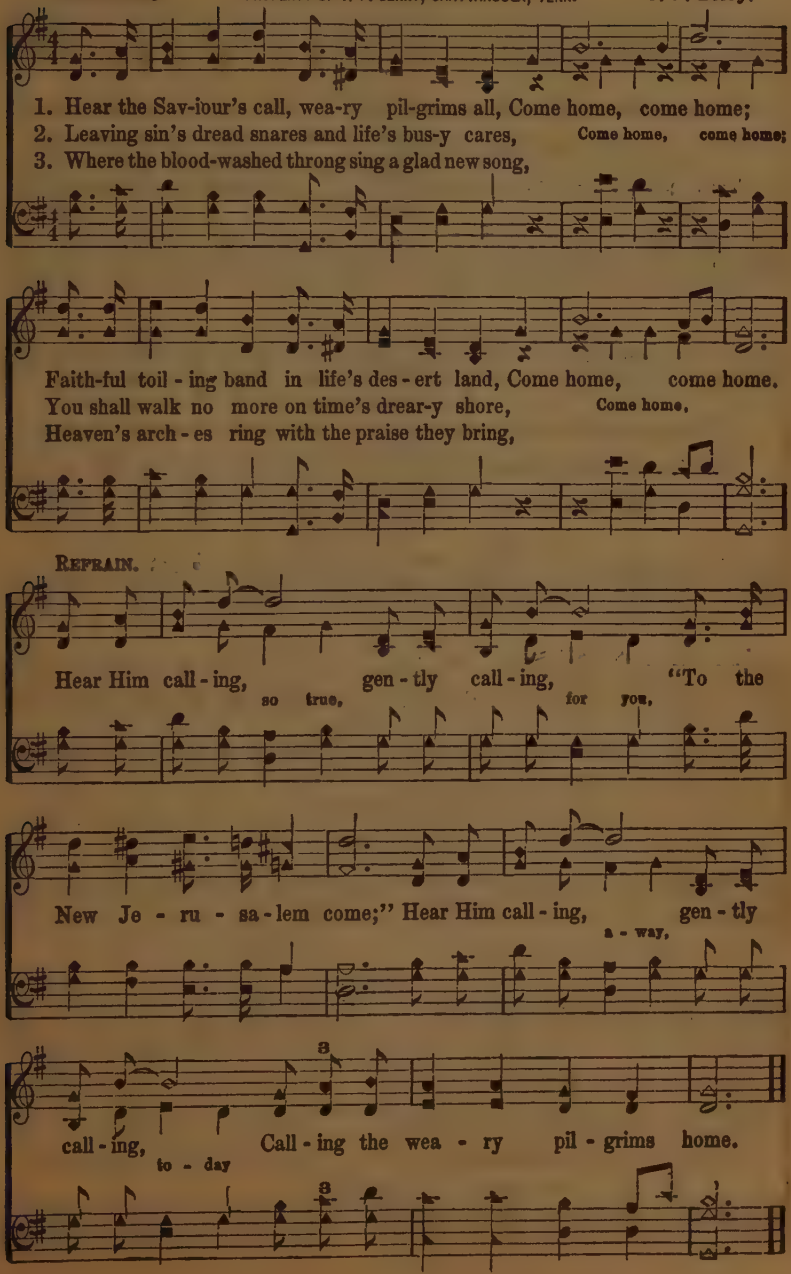


Ear-nest - ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin - ner, come home!

No. 152. Galilee.

M. B. G. MARG. B. GARRETT, OWNER. Marguerite Bixler Garrett.

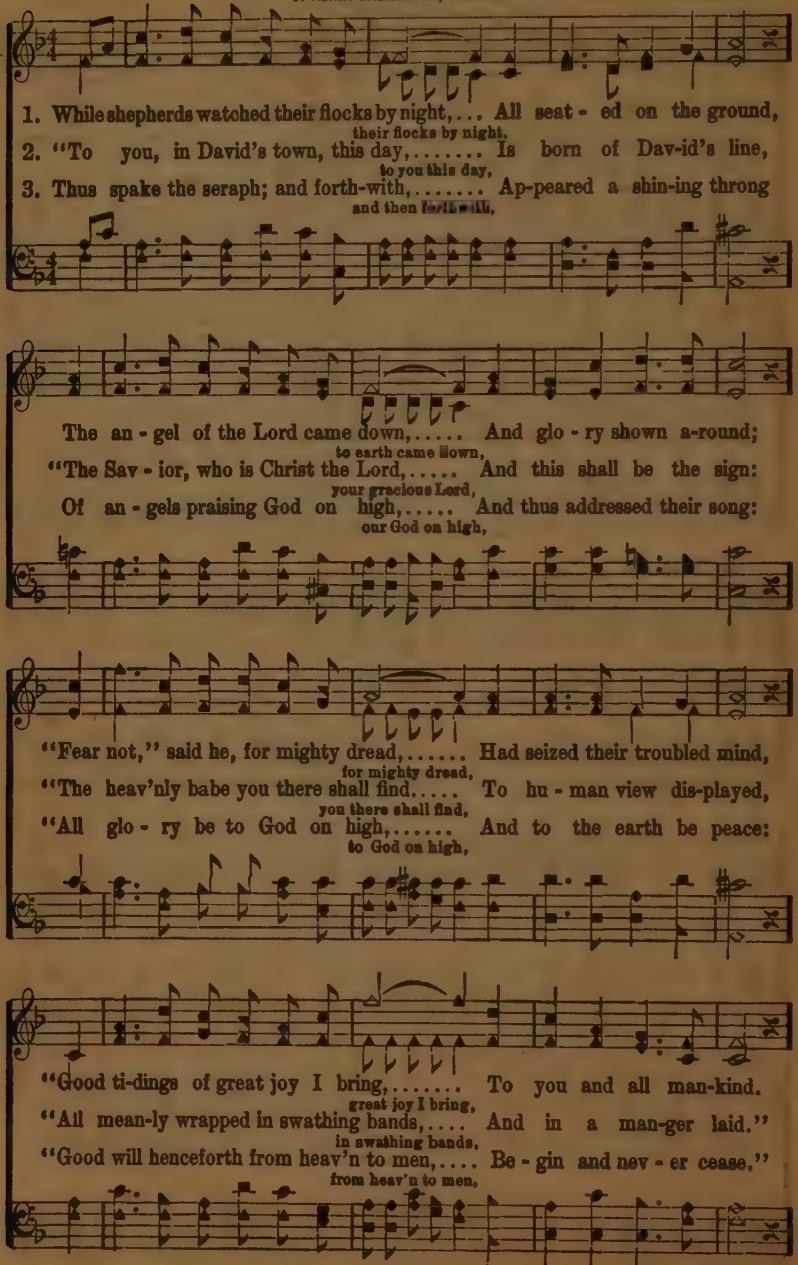

1. Oh, beau-ti-ful, blue Gal-i-lee, What mu-sic thou bring-est to me,
2. 'Twas here, if in pal-ace or cot, This man a-mong men, fal-tered not,
3. 'Twas here, when he said, "Follow me, That fish-ers of men you may be,
4. Oh, beau-ti-ful, blue Gal-i-lee, Sweet mu-sic thou bringest to me,
While now up-on thy qui-et shore, I read once a-gain the sweet love—
To show the beau-ty, pow'r and love, Re-vealed from the Fa-ther a-bove—
Go, cast your net in life's deep sea, Go, gath-er, and bring all to me"—
While now, up-on thy qui-et shore, I hear thy love message once more,—
REFRAIN.
Of Je-sus of Gal-i-lee.
Oh, sa-cred is Gal-i-lee.
To Je-sus of Gal-i-lee.
From Je-sus of Gal-i-lee.
Oh, won-der-ful, won-der-ful
sea; Where Je-sus my Lord used to be;.... ..... Oh,
won-der-fu sea
used to be;
how I love to fol-low Thee—Great Pi-lot of Gal-i-lee.

No. 153. Hear Him Calling.

S. J. Perry. PROPERTY OF T. P. BERRY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN. T. P. Berry.

1. Hear the Sav-iour's call, wea-ry pil-grims all, Come home, come home;
2. Leaving sin's dread snares and life's bus-y cares, Come home, come home;
3. Where the blood-washed throng sing a glad new song,
Faith-ful toil - ing band in life's des - ert land, Come home, come home.
You shall walk no more on time's drear-y shore, Come home.
Heaven's arch - es ring with the praise they bring,
REFRAIN.
Hear Him call - ing, gen - tly call - ing, "To the
so true, for you,
New Je - ru - sa - lem come;" Hear Him call - ing, gen - tly
a - way,
3
call - ing, Call - ing the wea - ry pil - grims home.
to - day
3

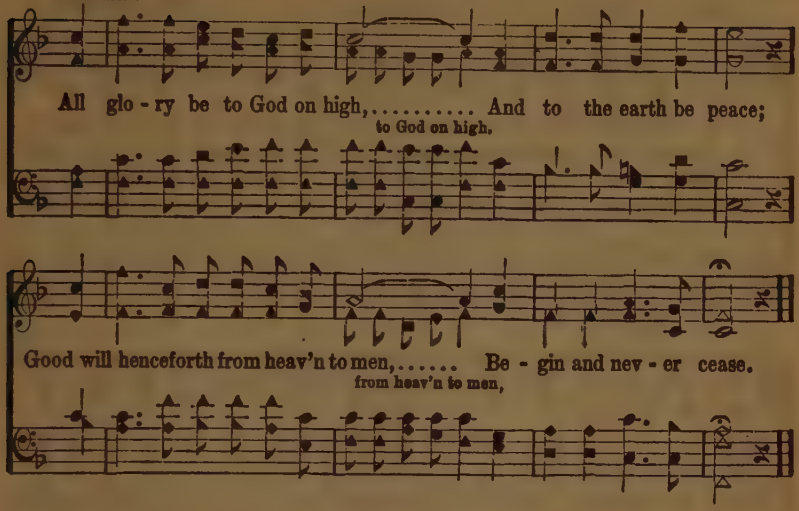
No. 154. Shepherds Abiding In the Fields.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night,... All seat - ed on the ground,
their flocks by night,
2. "To you, in David's town, this day,..... Is born of Dav-id's line,
to you this day,
3. Thus spake the seraph; and forth-with,..... Ap-peared a shin-ing throng
and then forthwith,
The an - gel of the Lord came down,..... And glo - ry shown a-round;
to earth came down,
"The Sav - ior, who is Christ the Lord,..... And this shall be the sign:
your gracious Lord,
Of an - gels praising God on high,..... And thus addressed their song:
our God on high,
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread,..... Had seized their troubled mind,
for mighty dread,
"The heav'nly babe you there shall find..... To hu - man view dis-played,
you there shall find,
"All glo - ry be to God on high,..... And to the earth be peace:
to God on high,
"Good ti-dings of great joy I bring,..... To you and all man-kind.
great joy I bring,
"All mean-ly wrapped in swathing bands,..... And in a man-ger laid."
in swathing bands,
"Good will henceforth from heav'n to men,..... Be - gin and nev - er cease."
from heav'n to men,

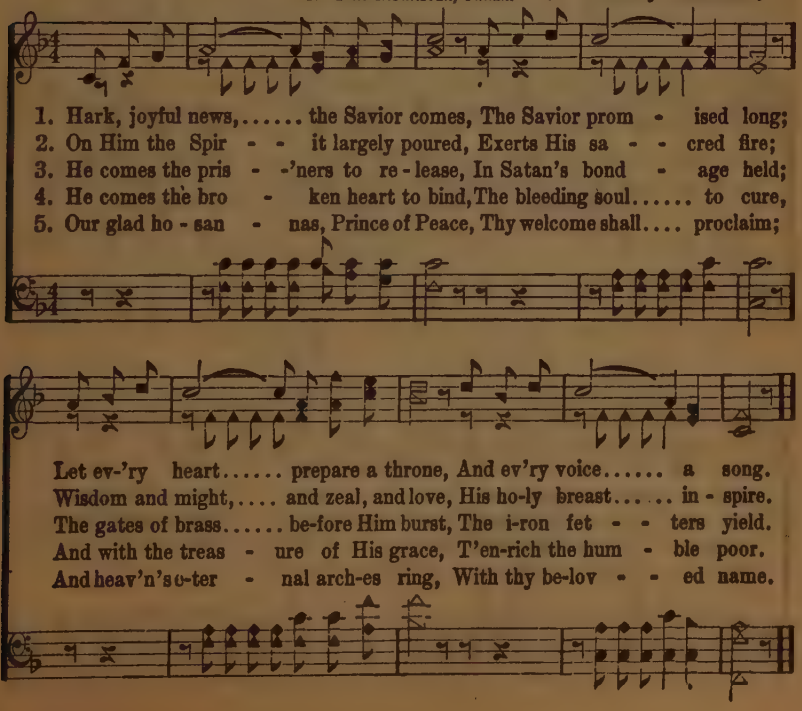
Shepherds Abiding In the Fields.

REFRAIN.


All glo - ry be to God on high,..... And to the earth be peace;
to God on high.
Good will henceforth from heav'n to men,..... Be - gin and nev - er cease.
from heav'n to men,

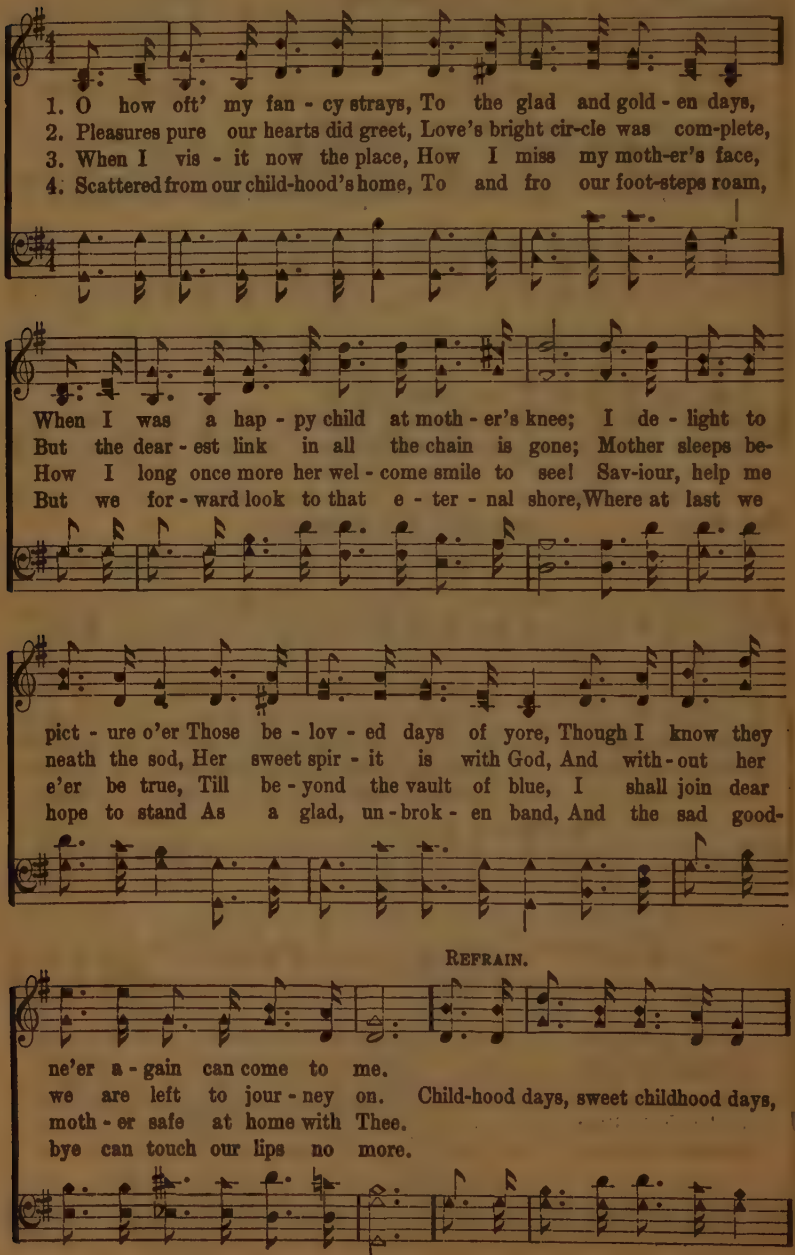
No. 155. Behold, He Comes!

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.

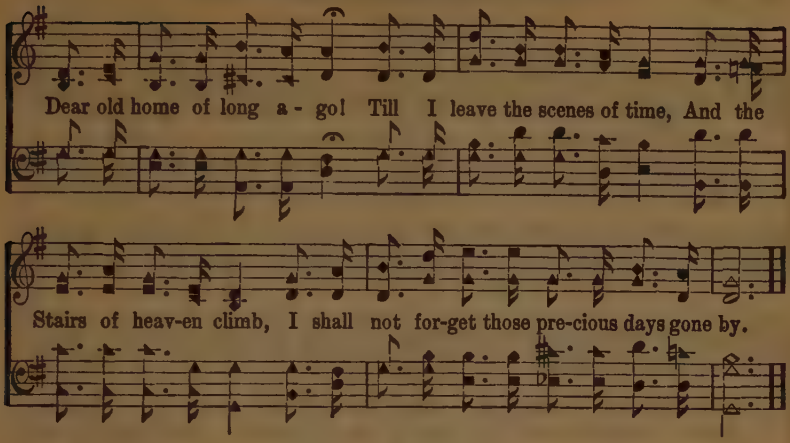

1. Hark, joyful news,..... the Savior comes, The Savior prom - ised long;
2. On Him the Spir - - it largely poured, Exerts His sa - - cred fire;
3. He comes the pris - -'ners to re - lease, In Satan's bond - age held;
4. He comes the bro - ken heart to bind, The bleeding soul..... to cure,
5. Our glad ho - san - nas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall.... proclaim;
Let ev-'ry heart..... prepare a throne, And ev'ry voice..... a song.
Wisdom and might,.... and zeal, and love, His ho-ly breast..... in - spire.
The gates of brass..... be-fore Him burst, The i-ron fet - - ters yield.
And with the treas - ure of His grace, T'en-rich the hum - ble poor.
And heav'n'so-ter - nal arch-es ring, With thy be-lov - - ed name.

No. 156. Childhood, Home and Mother.

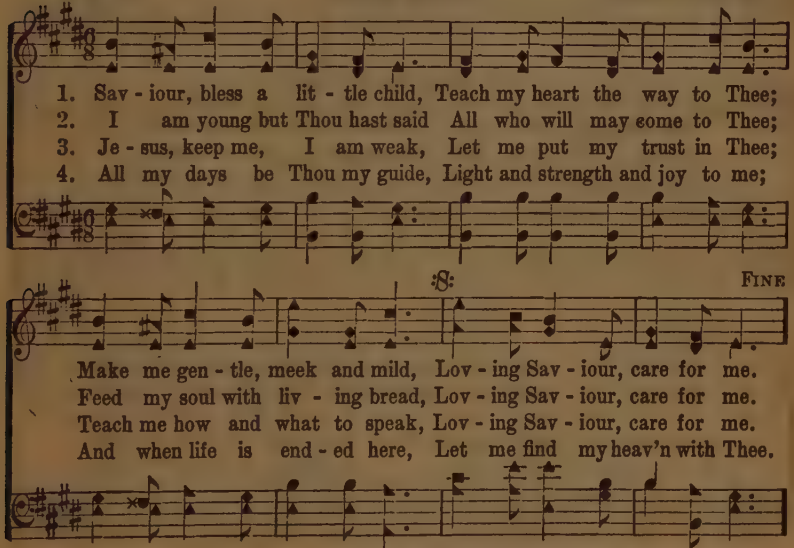
Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. W. S. Tidwell.

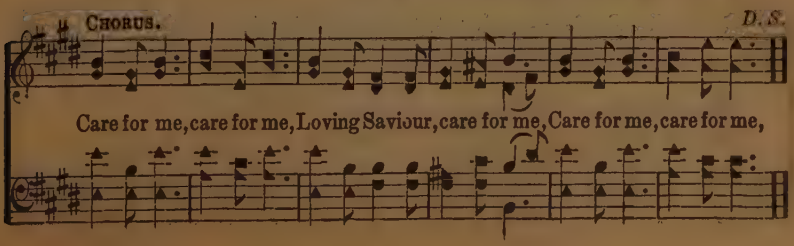

1. O how oft' my fan - cy strays, To the glad and gold - en days,
2. Pleasures pure our hearts did greet, Love's bright cir-cle was com-plete,
3. When I vis - it now the place, How I miss my moth-er's face,
4. Scattered from our child-hood's home, To and fro our foot-steps roam,
When I was a hap - py child at moth - er's knee; I de - light to
But the dear - est link in all the chain is gone; Mother sleeps be-
How I long once more her wel - come smile to see! Sav-iour, help me
But we for - ward look to that e - ter - nal shore, Where at last we
pict - ure o'er Those be - lov - ed days of yore, Though I know they
neath the sod, Her sweet spir - it is with God, And with - out her
e'er be true, Till be - yond the vault of blue, I shall join dear
hope to stand As a glad, un - brok - en band, And the sad good-
REFRAIN.
ne'er a - gain can come to me.
we are left to jour - ney on. Child-hood days, sweet childhood days,
moth - er safe at home with Thee.
bye can touch our lips no more.

Childhood, Home and Mother.


Dear old home of long a - go! Till I leave the scenes of time, And the
Stairs of heav-en climb, I shall not for-get those pre-cious days gone by.

No. 157. Care for Me.

Anon. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Homer F. Morris.

1. Sav - iour, bless a lit - tle child, Teach my heart the way to Thee;
2. I am young but Thou hast said All who will may come to Thee;
3. Je - sus, keep me, I am weak, Let me put my trust in Thee;
4. All my days be Thou my guide, Light and strength and joy to me;
:S:
FINE
Make me gen - tle, meek and mild, Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.
Feed my soul with liv - ing bread, Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.
Teach me how and what to speak, Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.
And when life is end - ed here, Let me find my heav'n with Thee.
D. S.—*Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.*



No. 158. Sunshine Bearer.

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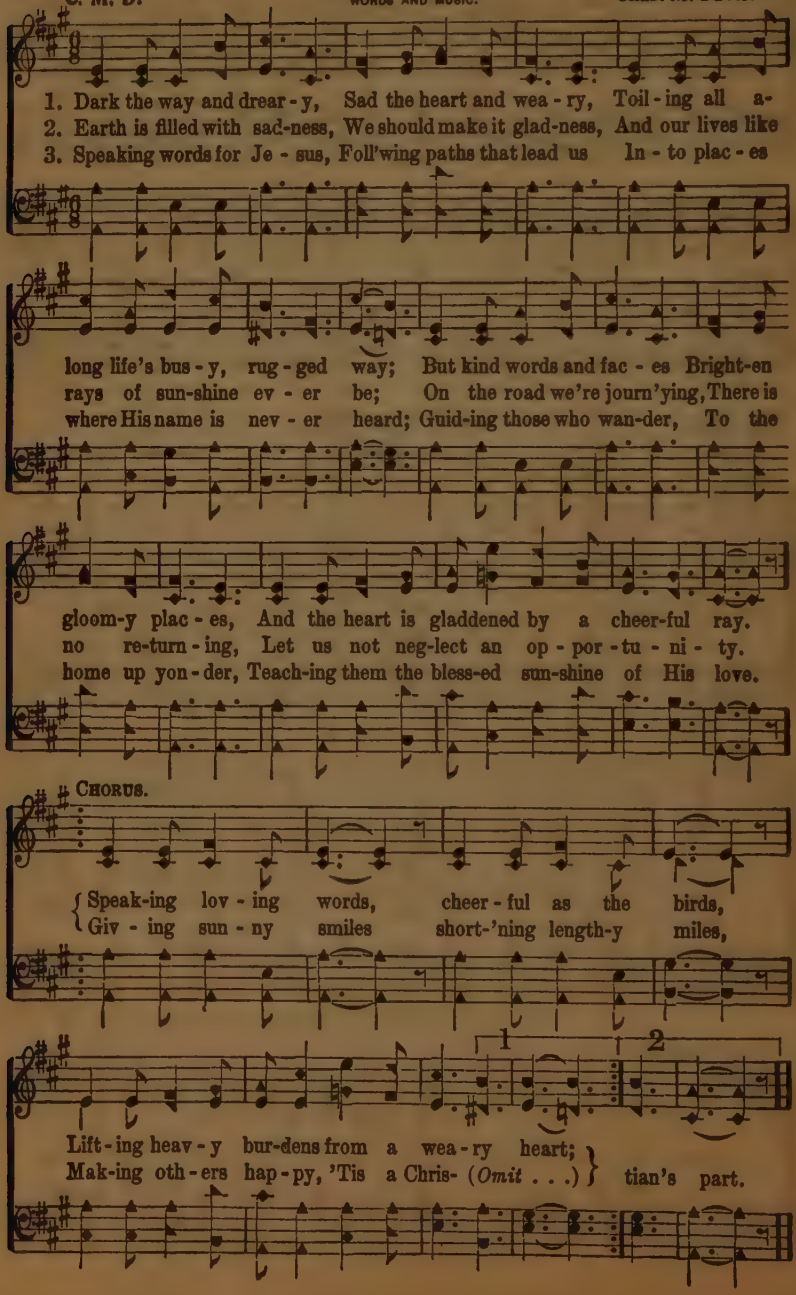
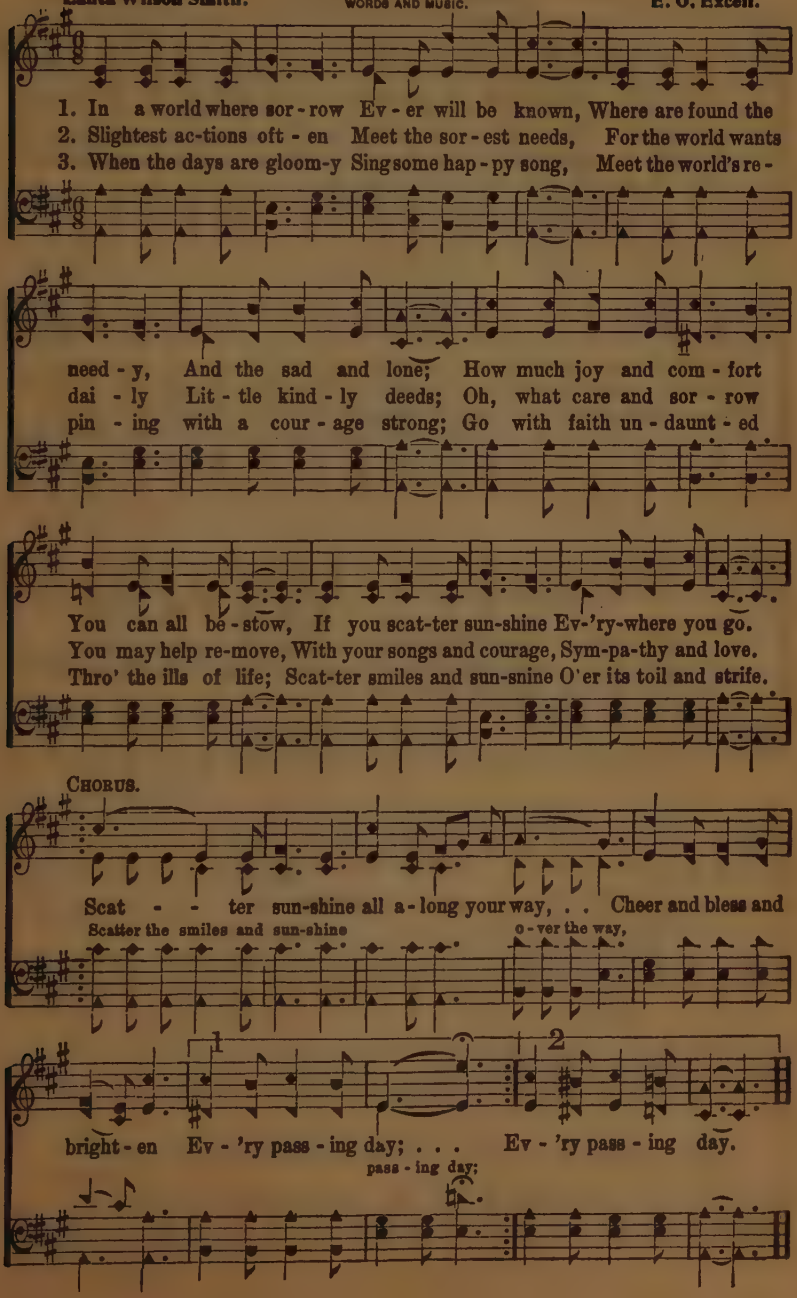
C. M. D. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. M. Davis.


1. Dark the way and drear - y, Sad the heart and wea - ry, Toil - ing all a-
long life's bus - y, rug - ged way; But kind words and fac - es Bright-en
gloom-y plac - es, And the heart is gladdened by a cheer-ful ray.
2. Earth is filled with sad-ness, We should make it glad-ness, And our lives like
rays of sun-shine ev - er be; On the road we're journ'ying, There is
no re-turn - ing, Let us not neg-lect an op - por - tu - ni - ty.
3. Speaking words for Je - sus, Foll'wing paths that lead us In - to plac - es
where His name is nev - er heard; Guid-ing those who wan-der, To the
home up yon - der, Teach-ing them the bless-ed sun-shine of His love.
CHORUS.
Speak-ing lov - ing words, cheer - ful as the birds,
Giv - ing sun - ny smiles short-'ning length-y miles,
1
Lift - ing heav - y bur-dens from a wea - ry heart;
Mak-ing oth - ers hap - py, 'Tis a Chris- (Omit . . .)
2
tian's part.

No. 159. Scatter Sunshine.

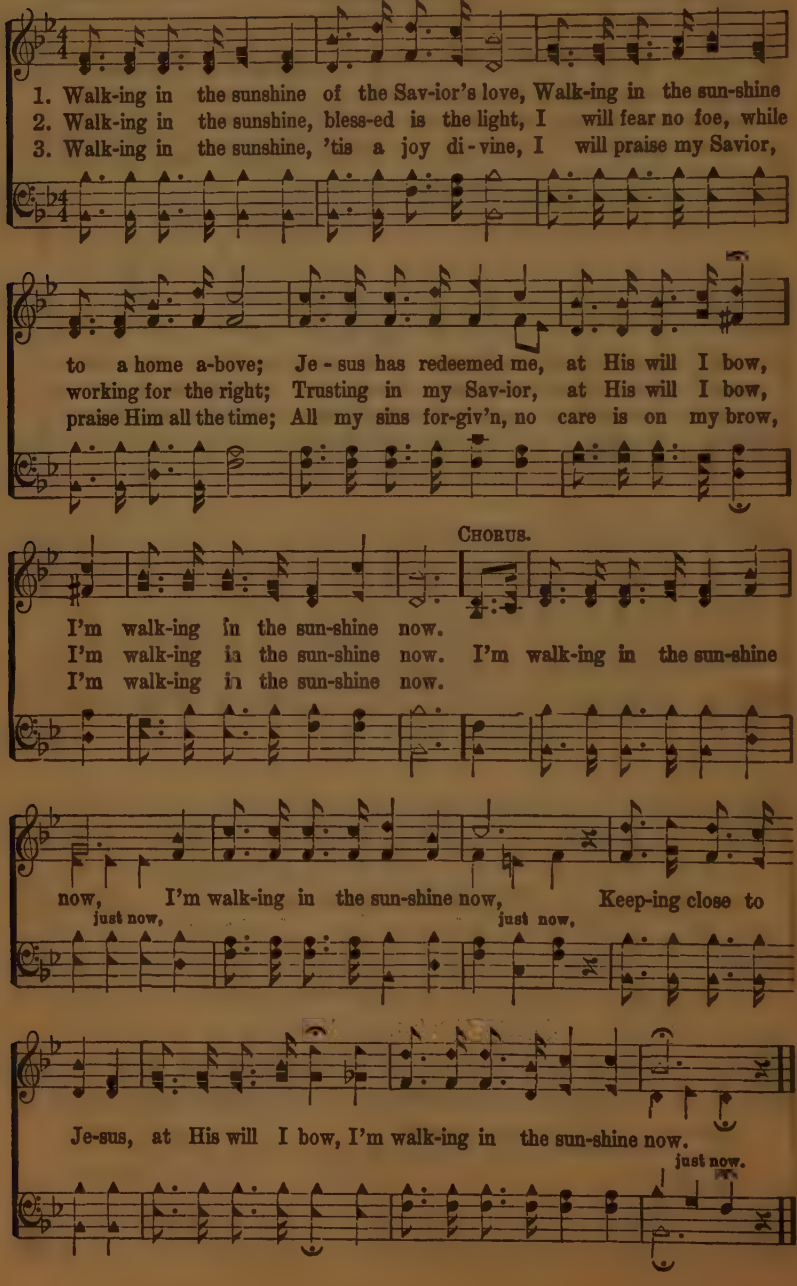
COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Lanta Wilson Smith. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap - py song, Meet the world's re -
need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing with a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed
You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re-move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sun-shine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and sun-shine
o - ver the way,
1
2
bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
pass - ing day;

No. 160. Walking In the Sunshine.

Robt. H. Walton. BY PER. OF MRS. GEO. W. LYON. G. W. Lyon.

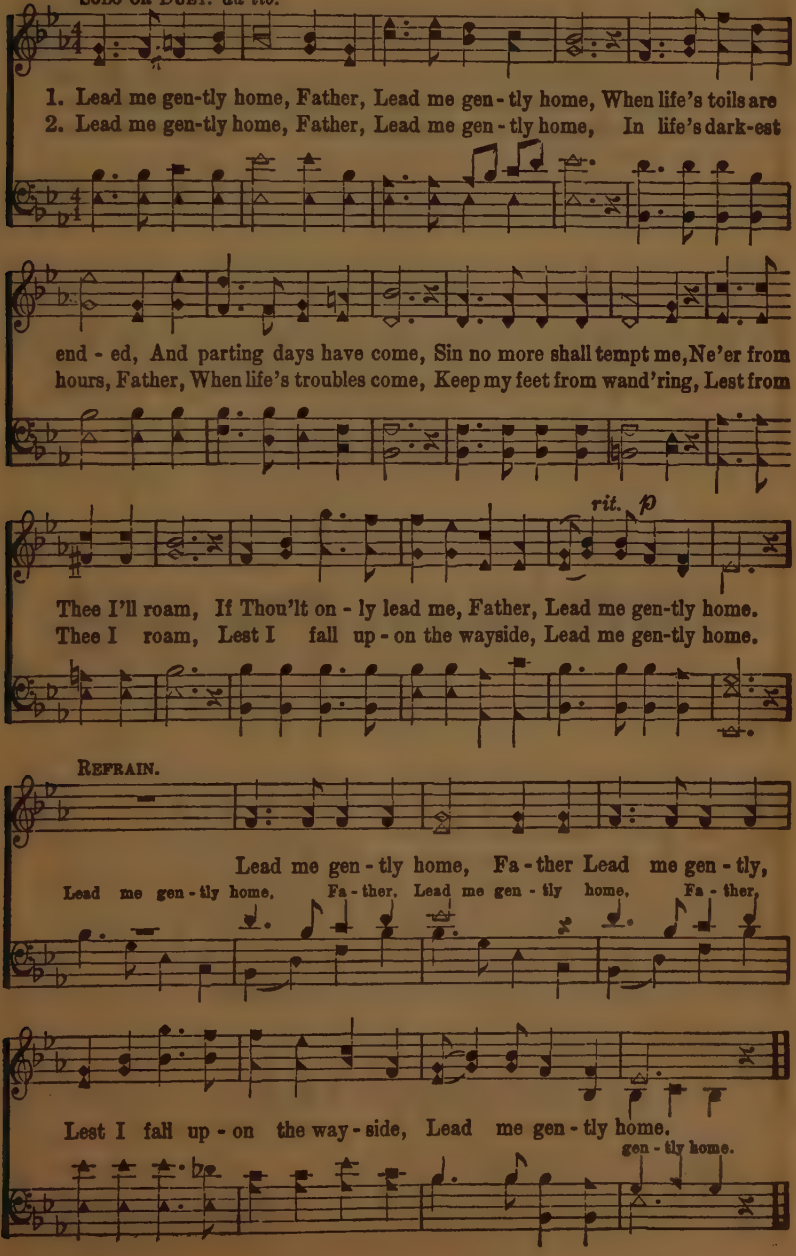

1. Walk-ing in the sunshine of the Sav-ior's love, Walk-ing in the sun-shine
2. Walk-ing in the sunshine, bless-ed is the light, I will fear no foe, while
3. Walk-ing in the sunshine, 'tis a joy di-vine, I will praise my Savior,
to a home a-bove; Je-sus has redeemed me, at His will I bow,
working for the right; Trusting in my Sav-ior, at His will I bow,
praise Him all the time; All my sins for-giv'n, no care is on my brow,
CHORUS.
I'm walk-ing in the sun-shine now.
I'm walk-ing in the sun-shine now. I'm walk-ing in the sun-shine
I'm walk-ing in the sun-shine now.
now, I'm walk-ing in the sun-shine now, Keep-ing close to
just now, just now,
Je-sus, at His will I bow, I'm walk-ing in the sun-shine now.
just now.

No. 161. Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

BY PER. OF WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

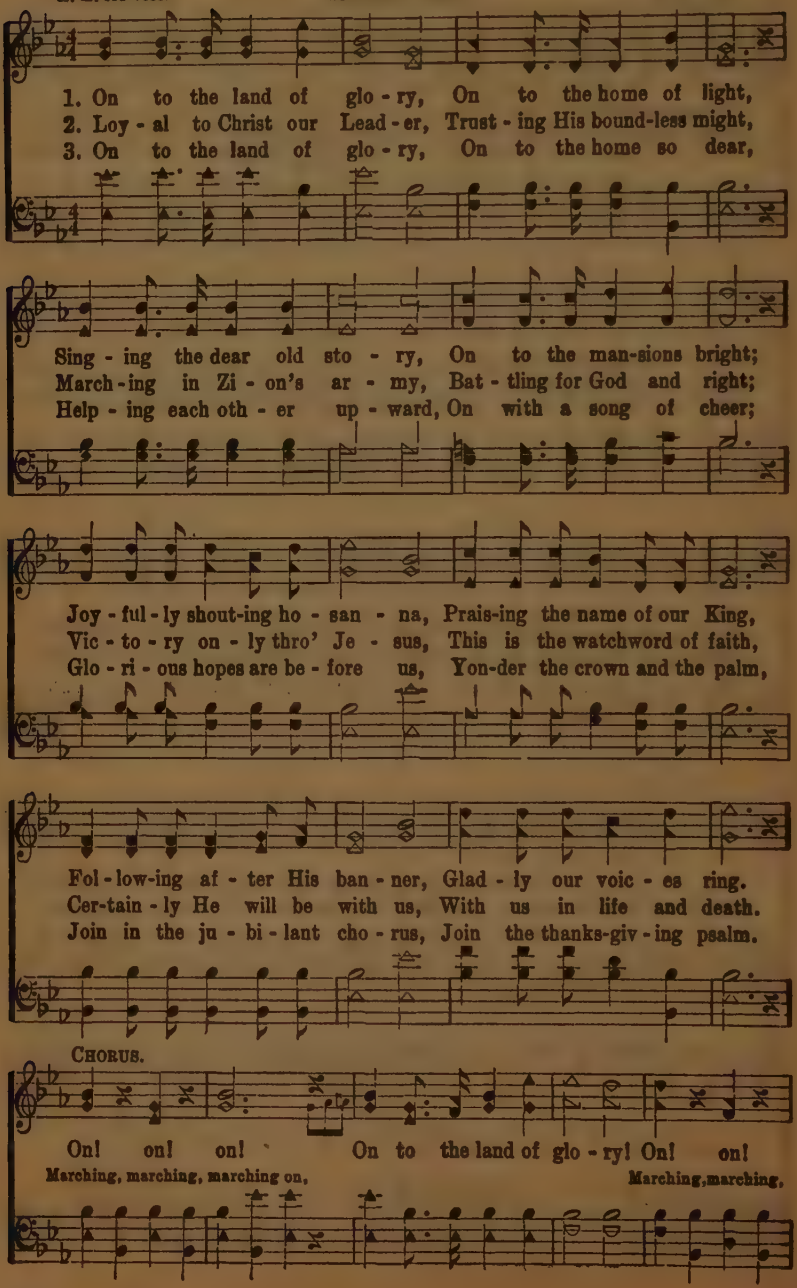
W. L. T. W. L. Thompson.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

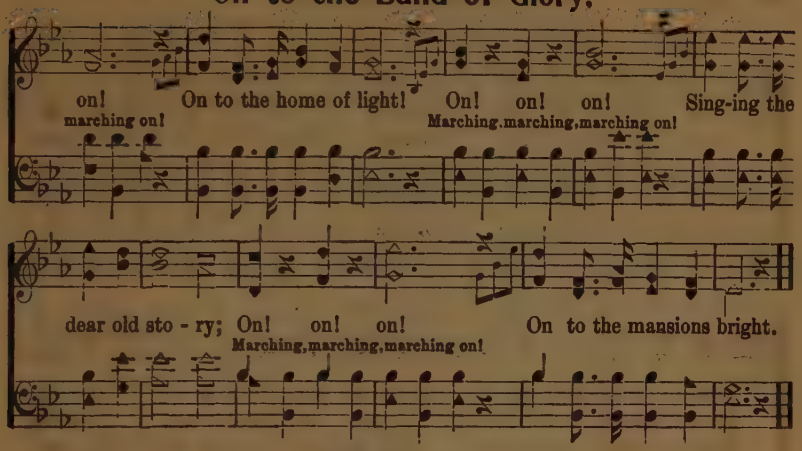

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Father, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est
end-ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
rit. p
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on-ly lead me, Father, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.
REFRAIN.
Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther Lead me gen-tly,
Lead me gen-tly home. Fa-ther. Lead me gen-tly home. Fa-ther.
Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
gen-tly home.

No. 162. On to the Land of Glory.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

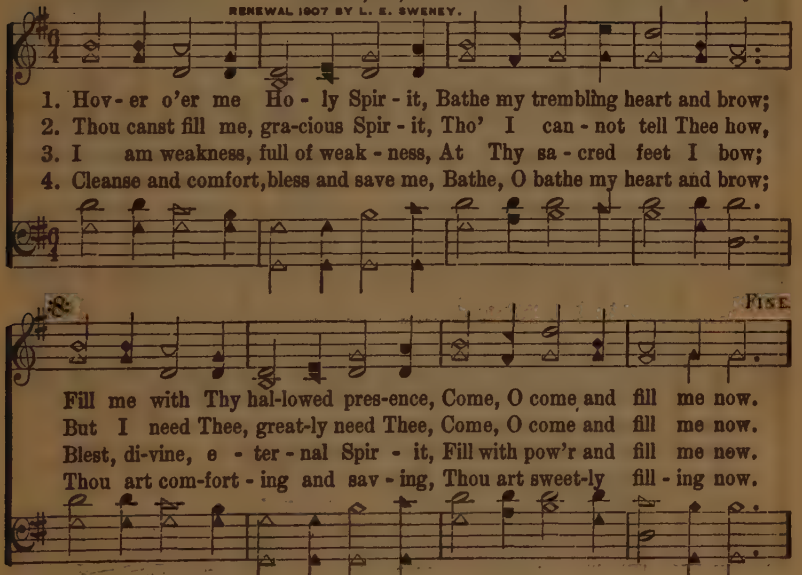
E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home of light,
2. Loy - al to Christ our Lead - er, Trust - ing His bound-less might,
3. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home so dear,
Sing - ing the dear old sto - ry, On to the man-sions bright;
March - ing in Zi - on's ar - my, Bat - tling for God and right;
Help - ing each oth - er up - ward, On with a song of cheer;
Joy - ful - ly shout-ing ho - san - na, Prais-ing the name of our King,
Vic - to - ry on - ly thro' Je - sus, This is the watchword of faith,
Glo - ri - ous hopes are be - fore us, Yon-der the crown and the palm,
Fol - low-ing af - ter His ban - ner, Glad - ly our voic - es ring.
Cer-tain - ly He will be with us, With us in life and death.
Join in the ju - bi - lant cho - rus, Join the thanks-giv - ing psalm.
CHORUS.
On! on! on! On to the land of glo - ry! On! on!
Marching, marching, marching on, Marching, marching,

On to the Land of Glory.

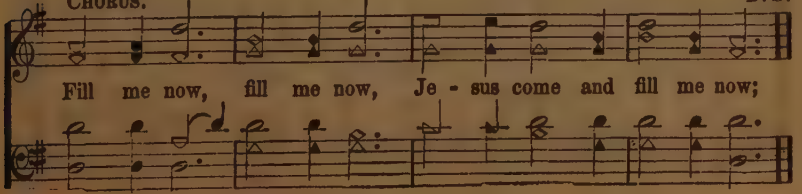

on! On to the home of light! On! on! on! Sing-ing the
marching on!
Marching, marching, marching on!
dear old sto - ry; On! on! on! On to the mansions bright.
Marching, marching, marching on!

No. 163. Fill Me Now.

E. R. Stokes, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
RENEWAL 1907 BY L. E. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Hov - er o'er me Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell Thee how,
3. I am weakness, full of weak - ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet-ly fill - ing now.

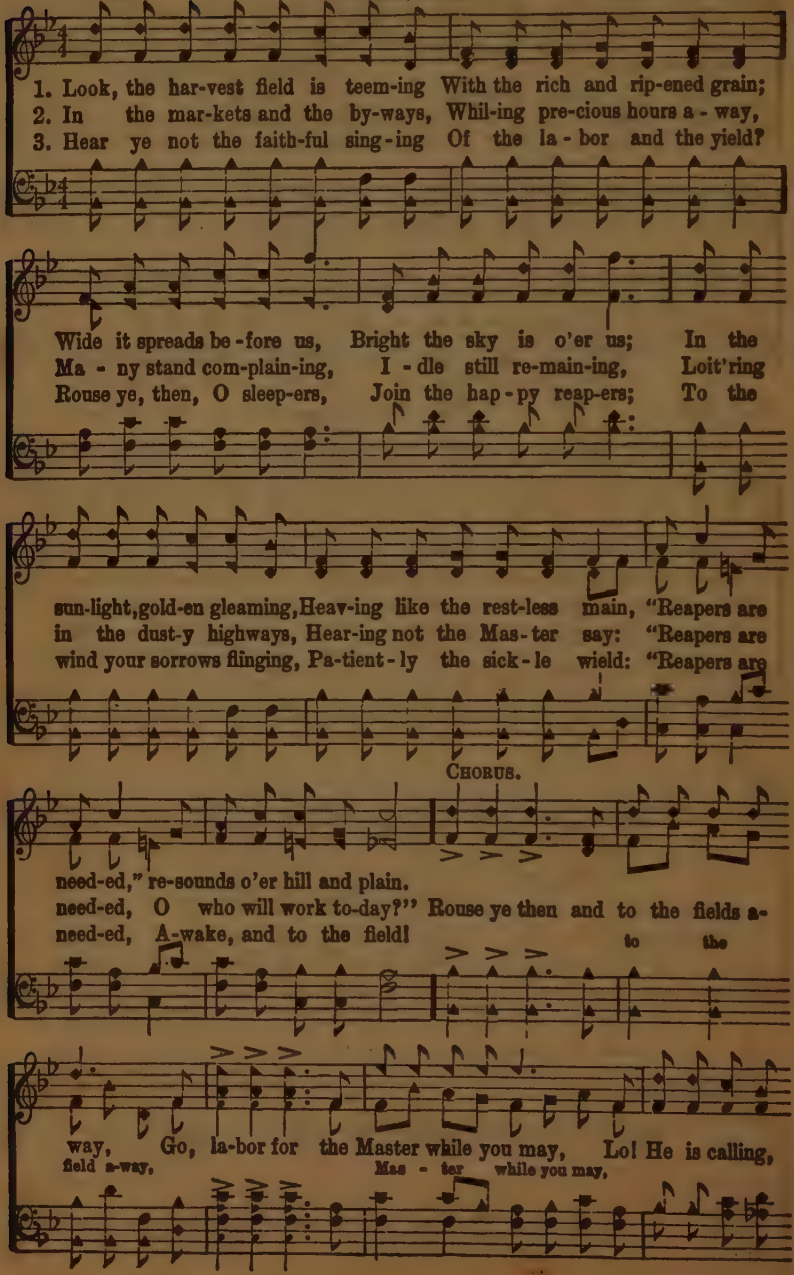
D.S.—*Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.*



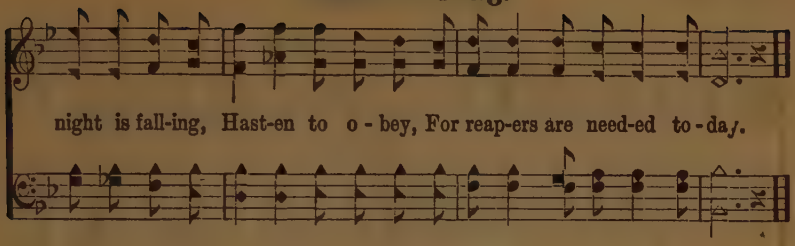
No. 164. Harvest Song!

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Look, the har-vest field is teem-ing With the rich and rip-ened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?
Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the
Ma-ny stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the
sun-light, gold-en gleaming, Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reapers are
in the dust-y highways, Hear-ing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are
wind your sorrows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are
CHORUS.
need-ed," re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
need-ed, O who will work to-day?" Rouse ye then and to the fields a-
need-ed, A-wake, and to the field!
to the
way, Go, la-bor for the Master while you may, Lo! He is calling,
field a-way, Mas-ter while you may,

Harvest Song.



No. 165. Christ Arose!

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
USED BY PERMISSION,

R. L. Robert Lowry.

Slow.

1. Low in the grave He lay, Je-sus, my Sav - ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day,
2. Vainly they watch His bed, Je-sus, my Sav - ior! Vain-ly they seal the dead,
3. Death cannot keep his prey, Je-sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a-way,

CHORUS. *Faster*

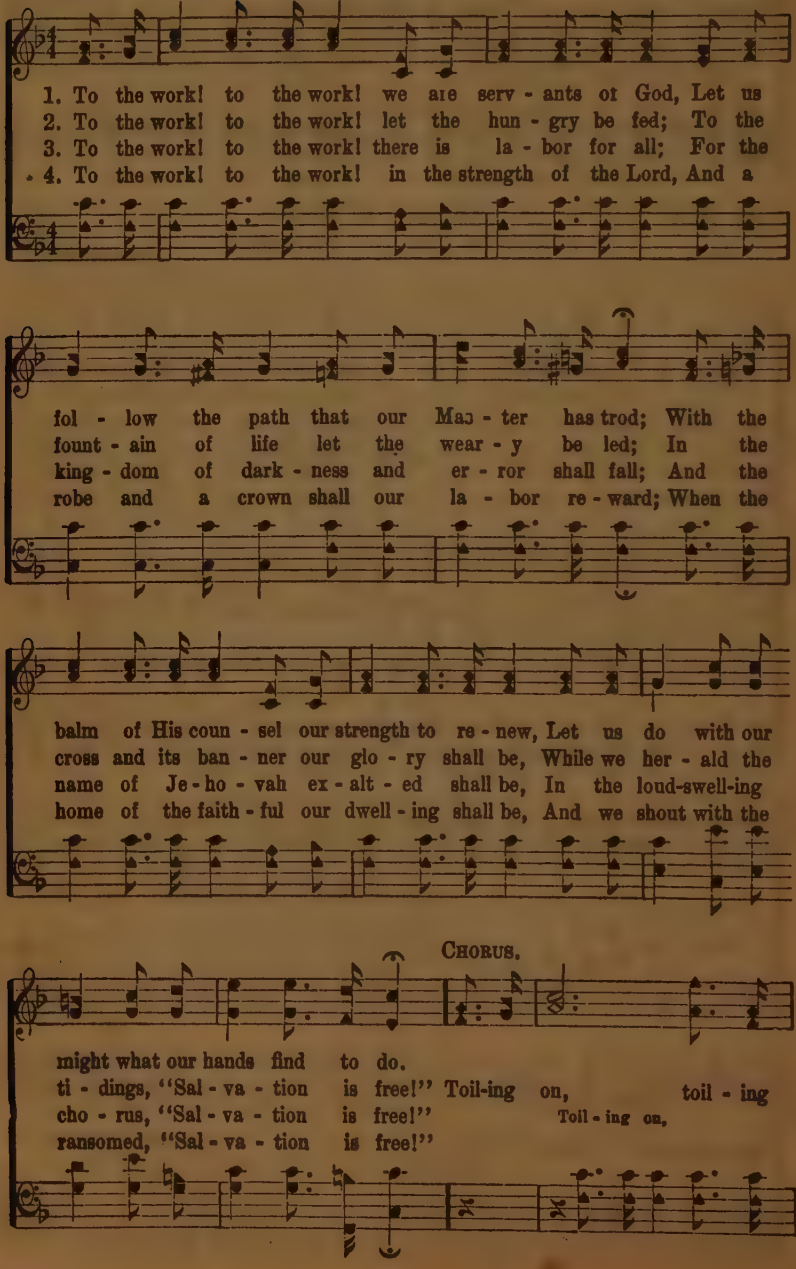
Je-sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose; With a mighty triumph o'er His foes; He a-rose a vic-tor from the dark do-main, And He lives for-ev - er with His saints to reign; He a-rose! He a - rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!

He a-rose; He a-rose; He a-rose; He a-rose; He a-rose;

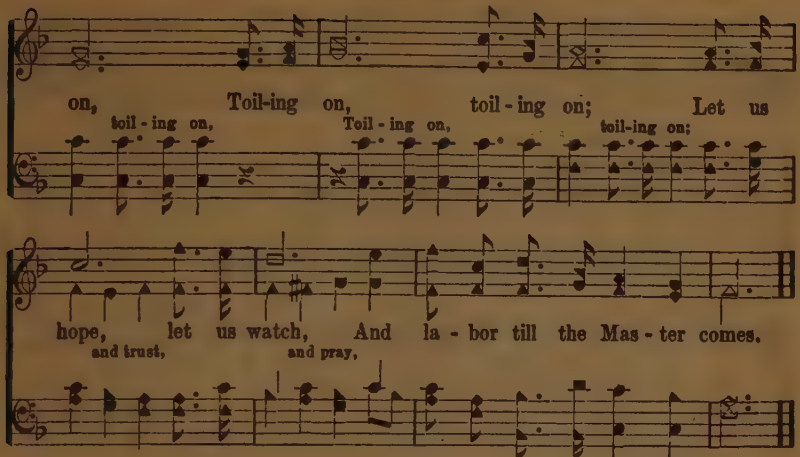
rit.

No. 166. To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1869, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

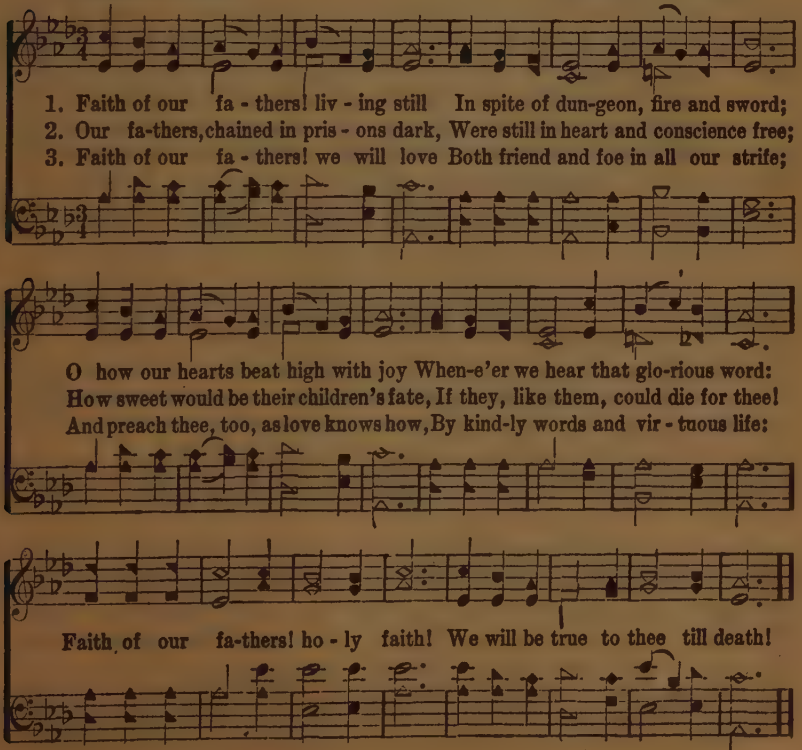

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
fount - ain of life let the wear - y be led; In the
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the
balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud-swell-ing
home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the
Chorus.
might what our hands find to do.
ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil-ing on, toil - ing
cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on,
ransomed, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

To the Work.


on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on; Let us
toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;
hope, let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

No. 167. Faith of Our Fathers.

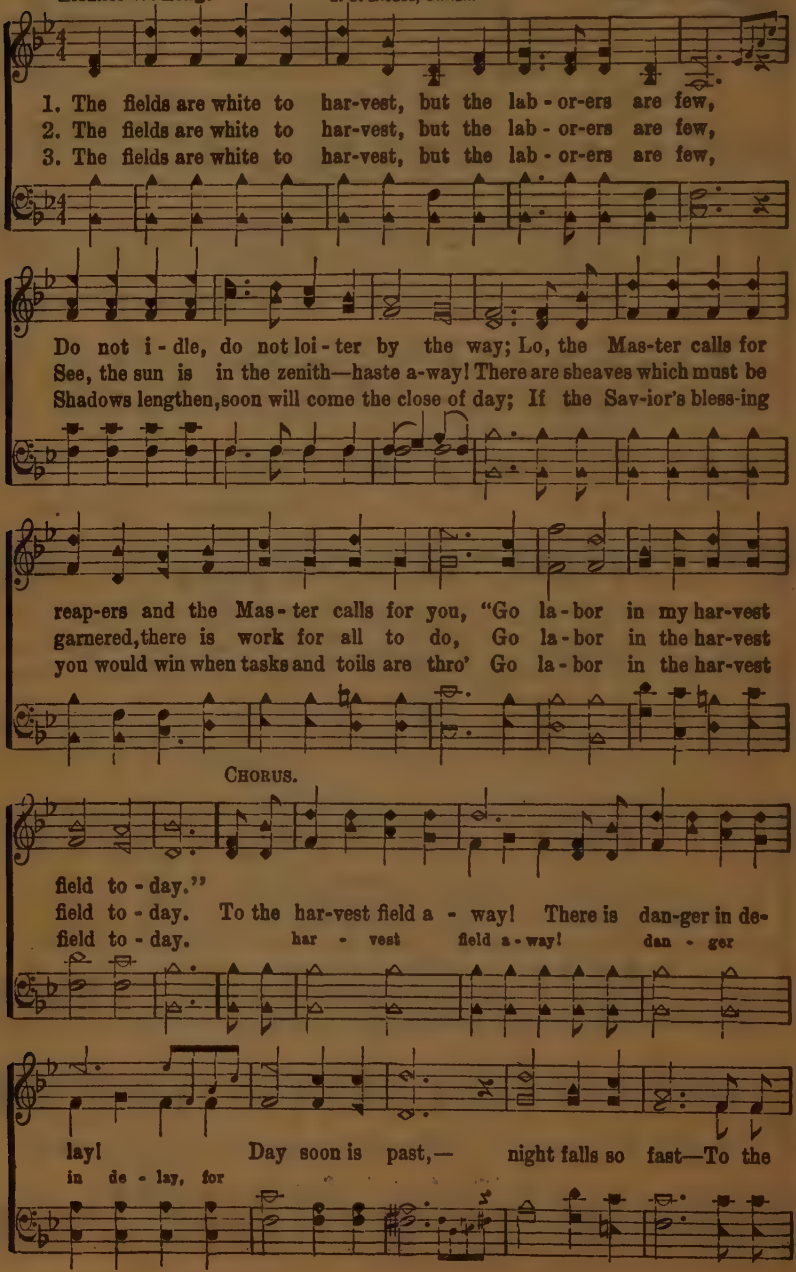
Frederick W. Faber. Adapted by J. G. Walton.


1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword;
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

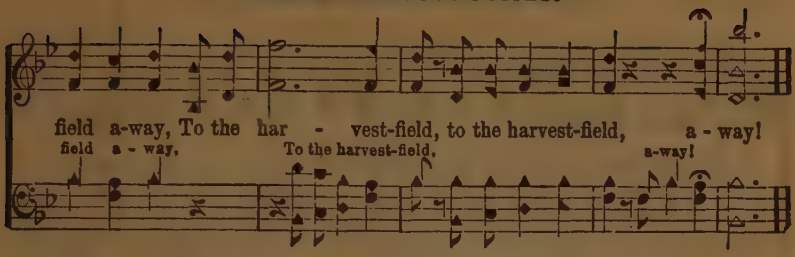
No. 168. White Harvest Fields.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Eleanor W. Long. Chas. H. Gabriel.

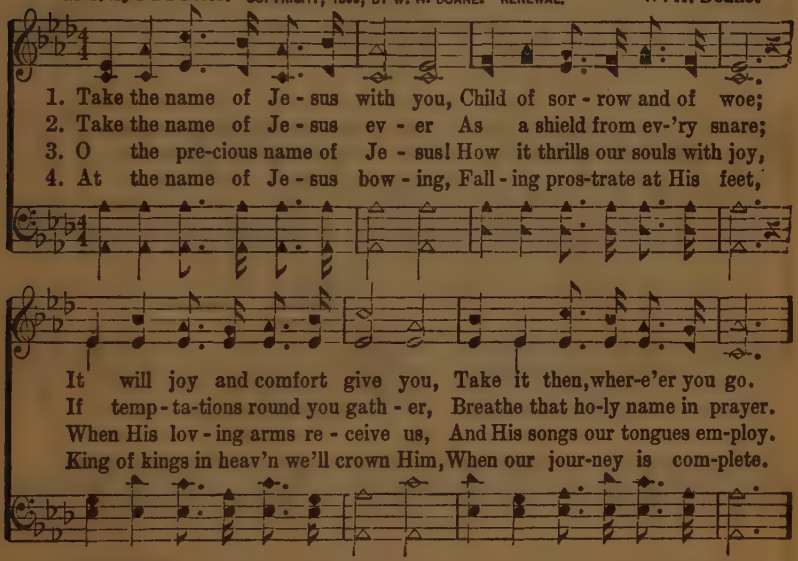

1. The fields are white to har-vest, but the lab-or-ers are few,
2. The fields are white to har-vest, but the lab-or-ers are few,
3. The fields are white to har-vest, but the lab-or-ers are few,
Do not i-dle, do not loi-ter by the way; Lo, the Mas-ter calls for
See, the sun is in the zenith—haste a-way! There are sheaves which must be
Shadows lengthen, soon will come the close of day; If the Sav-ior's bless-ing
reap-ers and the Mas-ter calls for you, "Go la-bor in my har-vest
garnered, there is work for all to do, Go la-bor in the har-vest
you would win when tasks and toils are thro' Go la-bor in the har-vest
CHORUS.
field to-day."
field to-day. To the har-vest field a-way! There is dan-ger in de-
field to-day. har-vest field a-way! dan-ger
lay! Day soon is past,— night falls so fast—To the
in de-lay, for

White Harvest-Fields.

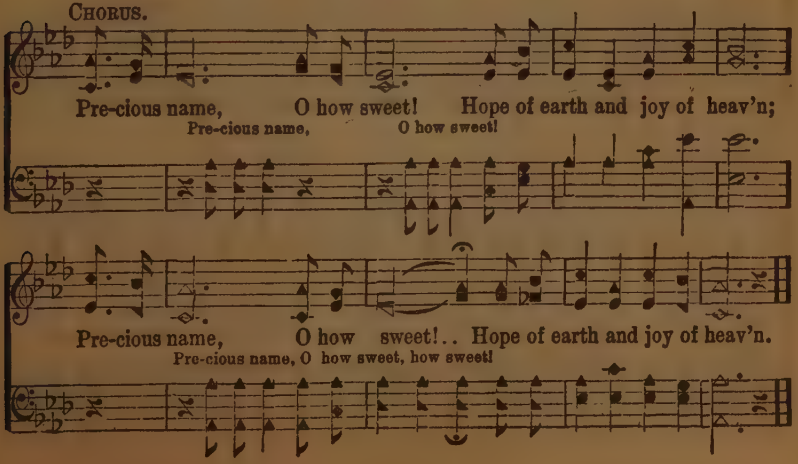


No. 169. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

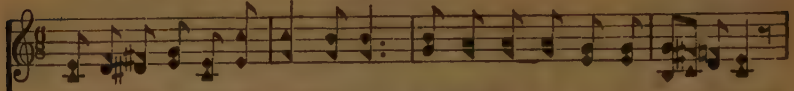
Chorus.


Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!.. Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Pre-cious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

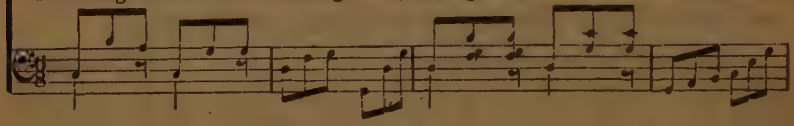
No. 170. What Shall the Harvest Be?

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

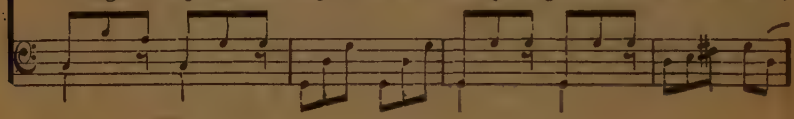
Mrs. Emily S. Oakley. P. P. Bliss.

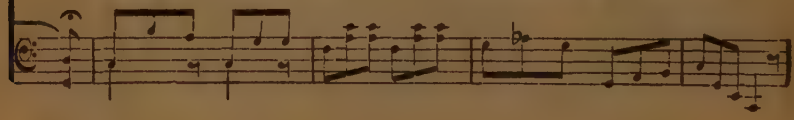


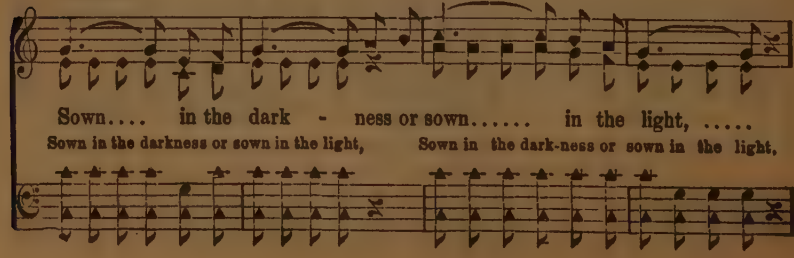
1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a ling'ring pain, Sow-ing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sow-ing the seed while the tear-drops start,



Sow-ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer - tile soil
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e - ter-nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the harvest home;

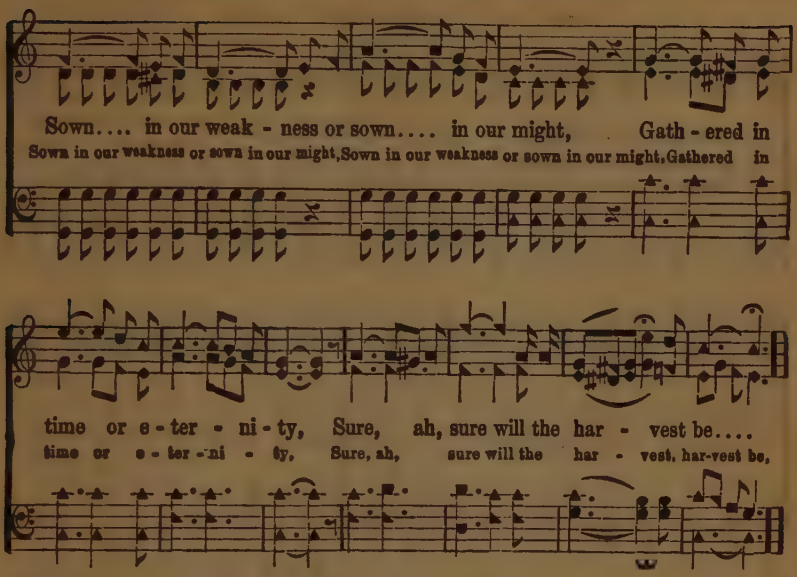


Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..

CHORUS.



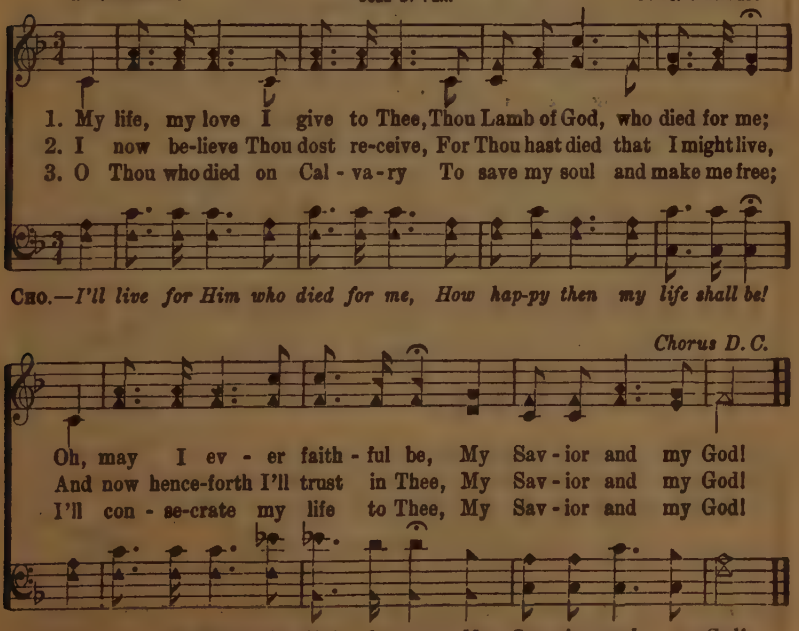
Sown.... in the dark - ness or sown..... in the light, ...
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light.

What Shall the Harvest Be?


Sown.... in our weak - ness or sown.... in our might, Gath - ered in
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gathered in
time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be....
time or e - ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be,

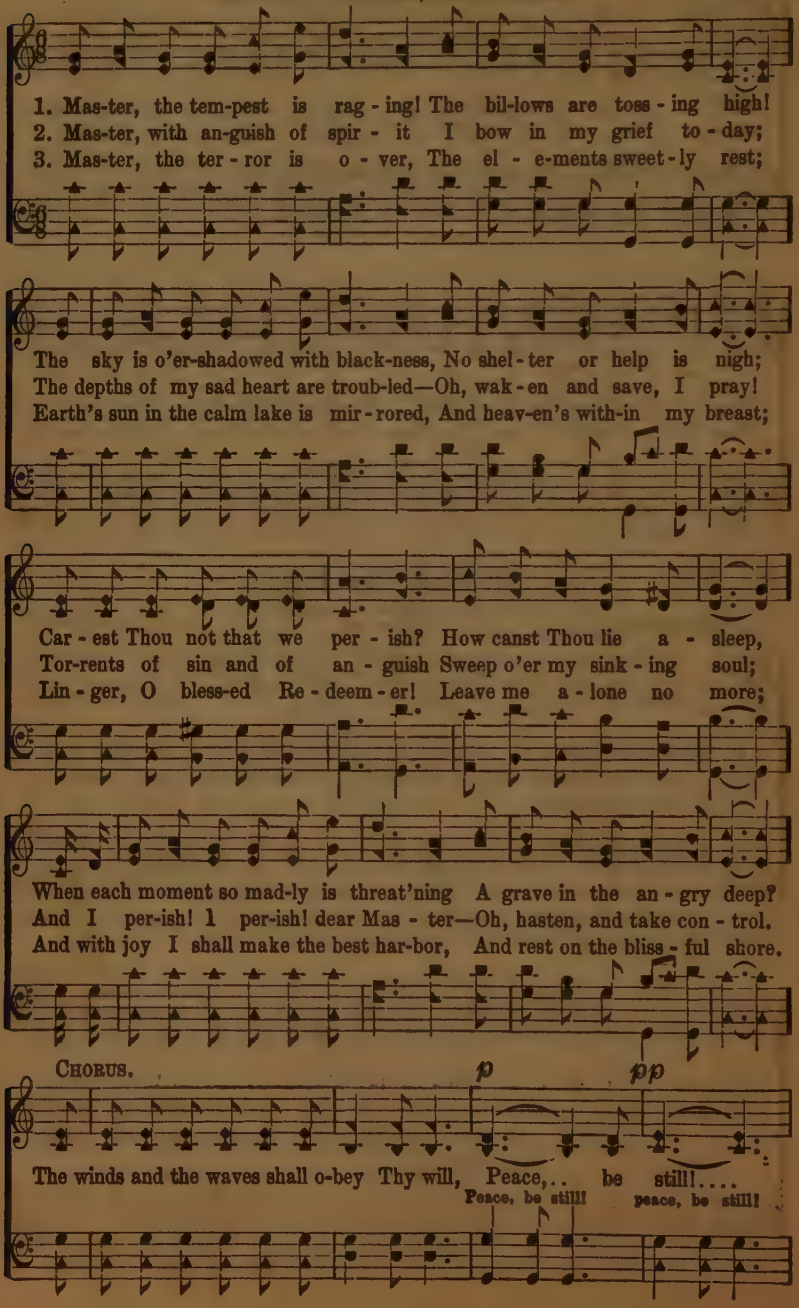
No. 171. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PER. C. R. Dunbar.

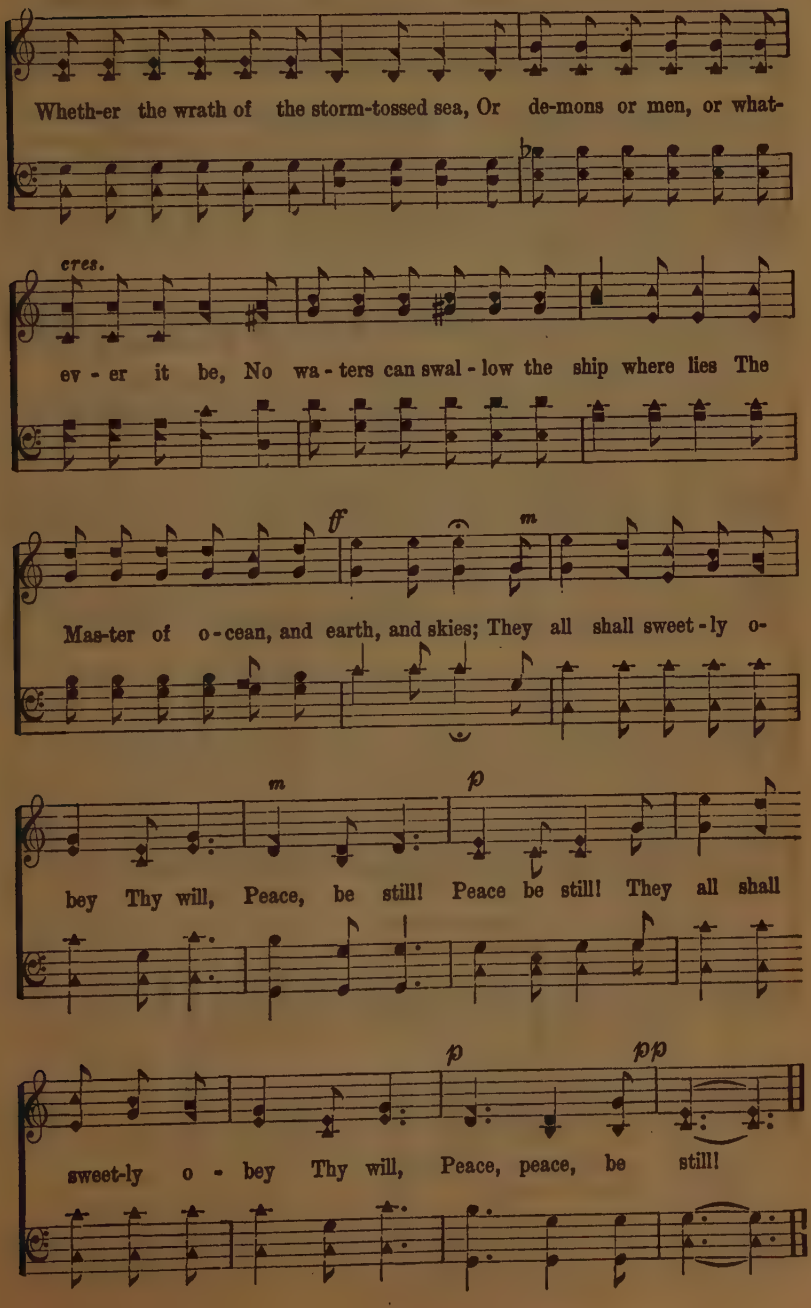

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live,
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free;
Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
Chorus D. C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 172. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

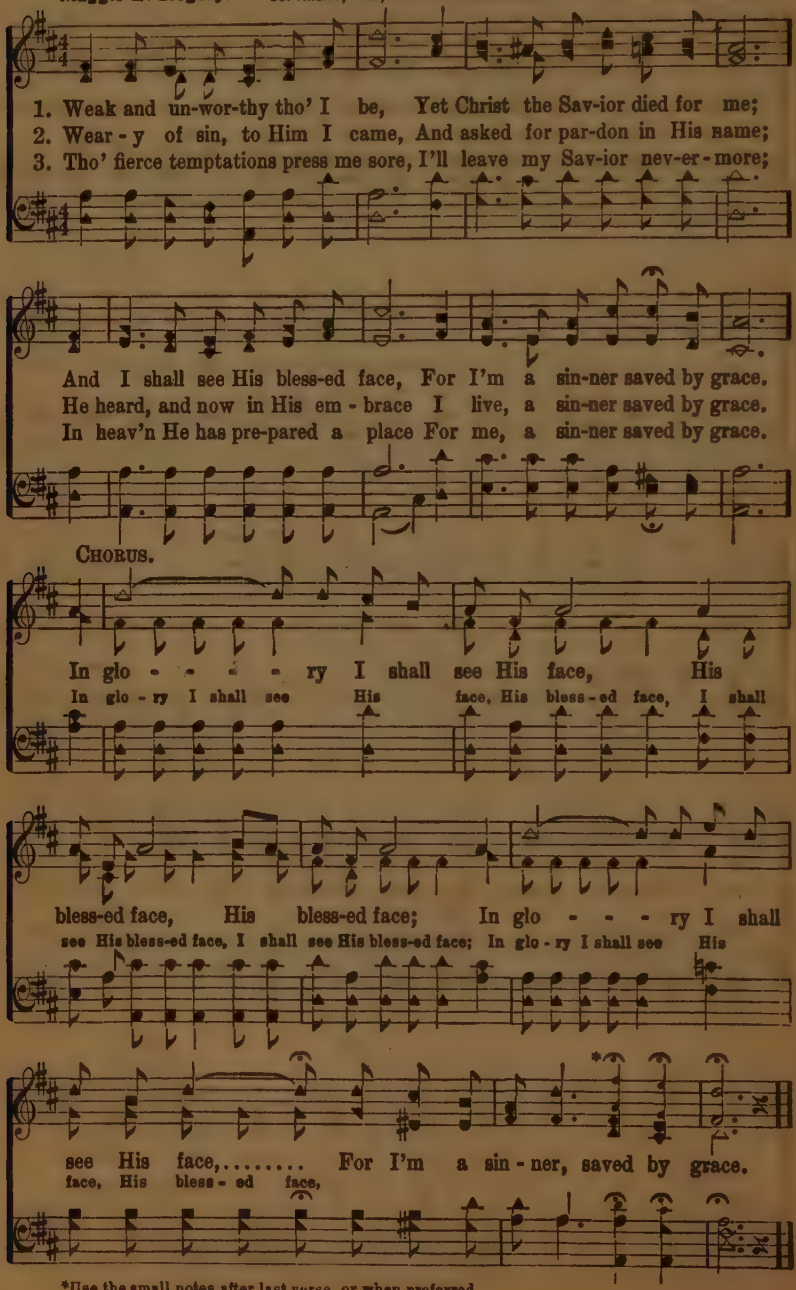
USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;
Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless-ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, hasten, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har-bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.
Chorus.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace,.. be still!....
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.


Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-
cres.
ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The
ff
m
Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet - ly o-
m
p
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace be still! They all shall
p
pp
sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

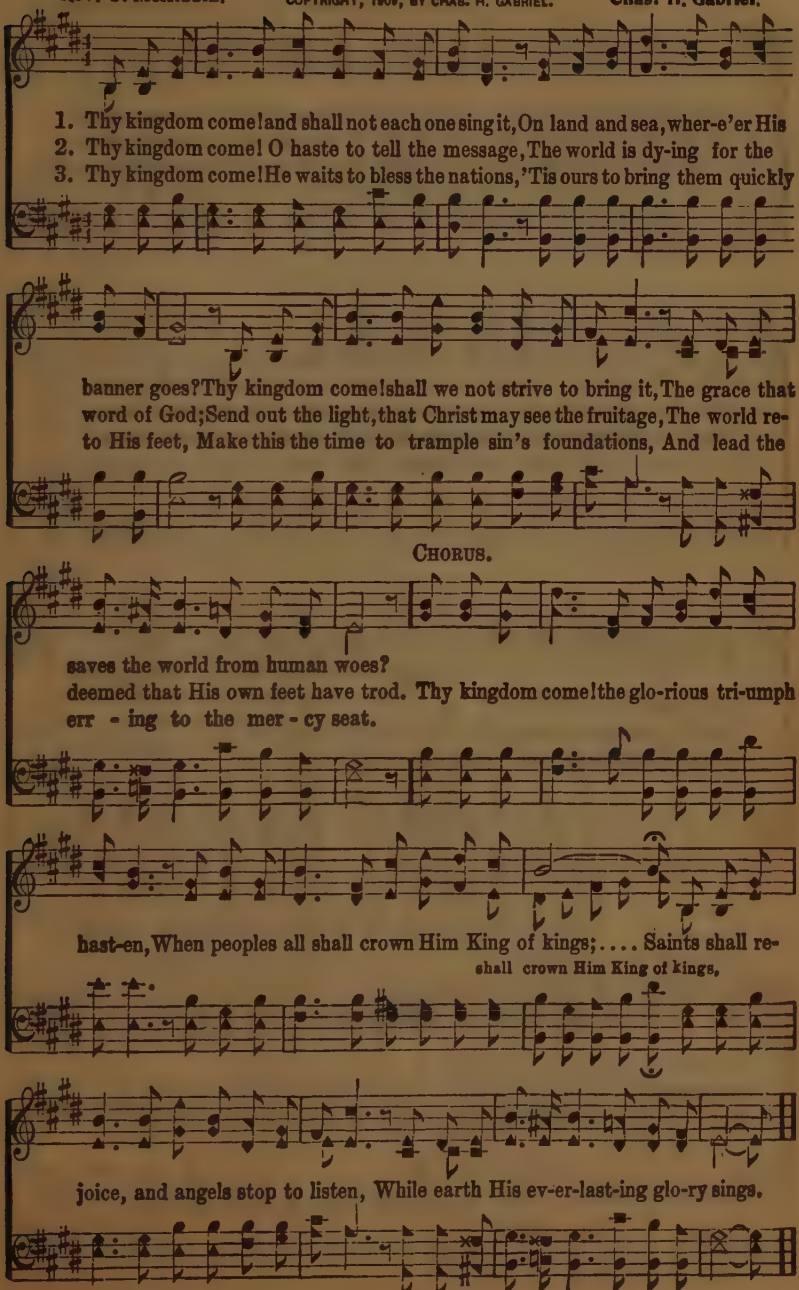
No. 173. A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

Maggie E. Gregory. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Weak and un-wor-thy tho' I be, Yet Christ the Sav-ior died for me;
2. Wear-y of sin, to Him I came, And asked for par-don in His name;
3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Sav-ior nev-er-more;
And I shall see His bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner saved by grace.
He heard, and now in His em-brace I live, a sin-ner saved by grace.
In heav'n He has pre-pared a place For me, a sin-ner saved by grace.
CHORUS.
In glo - - - - ry I shall see His face, His
In glo-ry I shall see His face, His bless-ed face, I shall
bless-ed face, His bless-ed face; In glo - - - ry I shall
see His bless-ed face, I shall see His bless-ed face; In glo-ry I shall see His
see His face,..... For I'm a sin-ner, saved by grace.
face, His bless-ed face,

*Use the small notes after last verse, or when preferred.

No. 174. Thy Kingdom Come!

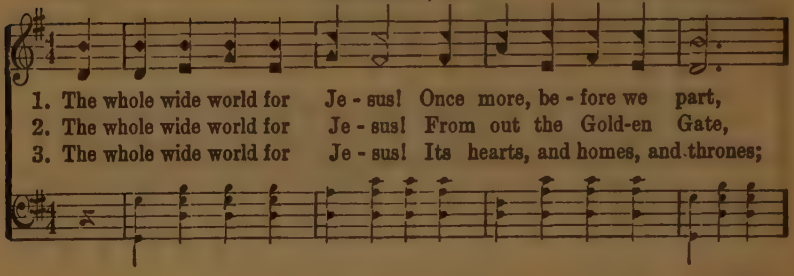
Rev. C. McKibbin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

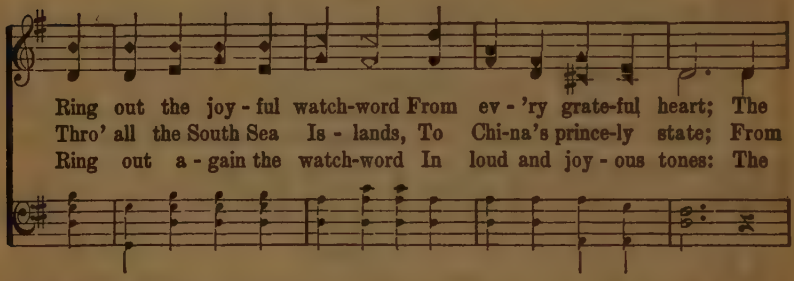

1. Thy kingdom come! and shall not each one sing it, On land and sea, wher-e'er His
2. Thy kingdom come! O haste to tell the message, The world is dy-ing for the
3. Thy kingdom come! He waits to bless the nations, 'Tis ours to bring them quickly
banner goes? Thy kingdom come! shall we not strive to bring it, The grace that
word of God; Send out the light, that Christ may see the fruitage, The world re-
to His feet, Make this the time to trample sin's foundations, And lead the
CHORUS.
saves the world from human woes?
deemed that His own feet have trod. Thy kingdom come! the glo-rious tri-umph
err - ing to the mer - cy seat.
hast-en, When peoples all shall crown Him King of kings; .... Saints shall re-
shall crown Him King of kings,
joice, and angels stop to listen, While earth His ev-er-last-ing glo-ry sings.

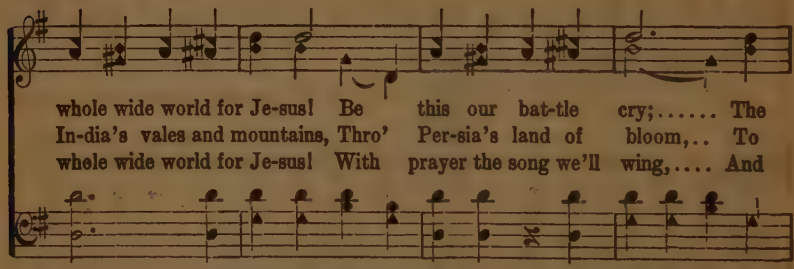
No. 175. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

Will L. Thompson.

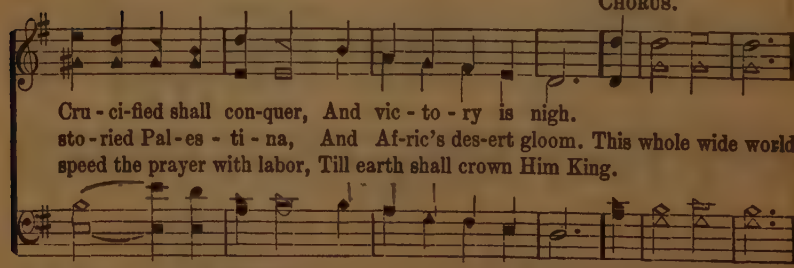

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more, be - fore we part,
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus! From out the Gold-en Gate,
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! Its hearts, and homes, and thrones;


Ring out the joy - ful watch-word From ev - 'ry grate-ful heart; The
Thro' all the South Sea Is - lands, To Chi-na's prince-ly state; From
Ring out a - gain the watch-word In loud and joy - ous tones: The


whole wide world for Je-sus! Be this our bat-tle cry;..... The
In-dia's vales and mountains, Thro' Per-sia's land of bloom,.. To
whole wide world for Je-sus! With prayer the song we'll wing,.... And

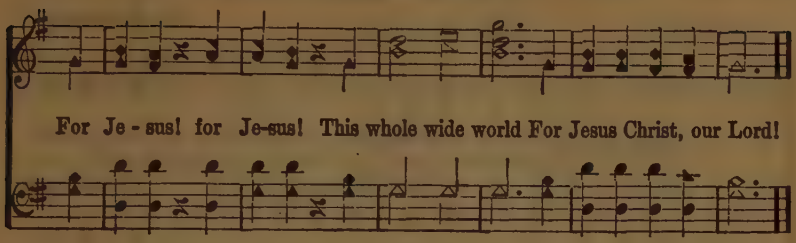
The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our bat - tle
From In - dia's vales and mount-ains, Thro' Per - sia's land of
The whole wide world for Je - sus! With prayer the song we'll

CHORUS.


Cru - ci-fied shall con-quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.
sto - ried Pal - es - ti - na, And Af-ric's des-ert gloom. This whole wide world
speed the prayer with labor, Till earth shall crown Him King.

cry:..... shall con-quer,
bloom, Pal - es - ti - na,
wing..... with la - bor,

The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

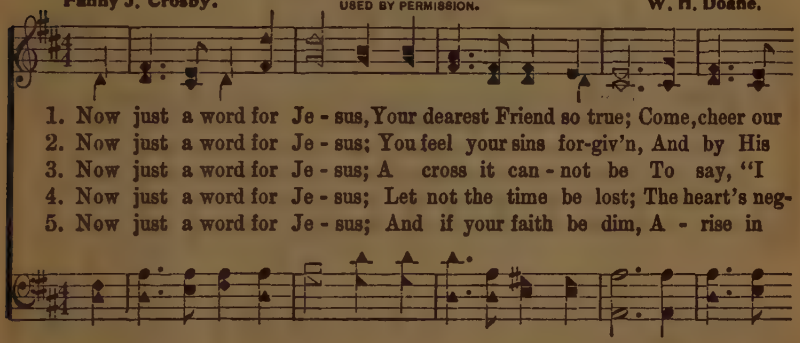


No. 176. Just a Word for Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

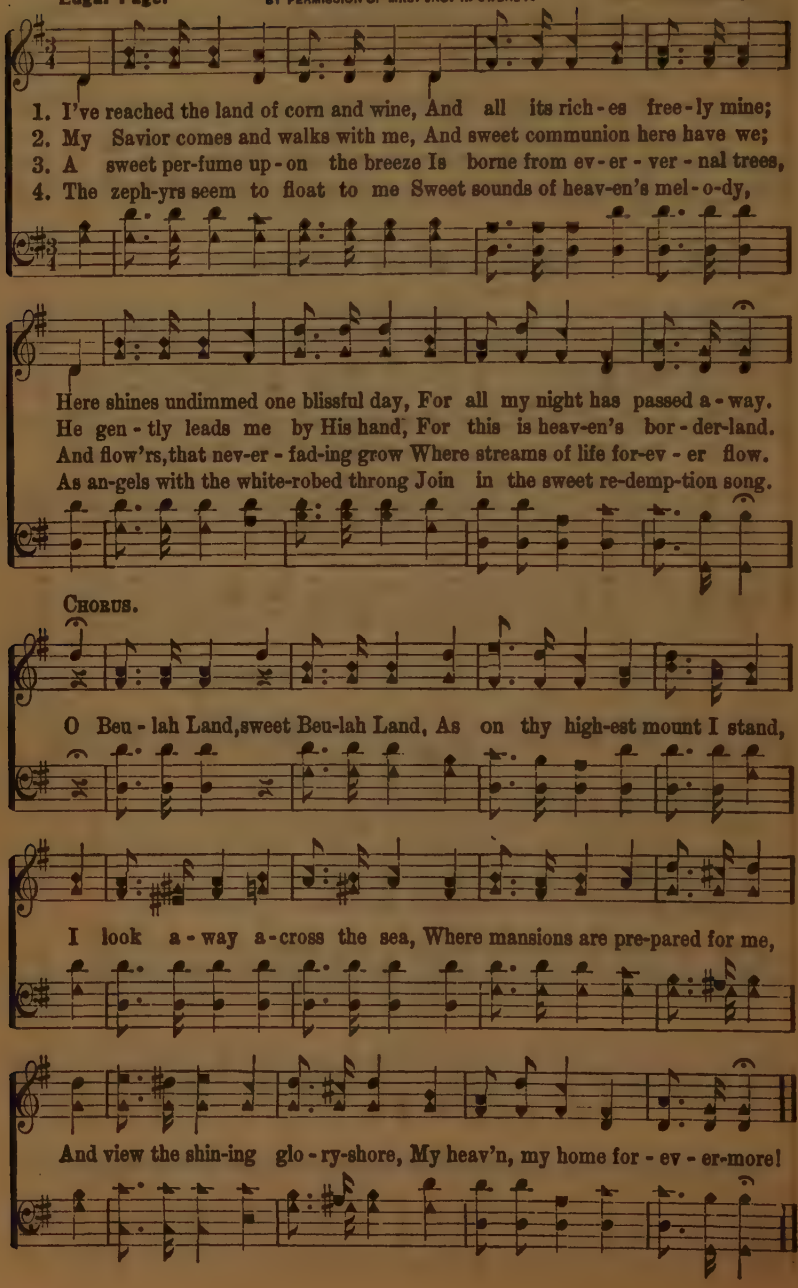
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

W. H. Doane.


1. Now just a word for Je - sus, Your dearest Friend so true; Come, cheer our
2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for-giv'n, And by His
3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be To say, "I
4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost; The heart's neg-
5. Now just a word for Je - sus; And if your faith be dim, A - rise in
Refrain.
hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
grace are striv-ing To reach a home in heav'n.
love my Sav - ior Who gave His life for me." Now just a word for Je-sus—
lect - ed du - ty Brings sor-row to its cost.
all your weakness And leave the rest to Him.
'Twill help us on our way; One lit-tle word for Jesus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

No. 177. Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich-es free-ly mine;
2. My Savior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up-on the breeze Is borne from ev-er-ver-nal trees,
4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel-o-dy,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gen-tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor-der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er-fad-ing grow Where streams of life for-ev-er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.
Chorus.
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,
I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin-ing glo-ry-shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more!

No. 178. Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
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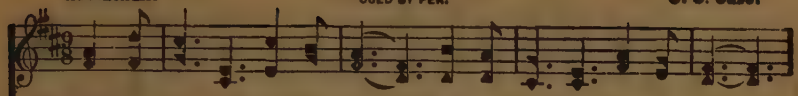
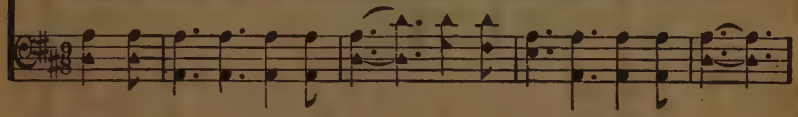
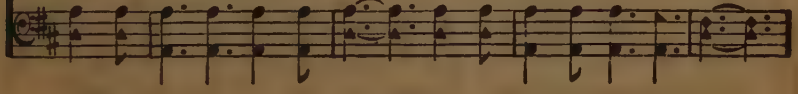
C. C. Case.



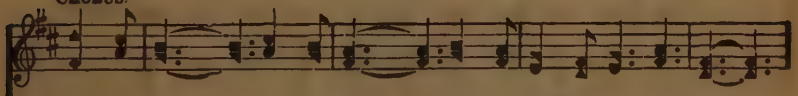
1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



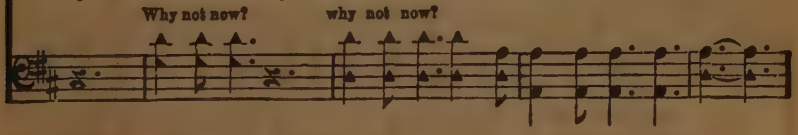
While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my brother, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



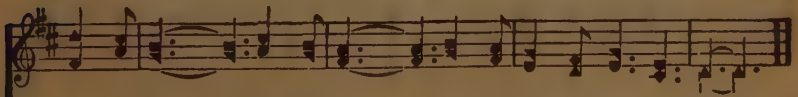
CHORUS.



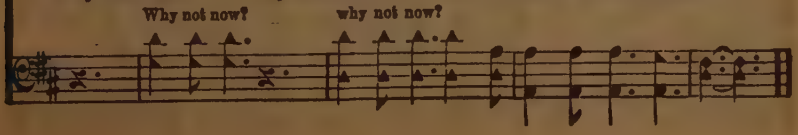
Why not now? . . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?



Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? . . why not now? . . Why not come to Je - sus now?

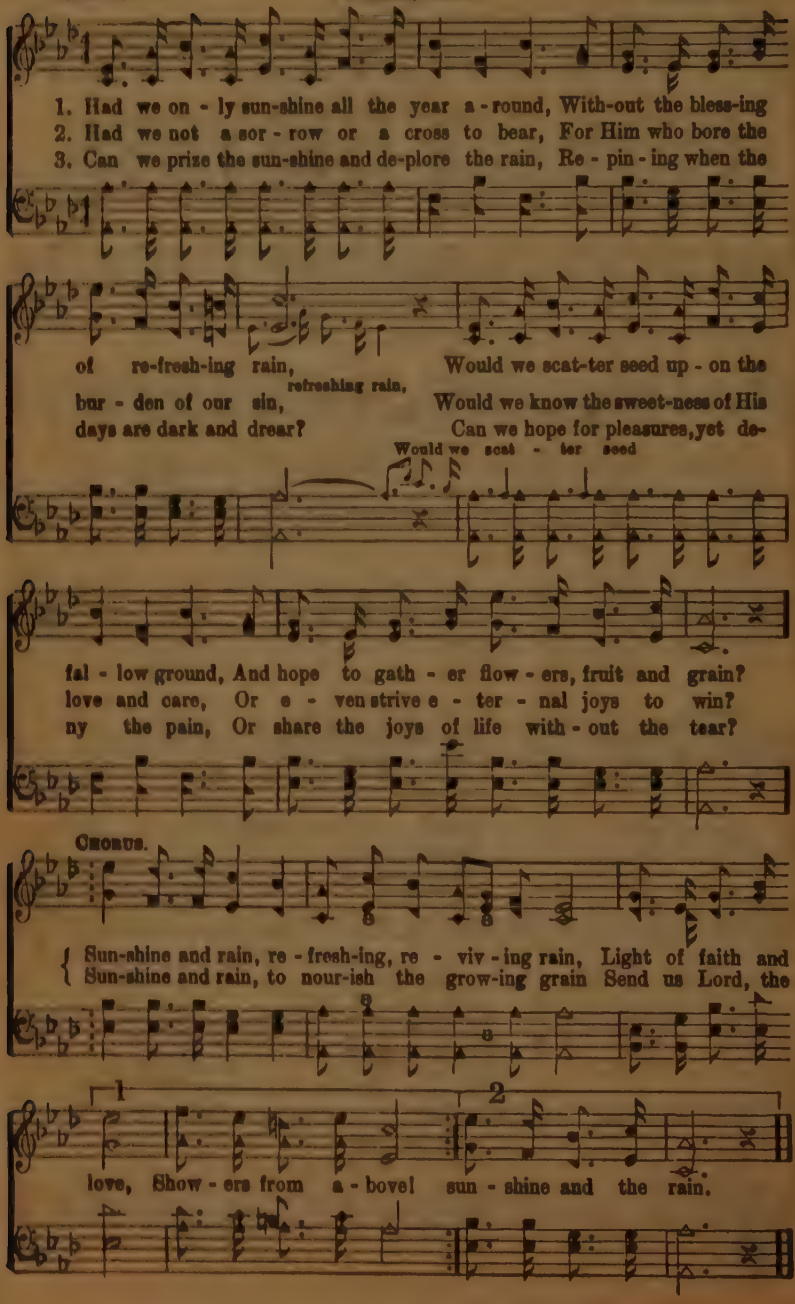


Why not now? why not now?

No. 179. Sunshine and Rain.

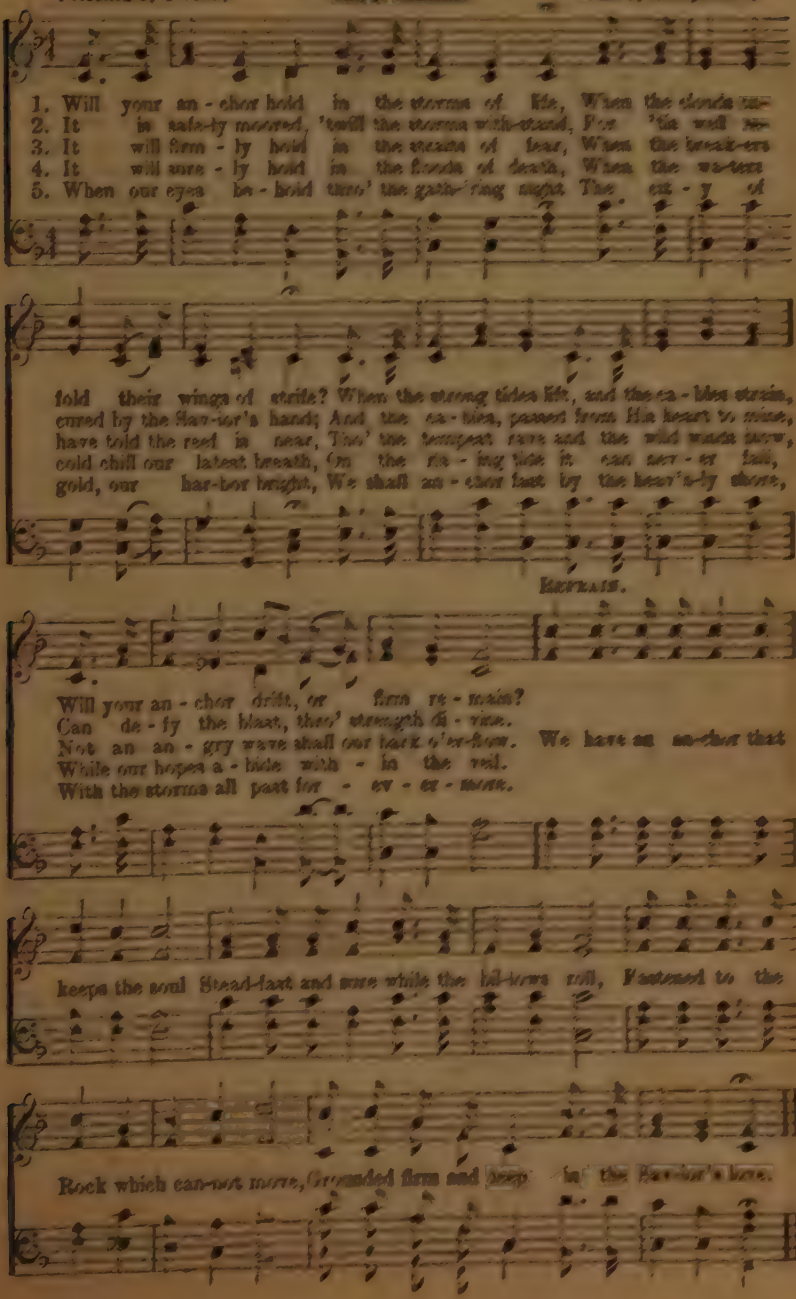
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the
of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up - on the
refreshing rain,
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweet-ness of His
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-
Would we scat - ter seed
fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?
Chorus.
Sun-shine and rain, re - fresh-ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
Sun-shine and rain, to nour-ish the grow-ing grain Send us Lord, the
1
2
love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

No. 180. We Have an Anchor.

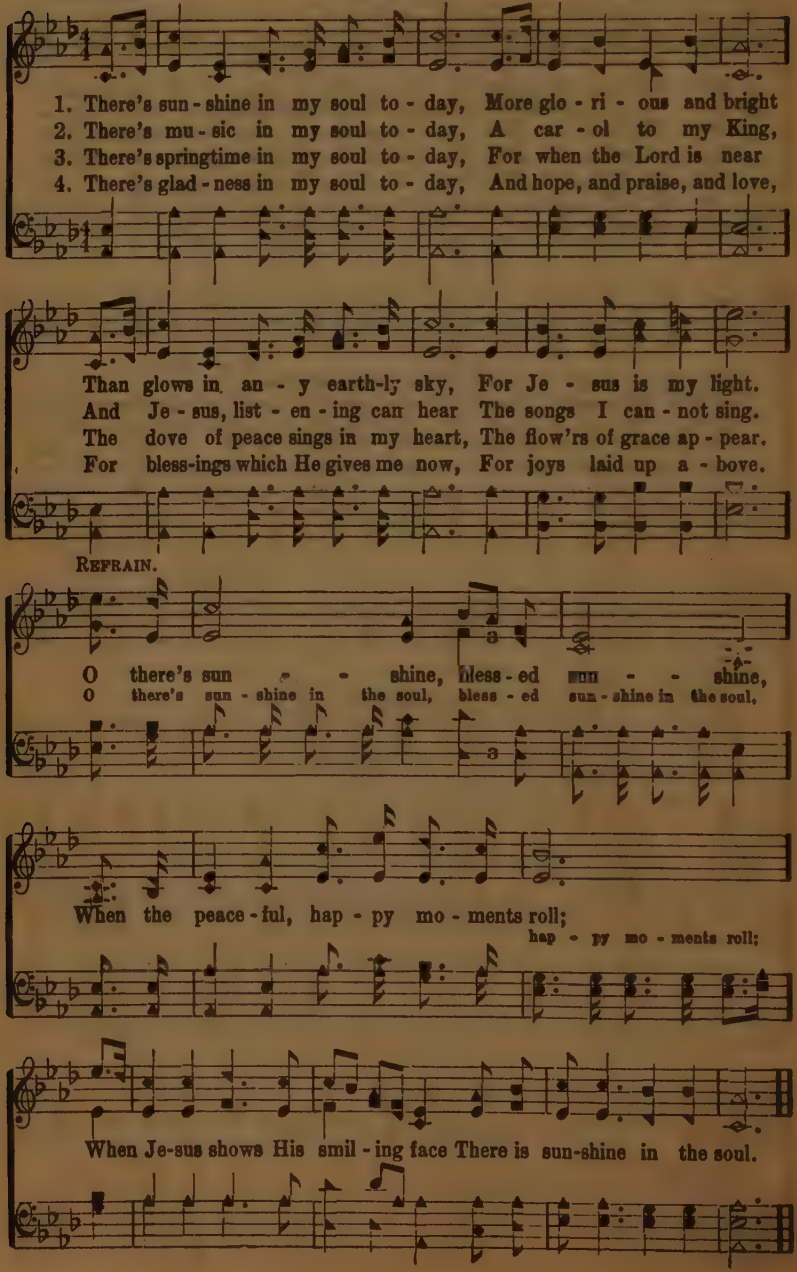
Priscilla J. Owens. COPYRIGHT, Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un-
2. It is safe-ly moored, 'twill the storms with-stand, For 'tis well se-
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa-ters
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath-'ring night The ex - y of
fold their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
cured by the Sav-ior's hand; And the ca-bles, passed from His heart to mine,
have told the rest is near, Thro' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow,
cold chill our latest breath, On the ra - ging tide it can ne-ver fail,
gold, our har-bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore,
REFRAIN.
Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er-flow. We have an an-chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.
keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil-lows roll, Fastened to the
Rock which can-not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sav-ior's love.

No. 181. Sunshine in the Soul.

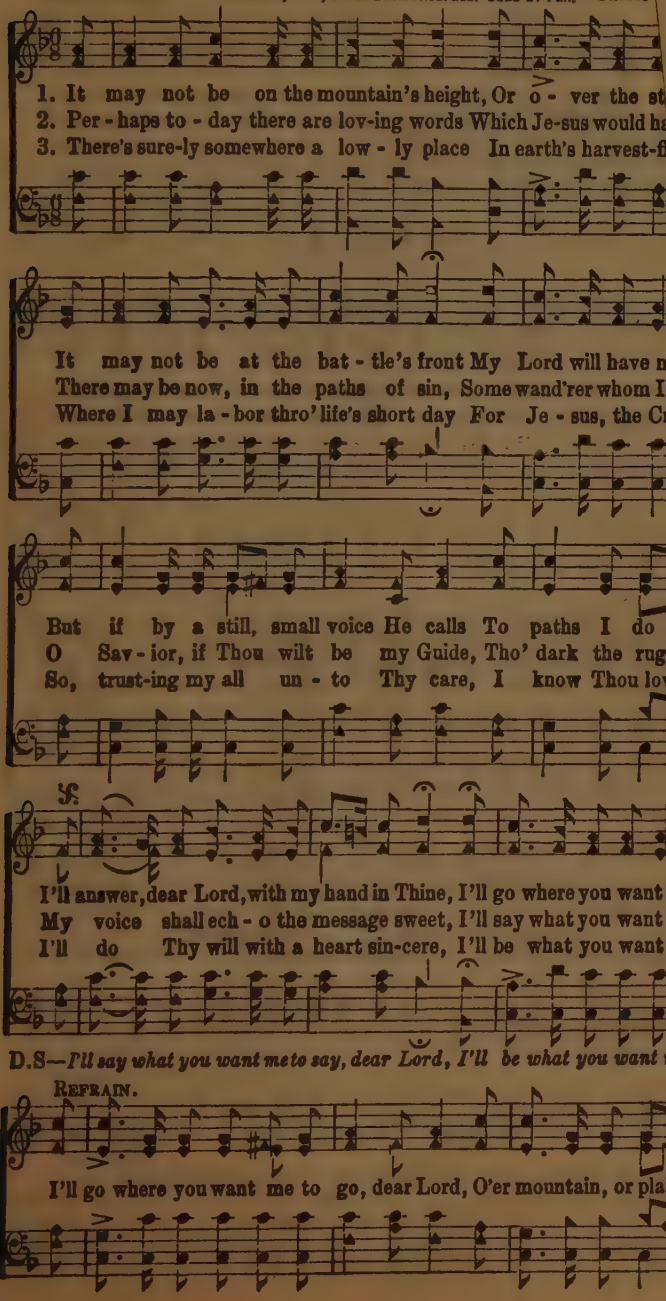
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth-ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus, list - en - ing can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.
REFRAIN.
O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;
When Je-sus shows His smil - ing face There is sun-shine in the soul.

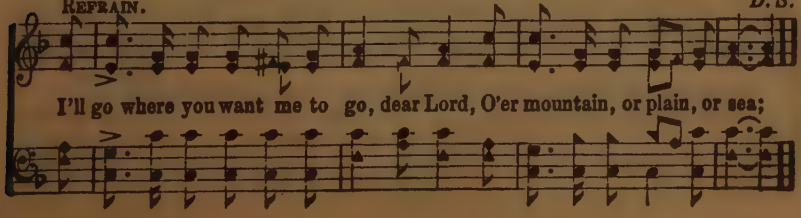
No. 182. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. Carrie


1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the st
2. Per - haps to - day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci-fied.
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
So, trust-ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!
FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

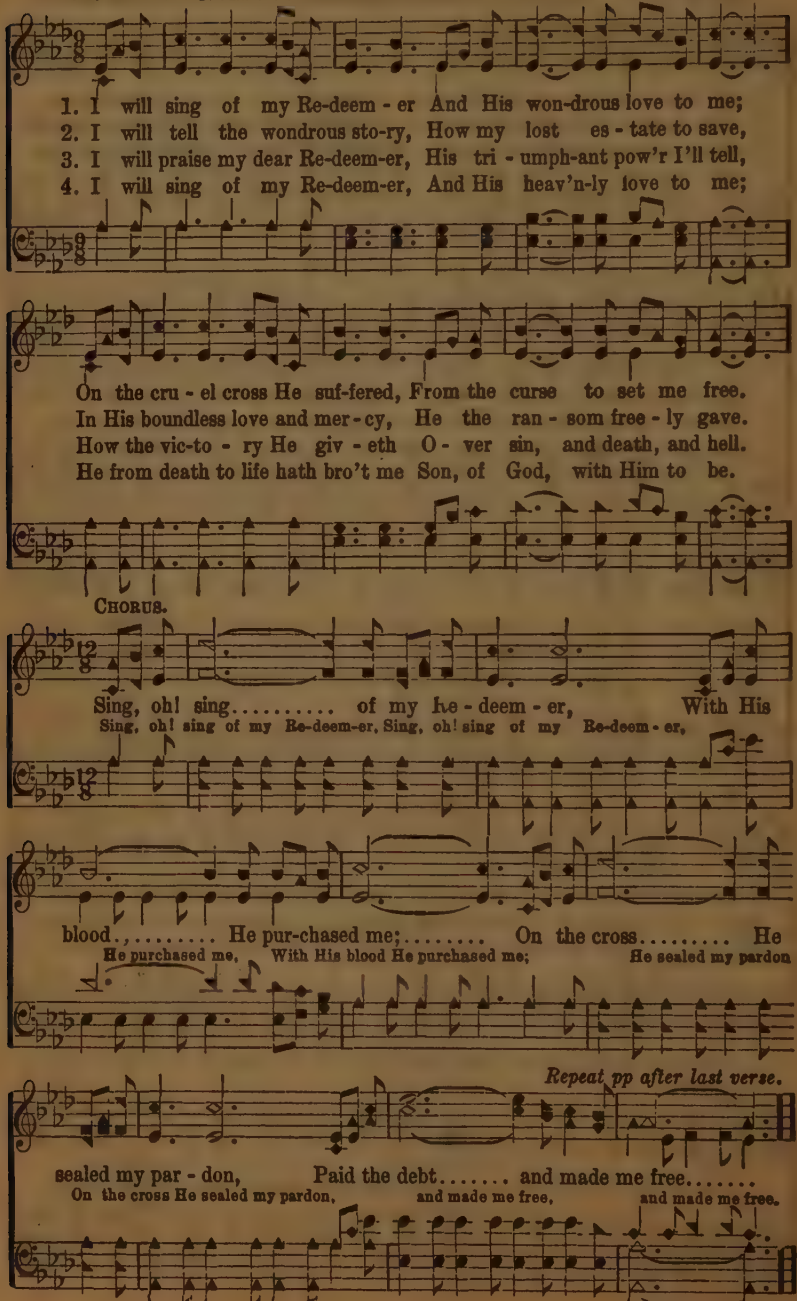
D.S—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*



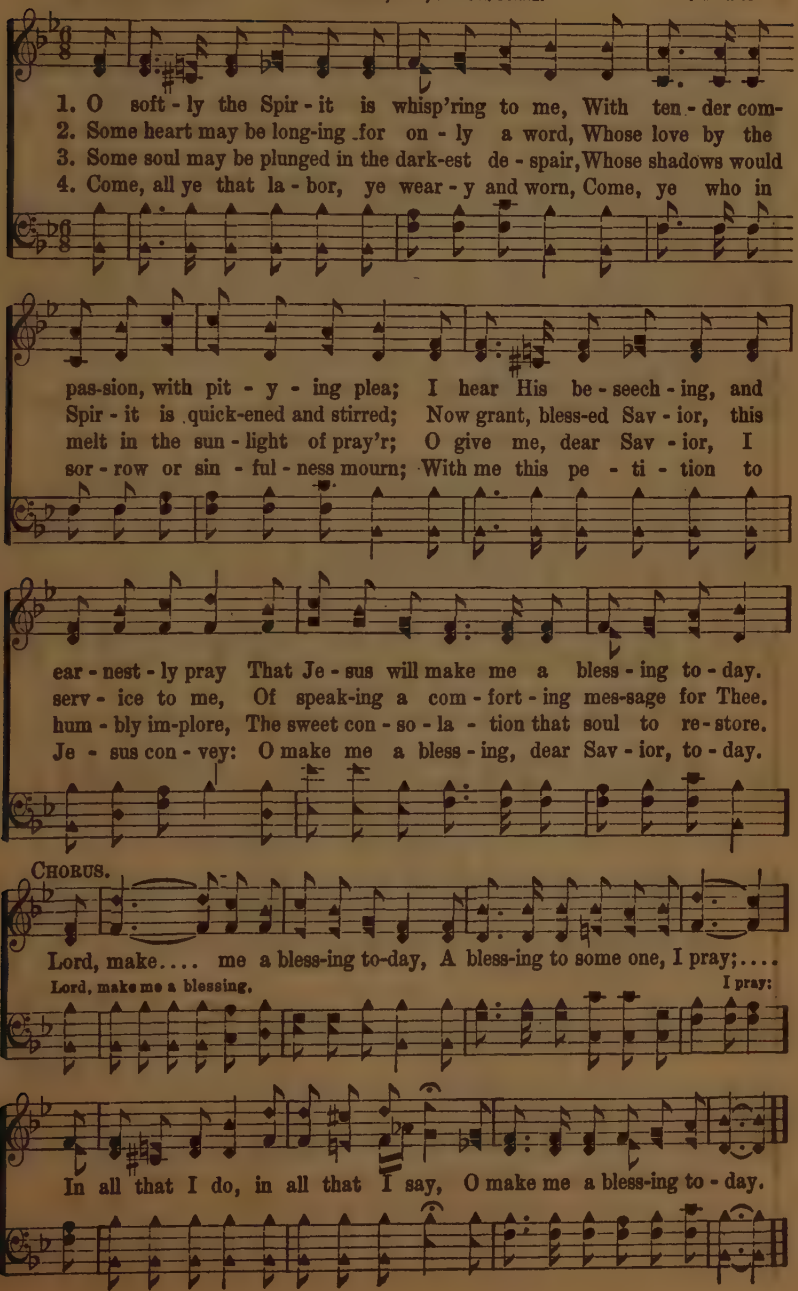
No 183. **My Redeemer.**

P. P. Bliss. BY PER. THE JOHN CHURCH CO OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT Jas McGranahan.


1. I will sing of my Re-deem - er And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es - tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri - umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;
On the cru - el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
How the vic-to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath bro't me Son, of God, with Him to be.
CHORUS.
Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re - deem - er, With His
Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem - er,
blood,..... He pur-chased me;..... On the cross..... He
He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; He sealed my pardon
Repeat pp after last verse.
sealed my par - don, Paid the debt..... and made me free.....
On the cross He sealed my pardon, and made me free, and made me free.

No. 184. Make Me a Blessing To-day.

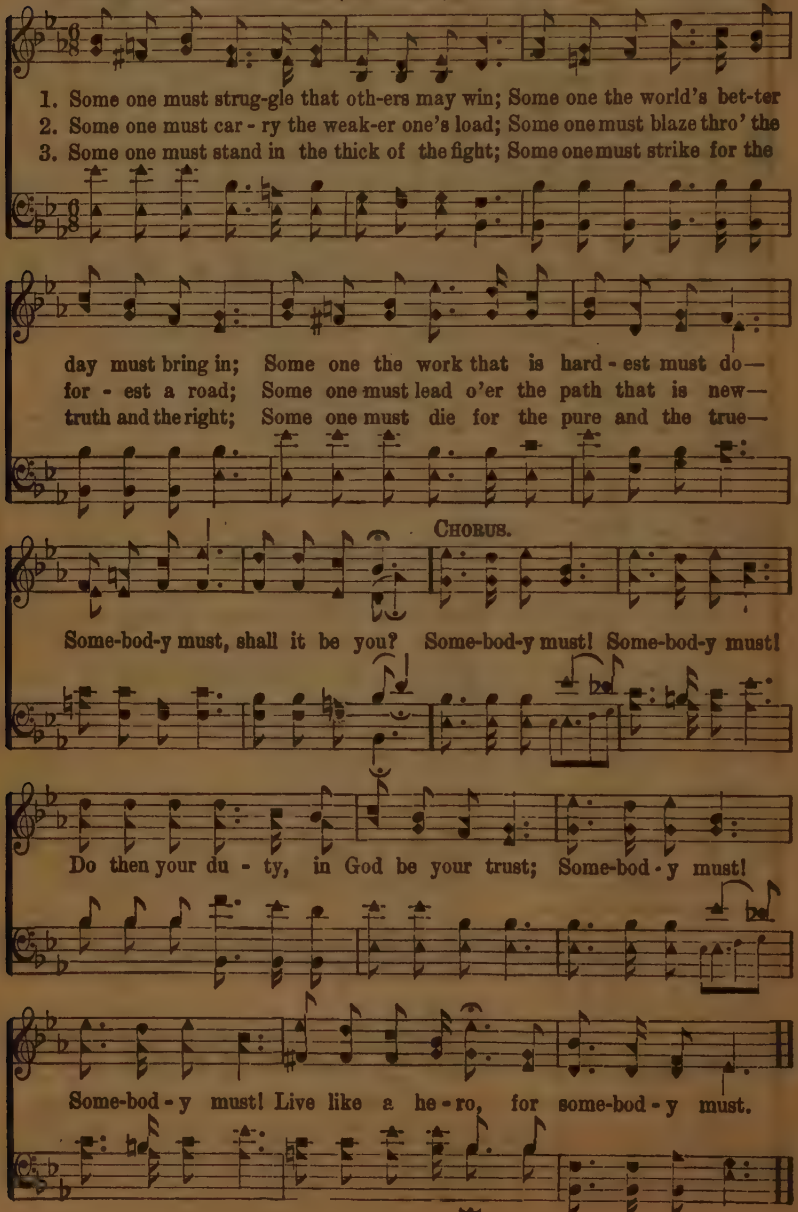
Ida Scott Taylor. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. O soft - ly the Spir - it is whisp'ring to me, With ten - der com-
pas-sion, with pit - y - ing plea; I hear His be - seech - ing, and
ear - nest - ly pray That Je - sus will make me a bless - ing to - day.
2. Some heart may be long-ing for on - ly a word, Whose love by the
Spir - it is quick-ened and stirred; Now grant, bless-ed Sav - ior, this
serv - ice to me, Of speak-ing a com - fort - ing mes-sage for Thee.
3. Some soul may be plunged in the dark-est de - spair, Whose shadows would
melt in the sun - light of pray'r; O give me, dear Sav - ior, I
hum - bly im-plore, The sweet con - so - la - tion that soul to re - store.
4. Come, all ye that la - bor, ye wear - y and worn, Come, ye who in
sor - row or sin - ful - ness mourn; With me this pe - ti - tion to
Je - sus con - vey: O make me a bless - ing, dear Sav - ior, to - day.
CHORUS.
Lord, make.... me a bless-ing to-day, A bless-ing to some one, I pray;....
Lord, make me a blessing, I pray:
In all that I do, in all that I say, O make me a bless-ing to - day.

Temperance Songs.

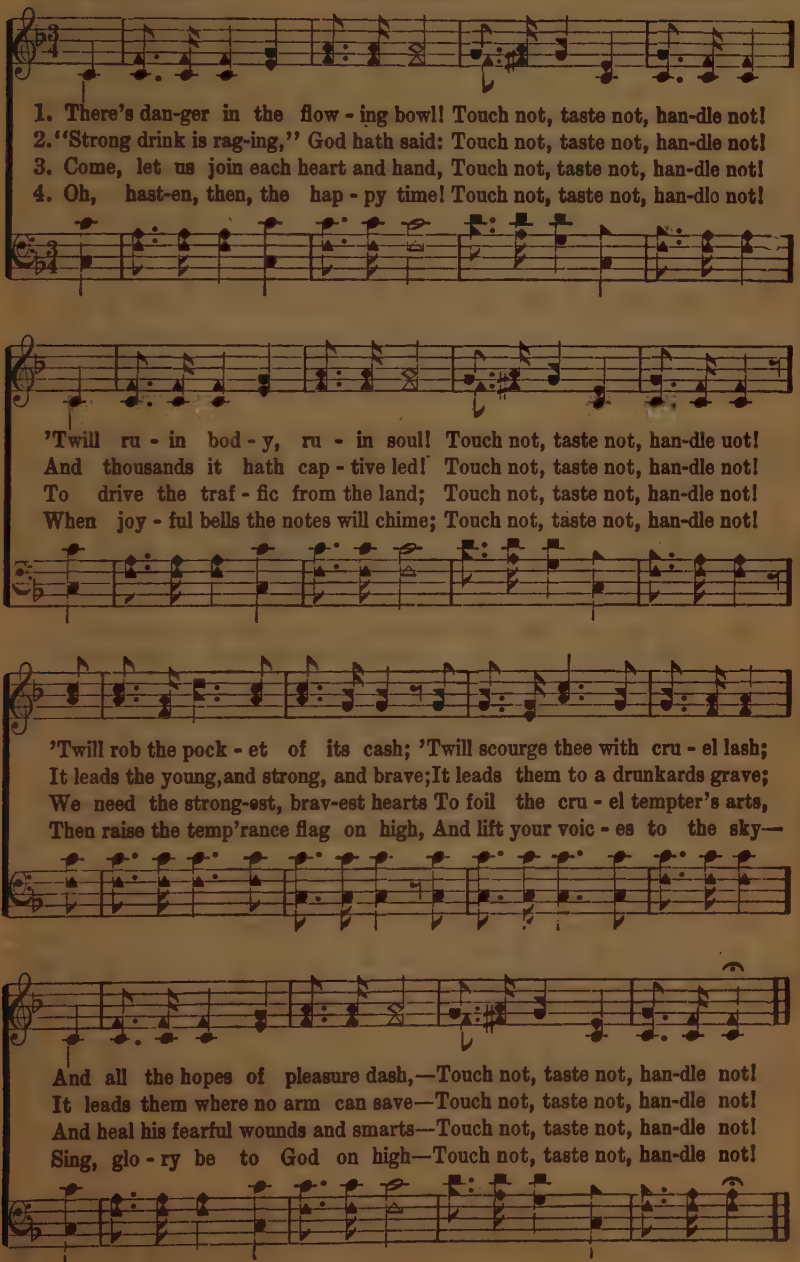
No. 185. Somebody Must.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1902 AND 1910, BY HENRY DATE. J. S. Ferris.


1. Some one must strug-gle that oth-ers may win; Some one the world's bet-ter
2. Some one must car - ry the weak-er one's load; Some one must blaze thro' the
3. Some one must stand in the thick of the fight; Some one must strike for the
day must bring in; Some one the work that is hard - est must do—
for - est a road; Some one must lead o'er the path that is new—
truth and the right; Some one must die for the pure and the true—
CHORUS.
Some-bod-y must, shall it be you? Some-bod-y must! Some-bod-y must!
Do then your du - ty, in God be your trust; Some-bod - y must!
Some-bod - y must! Live like a he - ro, for some-bod - y must.

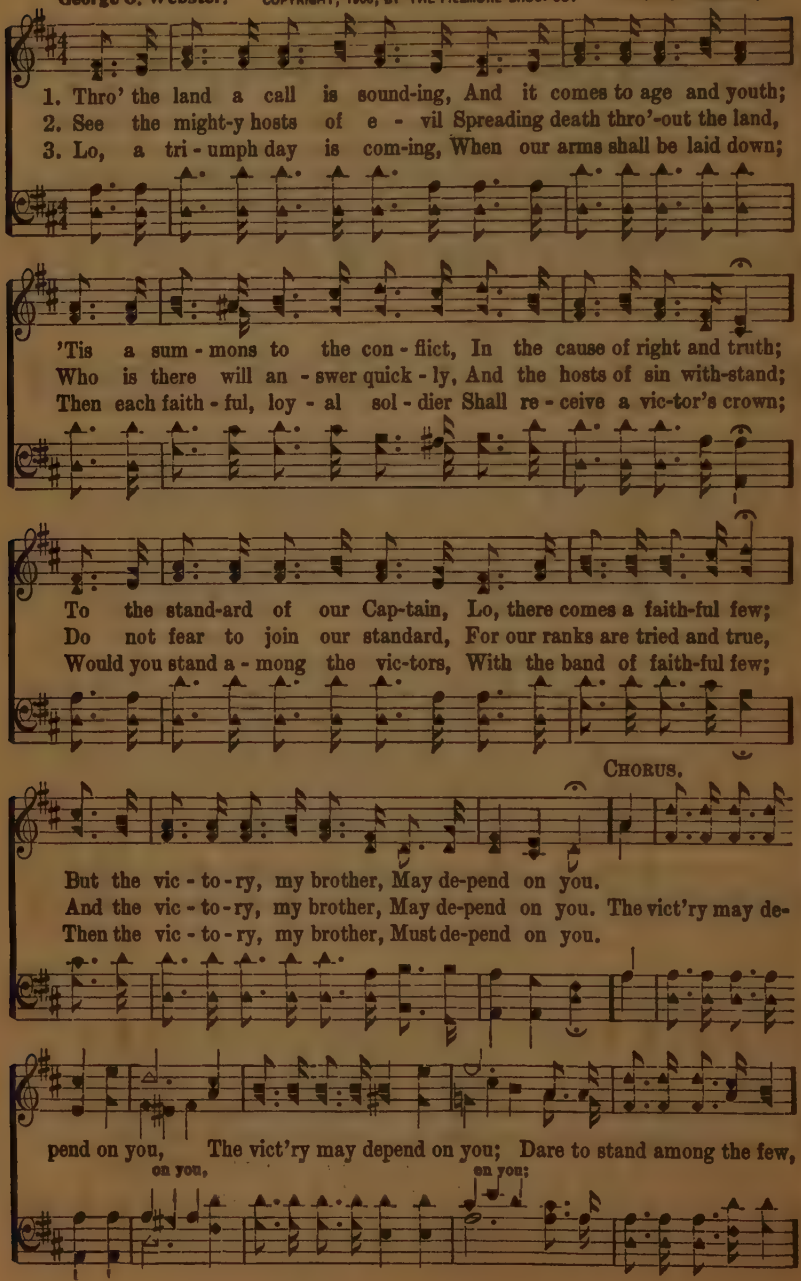
No. 186. Touch Not, Taste Not.

Dwight Williams. USED BY PERMISSION. "Maryland."

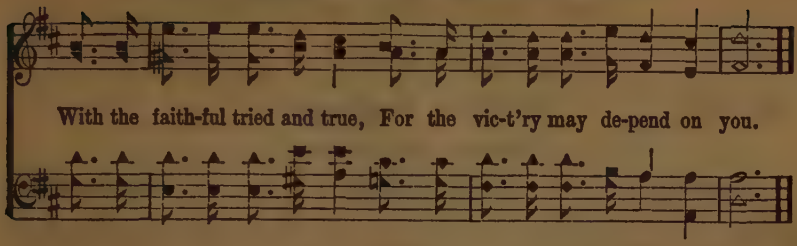

1. There's dan-ger in the flow - ing bowl! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
2. "Strong drink is rag-ing," God hath said: Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
4. Oh, hast-en, then, the hap - py time! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
'Twill ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
And thousands it hath cap - tive led! Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
When joy - ful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
'Twill rob the pock - et of its cash; 'Twill scourge thee with cru - el lash;
It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkards grave;
We need the strong-est, brav-est hearts To foil the cru - el tempter's arts,
Then raise the temp'rance flag on high, And lift your voic - es to the sky—
And all the hopes of pleasure dash,—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
It leads them where no arm can save—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
And heal his fearful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
Sing, glo - ry be to God on high—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!

No. 187. The Victory May Depend on You.

George O. Webster. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY THE FILLMORE BROS. CO. J. H. Fillmore.

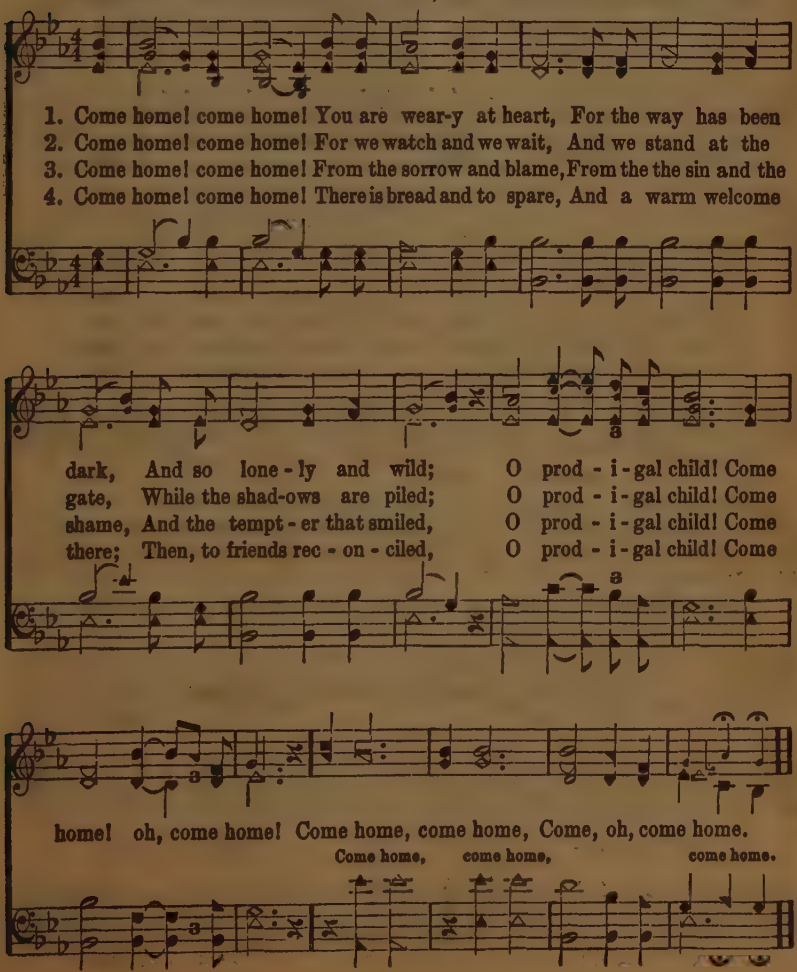

1. Thro' the land a call is sound-ing, And it comes to age and youth;
2. See the might-y hosts of e - vil Spreading death thro'-out the land,
3. Lo, a tri - umph day is com-ing, When our arms shall be laid down;
'Tis a sum - mons to the con - flict, In the cause of right and truth;
Who is there will an - swer quick - ly, And the hosts of sin with-stand;
Then each faith - ful, loy - al sol - dier Shall re - ceive a vic-tor's crown;
To the stand-ard of our Cap-tain, Lo, there comes a faith-ful few;
Do not fear to join our standard, For our ranks are tried and true,
Would you stand a - mong the vic-tors, With the band of faith-ful few;
CHORUS.
But the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de-pend on you.
And the vic - to - ry, my brother, May de-pend on you. The vict'ry may de-
Then the vic - to - ry, my brother, Must de-pend on you.
pend on you, The vict'ry may depend on you; Dare to stand among the few,
on you,
on you;

The Victory May Depend on You.



No. 188. Prodigal Child.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. W. H. Doane.

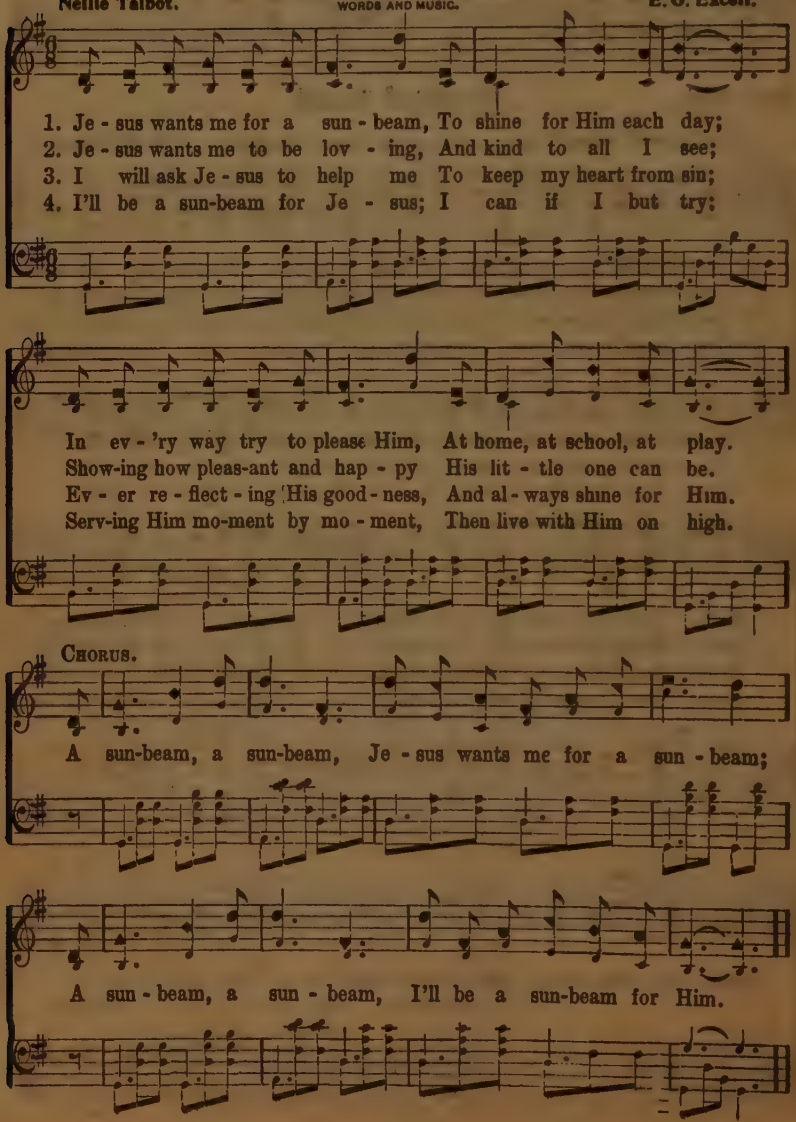

1. Come home! come home! You are wear-y at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
3. Come home! come home! From the sorrow and blame, From the the sin and the
4. Come home! come home! There is bread and to spare, And a warm welcome
dark, And so lone-ly and wild; O prod-i-gal child! Come
gate, While the shad-ows are piled; O prod-i-gal child! Come
shame, And the tempt-er that smiled, O prod-i-gal child! Come
there; Then, to friends rec-on-ciled, O prod-i-gal child! Come
home! oh, come home! Come home, come home, Come, oh, come home.
Come home, come home, come home.

No. 189. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

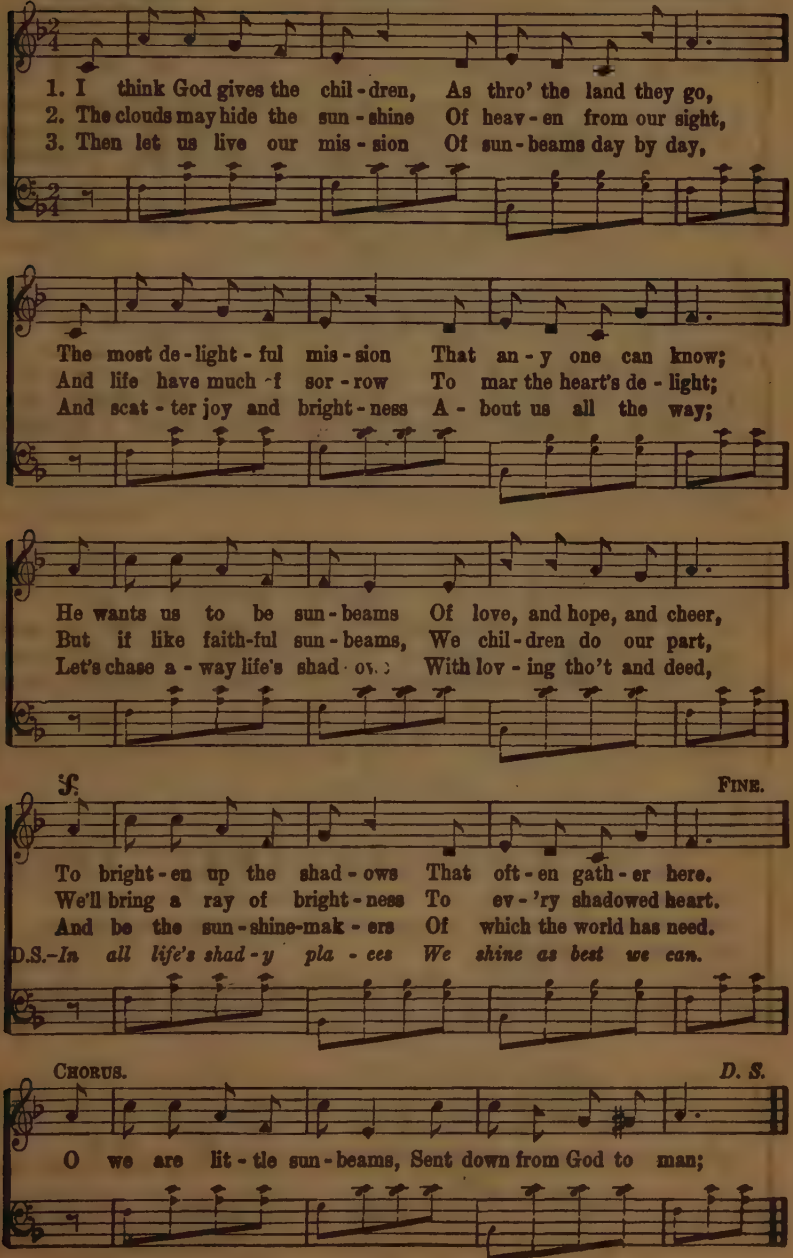
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Nellie Talbot. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.
Chorus.
A sun-beam, a sun-beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

No. 190. Little Sunbeams.

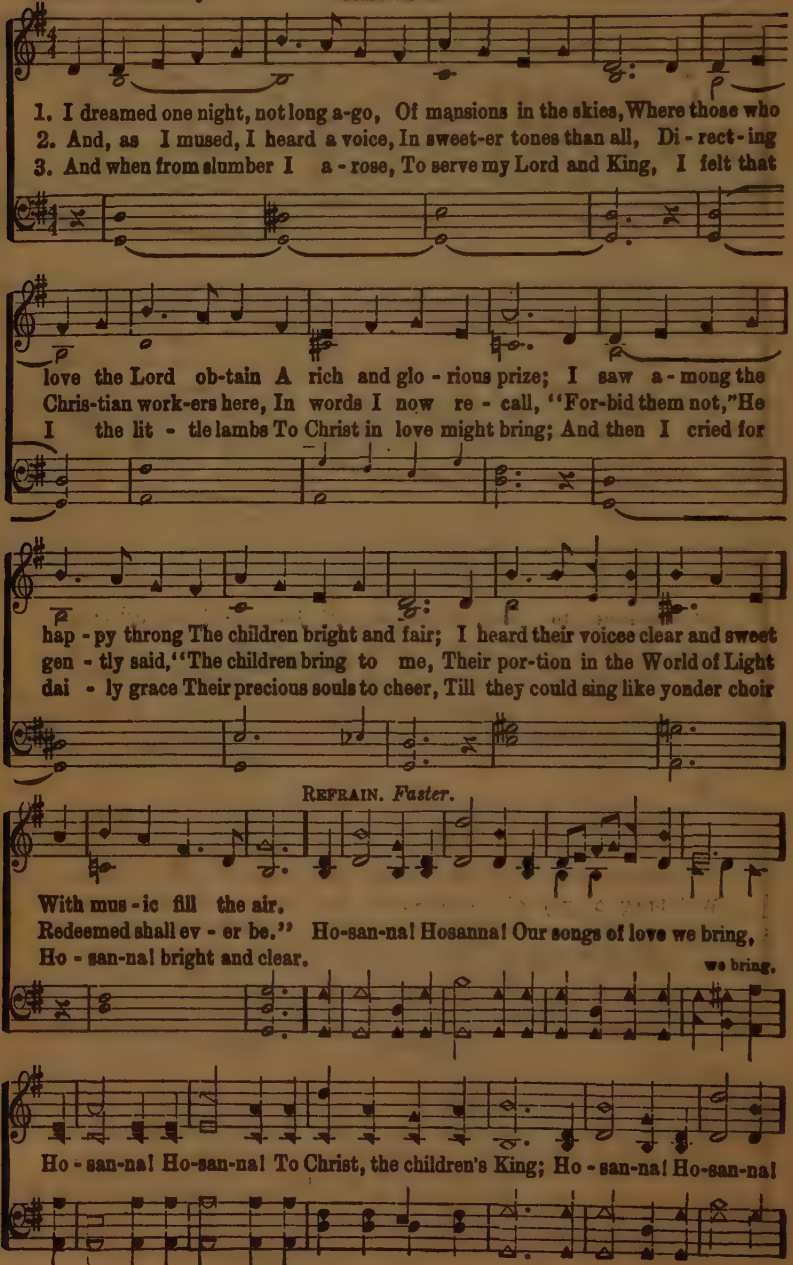
Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go,
2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of heav-en from our sight,
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sun-beams day by day,
The most de-light-ful mis-sion That an-y one can know;
And life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's de-light;
And scat-ter joy and bright-ness A-bout us all the way;
He wants us to be sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer,
But if like faith-ful sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part,
Let's chase a-way life's shad-ows With lov-ing tho't and deed,
FINE.
To bright-en up the shad-ows That oft-en gath-er here.
We'll bring a ray of bright-ness To ev-'ry shadowed heart.
And be the sun-shine-mak-ers Of which the world has need.
D.S.-In all life's shad-y pla-ces We shine as best we can.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O we are lit-tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to man;

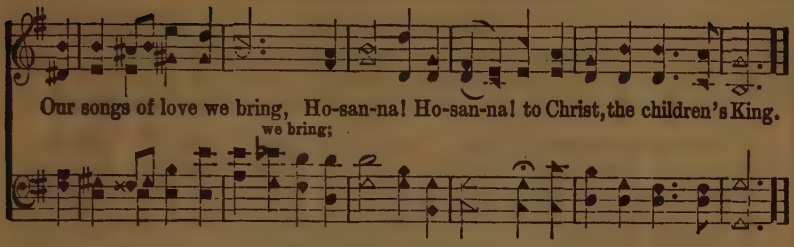
No. 191. The Children's Hosanna.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Neal A. McAuley. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.


1. I dreamed one night, not long a-go, Of mansions in the skies, Where those who
love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo - rious prize; I saw a - mong the
hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voices clear and sweet
With mus - ic fill the air,
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Ho-san-na! Hosanna! Our songs of love we bring,
Ho - san-na! bright and clear.
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all, Di - rect - ing
Chris-tian work-ers here, In words I now re - call, "For-bid them not," He
gen - tly said, "The children bring to me, Their por-tion in the World of Light
REFRAIN. Faster.
we bring.
Ho - san-na! Ho-san-na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho - san-na! Ho-san-na!
3. And when from slumber I a - rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that
I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing like yonder choir

The Children's Hosanna.



No. 192. Bring Them In.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.
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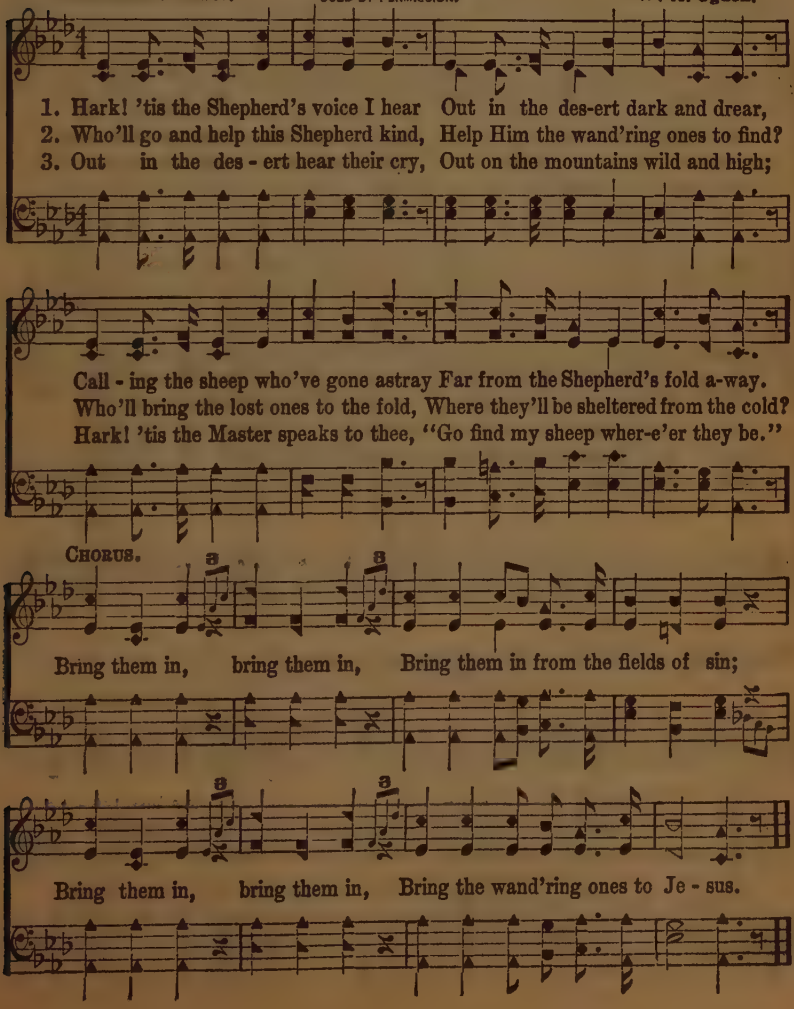
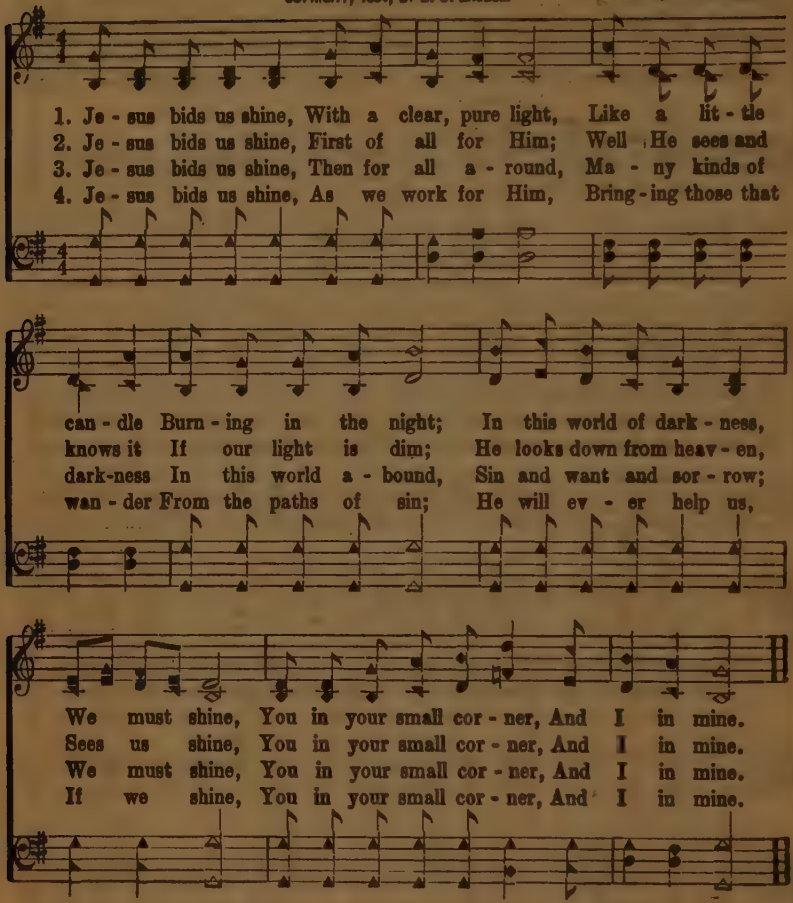
Alexcenah Thomas. W. A. Ogden.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;
Call - ing the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep wher-e'er they be."
CHORUS.
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.

No. 193. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

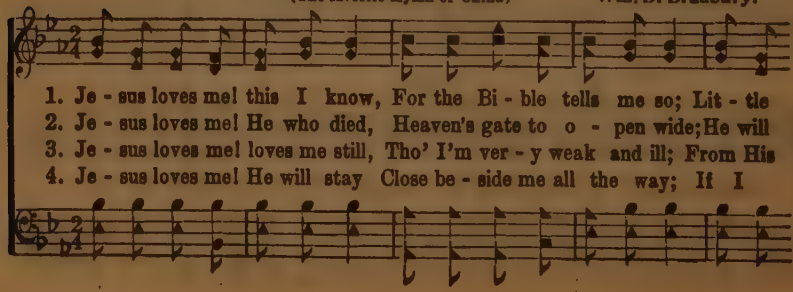
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
dark-ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

No. 194. Jesus Loves Me.

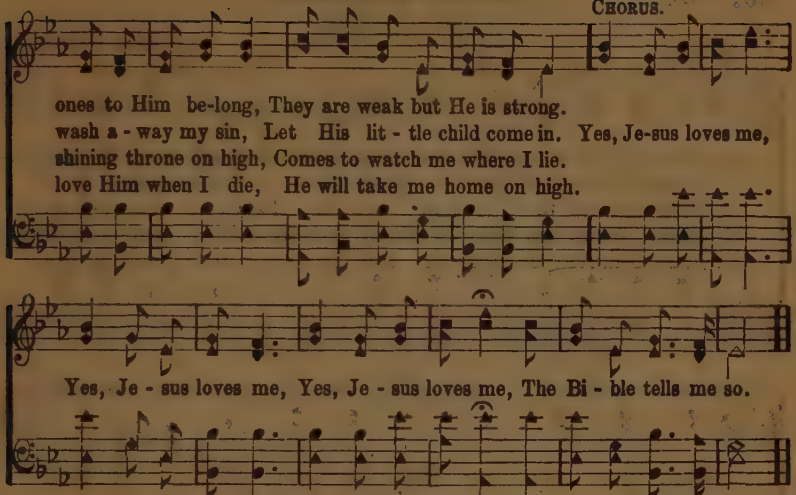
(The favorite Hymn of China)

Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way; If I

Jesus Loves Me.

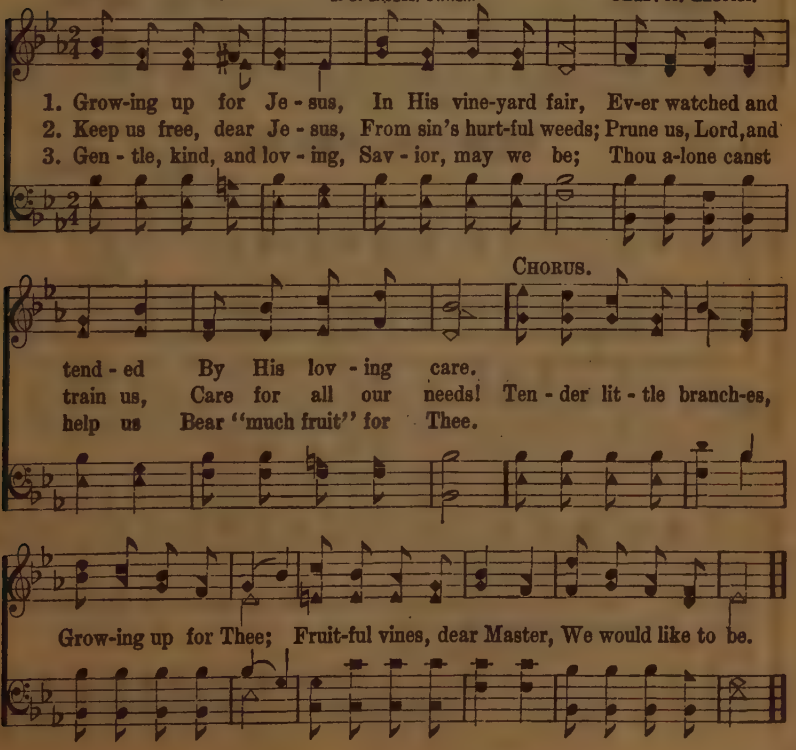
CHORUS.


ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.
Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

No. 195. Growing Up For Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. M. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

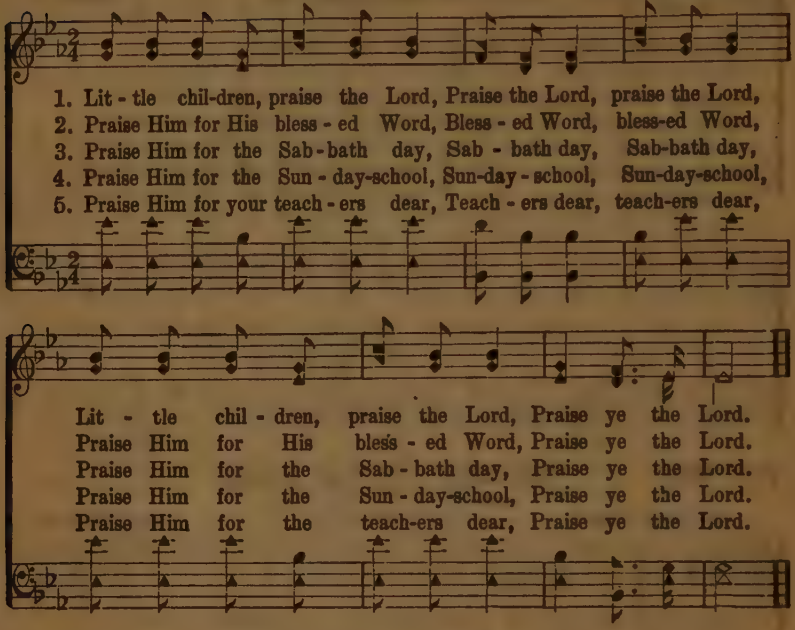
Mariam E Arnold. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Grow-ing up for Je - sus, In His vine-yard fair, Ev-er watched and
2. Keep us free, dear Je - sus, From sin's hurt-ful weeds; Prune us, Lord, and
3. Gen - tle, kind, and lov - ing, Sav - ior, may we be; Thou a-lone canst
CHORUS.
tend - ed By His lov - ing care.
train us, Care for all our needs! Ten - der lit - tle branch-es,
help us Bear "much fruit" for Thee.
Grow-ing up for Thee; Fruit-ful vines, dear Master, We would like to be.

No. 196. Praise the Lord.

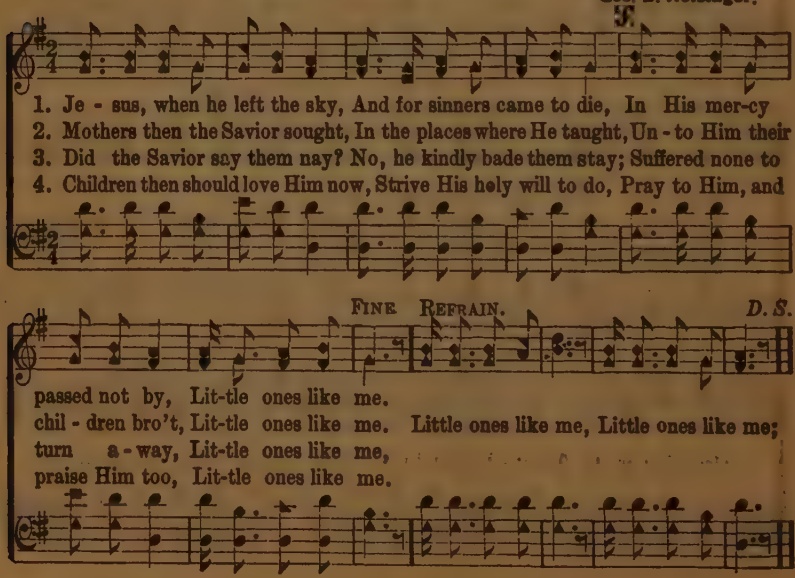
(For little children.)

C. E. P. USED BY PER. OF DAVID C. COOK PUB. CO. Chas. Edw. Pollock.


1. Lit - tle chil-dren, praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
2. Praise Him for His bless - ed Word, Bless - ed Word, bless-ed Word,
3. Praise Him for the Sab - bath day, Sab - bath day, Sab-bath day,
4. Praise Him for the Sun - day-school, Sun-day - school, Sun-day-school,
5. Praise Him for your teach - ers dear, Teach - ers dear, teach-ers dear,
Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise Him for His bless - ed Word, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise Him for the Sab - bath day, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise Him for the Sun - day-school, Praise ye the Lord.
Praise Him for the teach-ers dear, Praise ye the Lord.

No. 197. Little Ones Like Me.

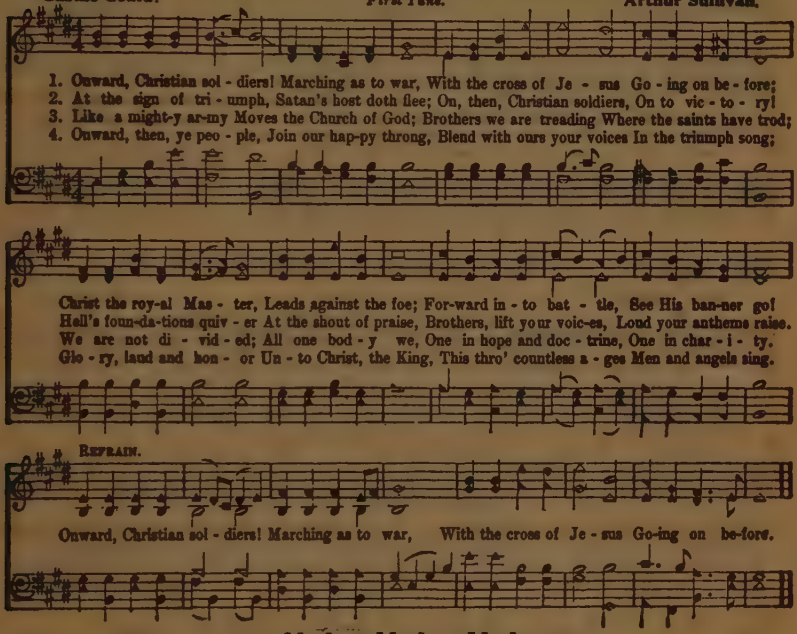
Geo. B. Holsinger.


1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In His mer-cy
2. Mothers then the Savior sought, In the places where He taught, Un - to Him their
3. Did the Savior say them nay? No, he kindly bade them stay; Suffered none to
4. Children then should love Him now, Strive His holy will to do, Pray to Him, and
FINE REFRAIN. D. S.
passed not by, Lit-tle ones like me.
chil - dren bro't, Lit-tle ones like me. Little ones like me, Little ones like me;
turn a - way, Lit-tle ones like me,
praise Him too, Lit-tle ones like me.

Devotional Hymns.

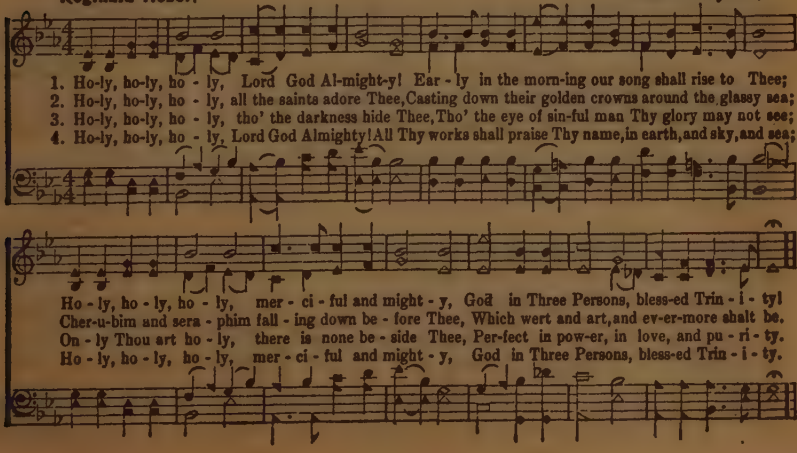
No. 198. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

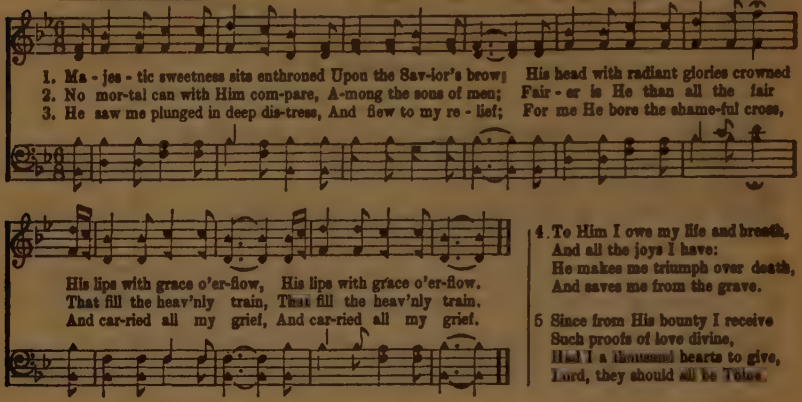
No. 199. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 200. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

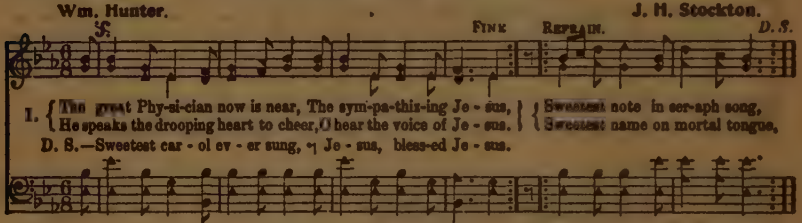

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 201. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.


Fine
Refrain.
D. S.
1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

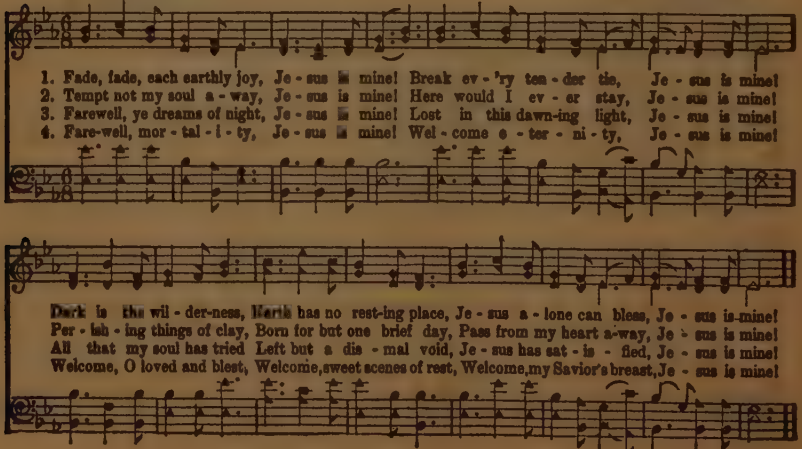
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

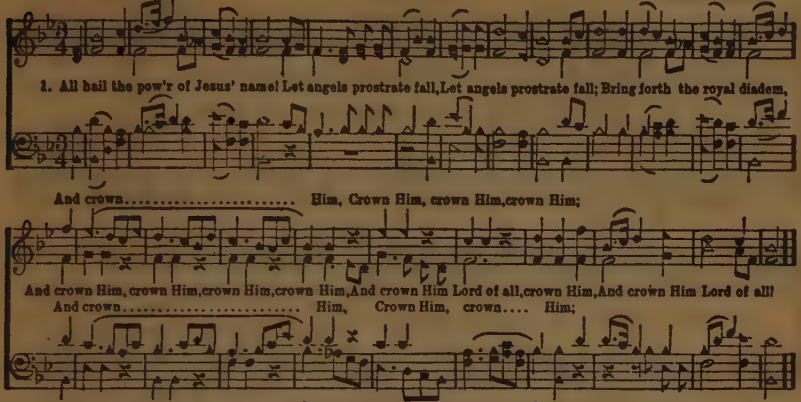
No. 202. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!
Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No, 203. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown.... Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown..... Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

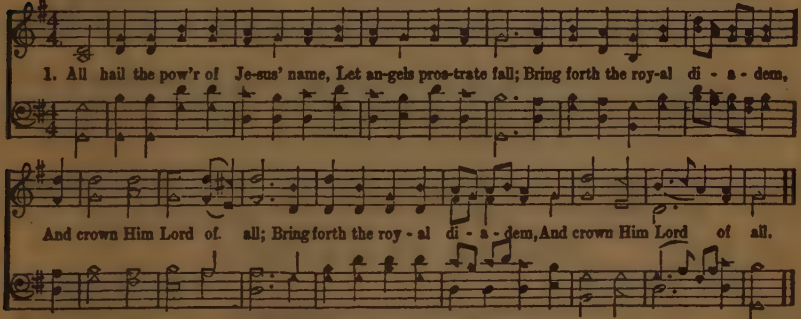
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

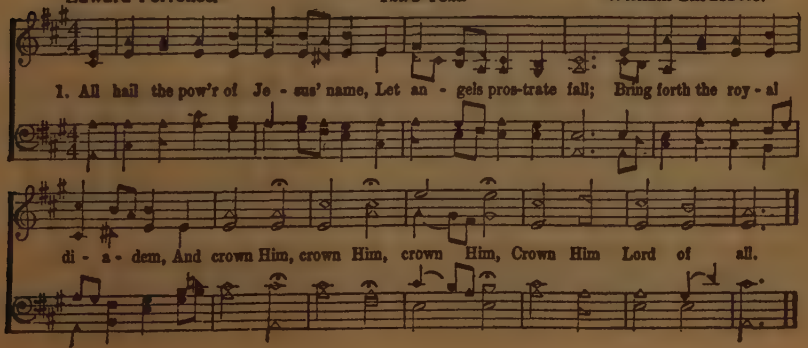
No. 204. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

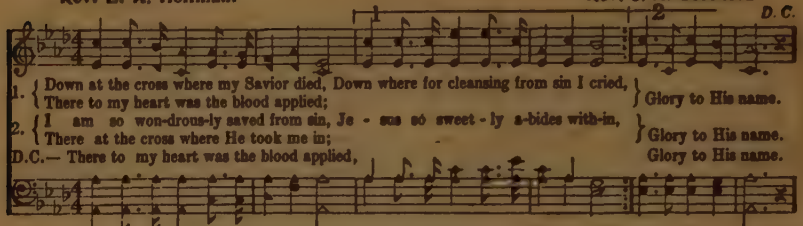
No. 205. All Hail the Power.

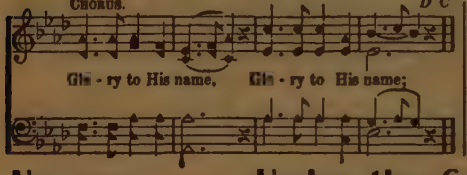
Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 206. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1
2
D. C.
1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied;
Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in,
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name.
D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied,
Glory to His name.

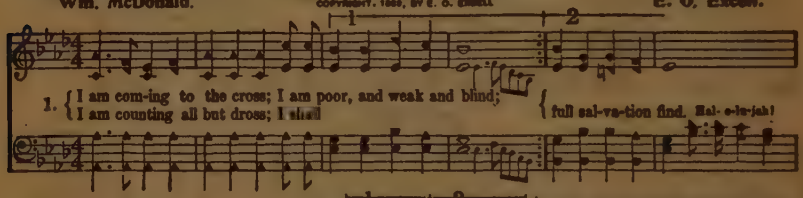


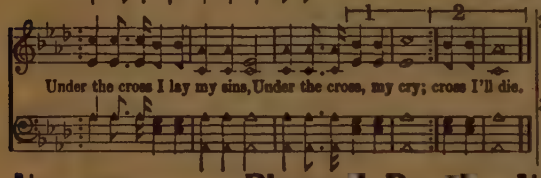
3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 207 Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.



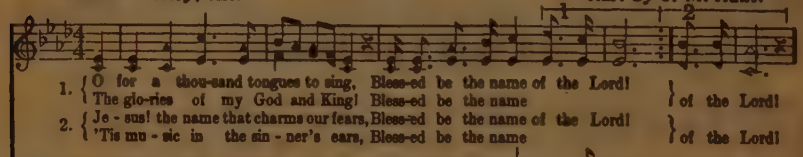


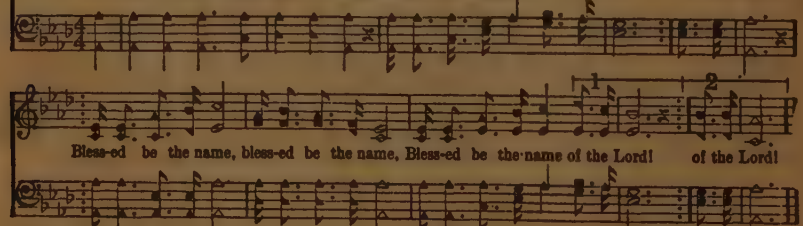
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 208. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.


1
2
1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name
of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name
of the Lord!

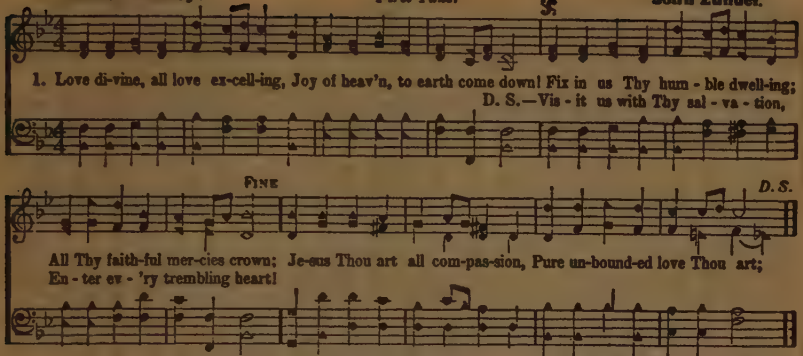


3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 209. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion,
FINE
D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 210. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

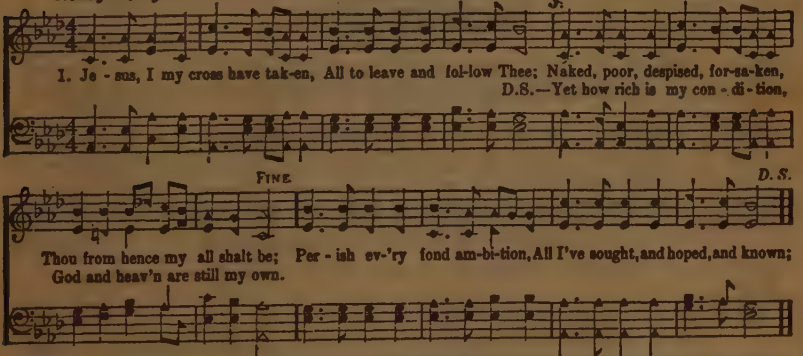
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 211. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.


1. Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,
FINE
D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

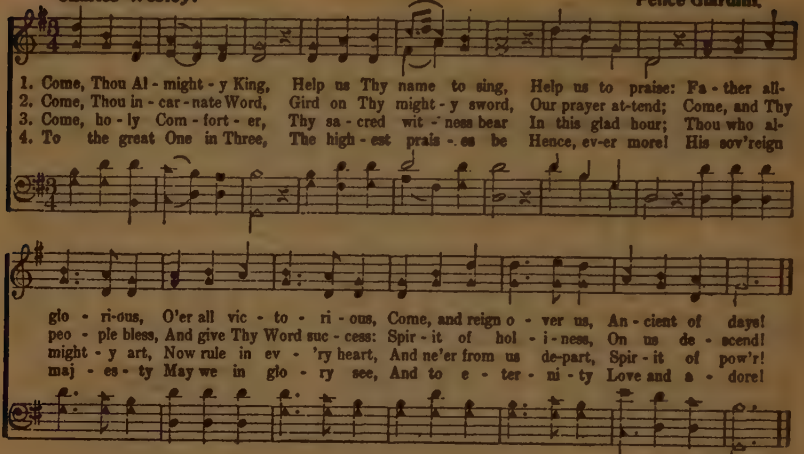
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

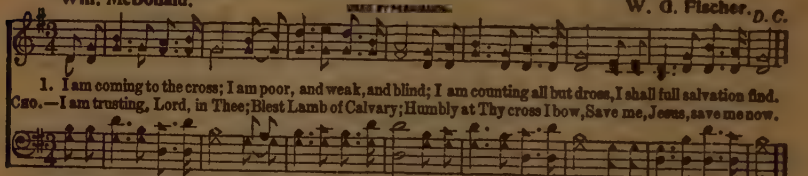
No. 212. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 213. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No. 214. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

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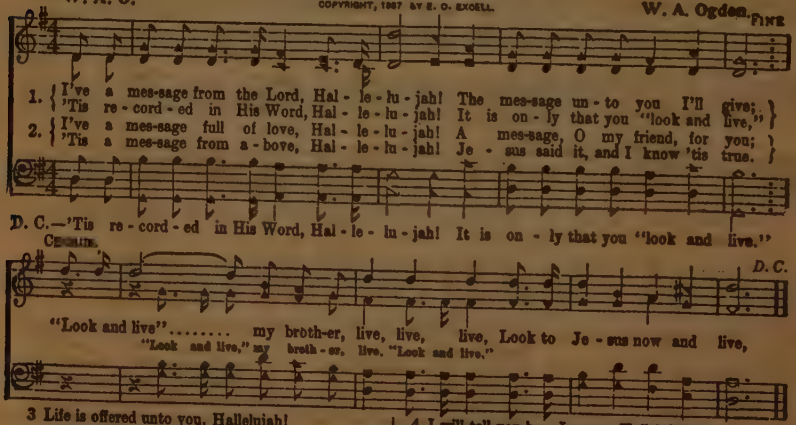
W. A. Ogden. FINE

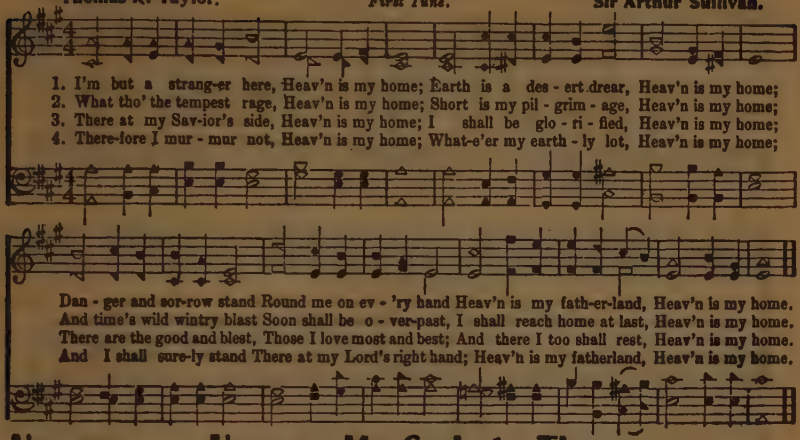

1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The mes-sage un - to you I'll give;
'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;
'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
D. C.—'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
CHORUS.
D. C.
"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je - sus now and live,
"Look and live," my broth - er, live. "Look and live."

3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

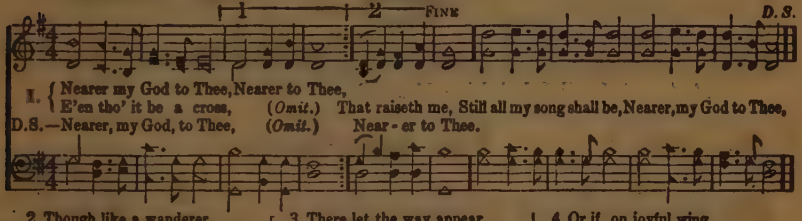
No. 215. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* Sir Arthur Sullivan.


1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home;
4. There-fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home;
Dan - ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

No. 216. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.*



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee.

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

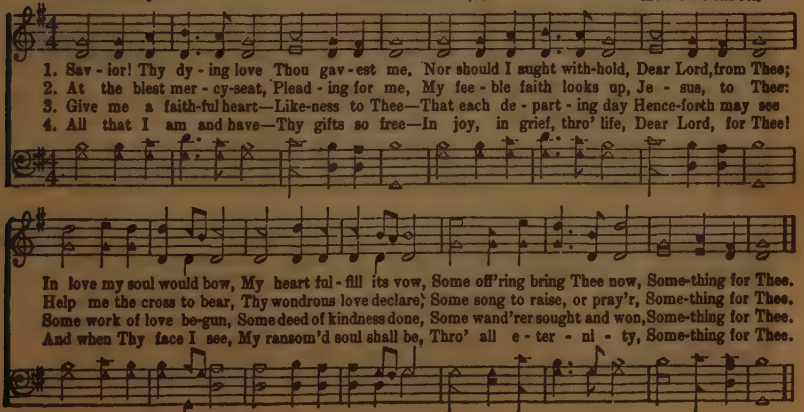
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

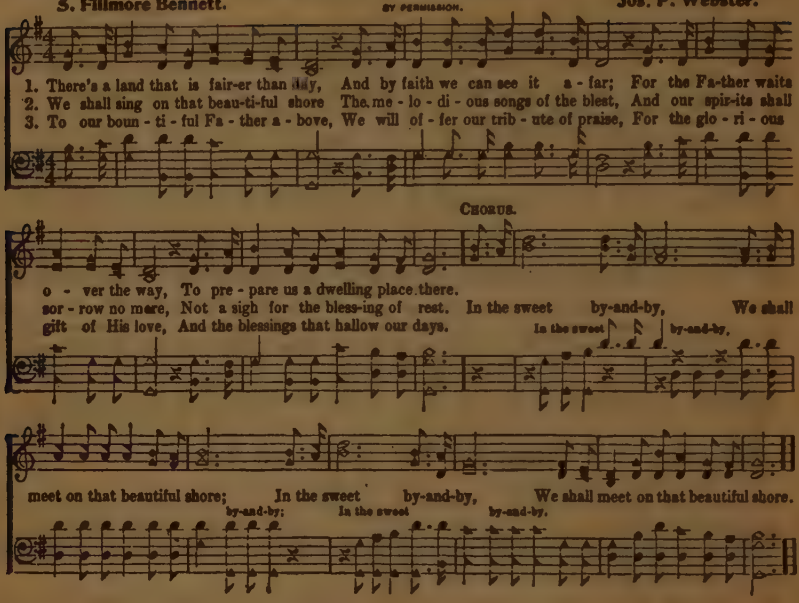
No. 217. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps. *Third Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. Sav - ior! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
2. At the blest mer - cy-seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee:
3. Give me a faith-ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de - part - ing day Hence-forth may see
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee!
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Some-thing for Thee.
Some work of love be-gun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
And when Thy face I see, My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - nl - ty, Some-thing for Thee.

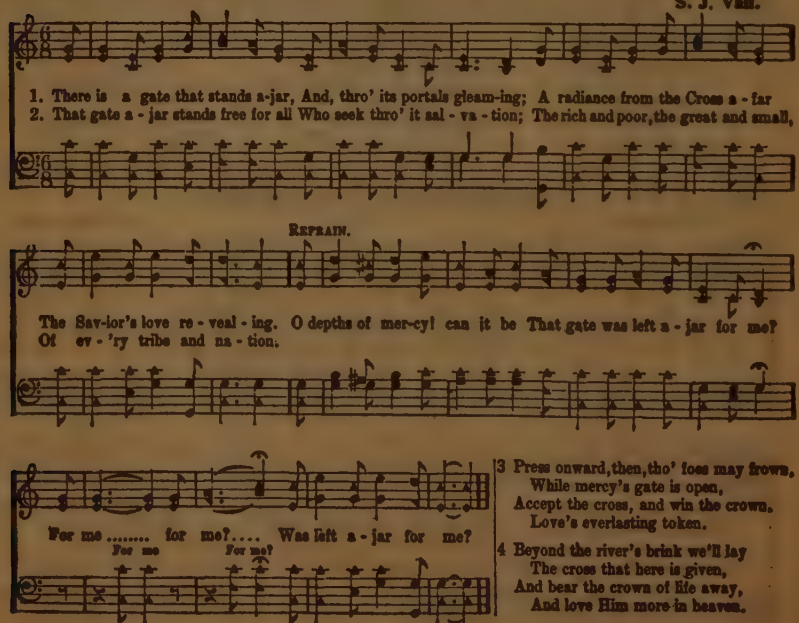
No. 218. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous
CHORUS.
o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by,
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by.

No. 219. The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.

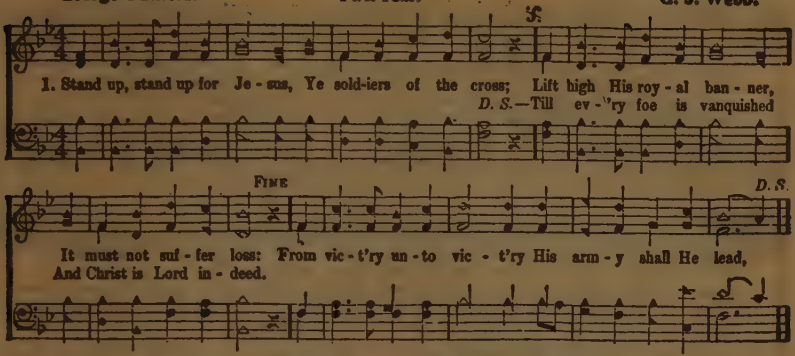

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the great and small,
REFRAIN.
The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
For me ..... for me?.... Was left a - jar for me?
For me For me?

3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown.
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 220. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 221. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

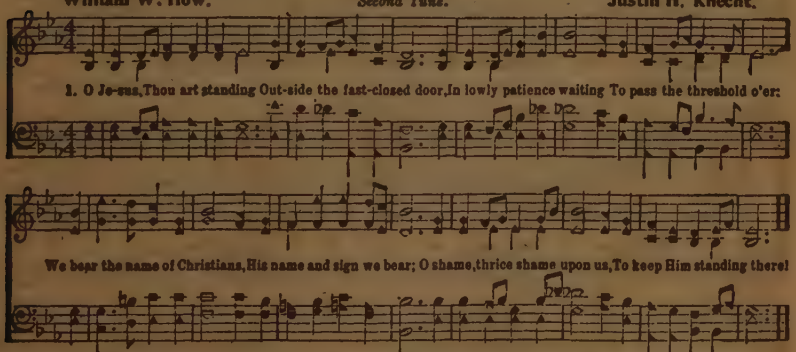
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 222. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.


1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

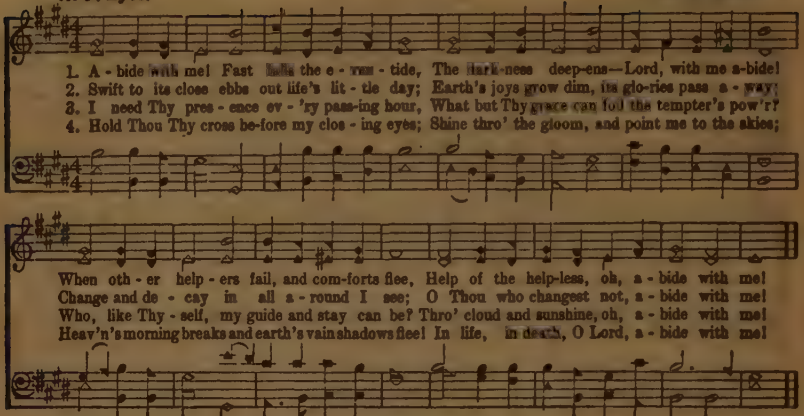
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

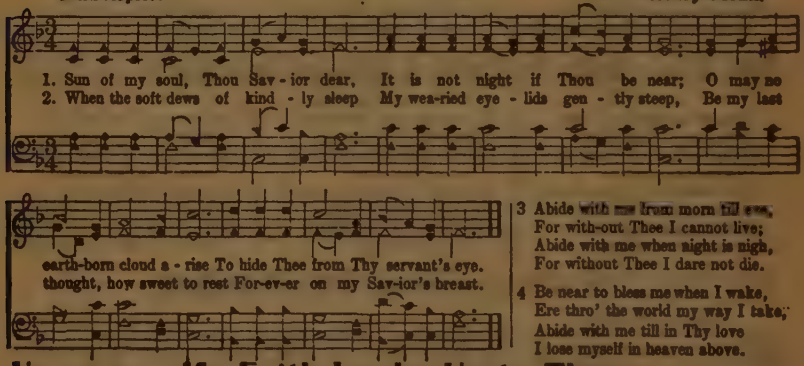
No. 223. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 224. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

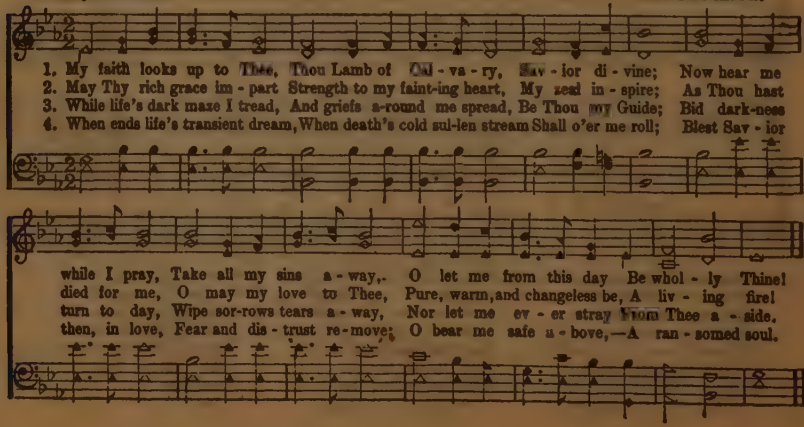

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

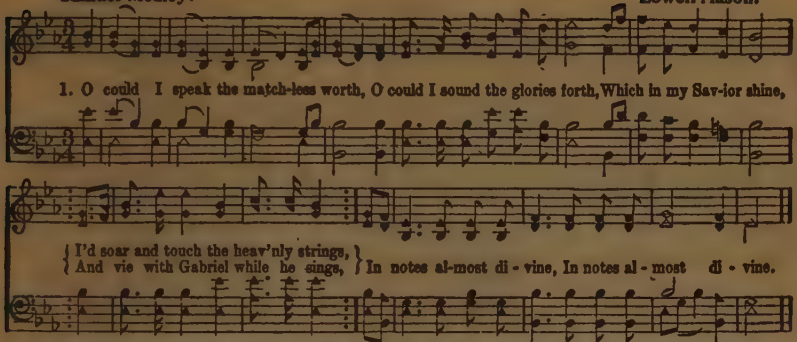
No. 225. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 226. O Gould I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.


1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

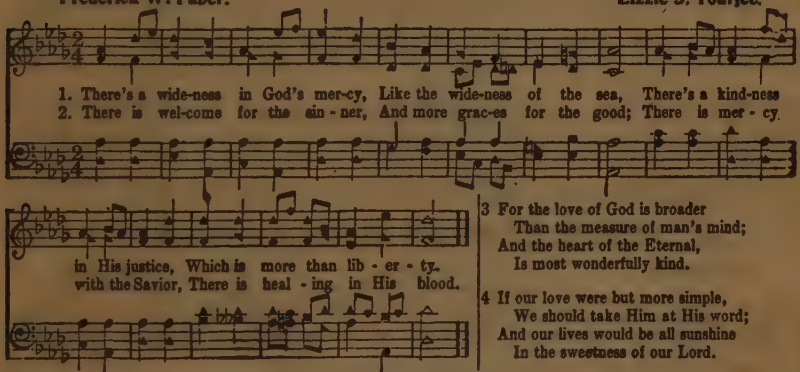
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 227. There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

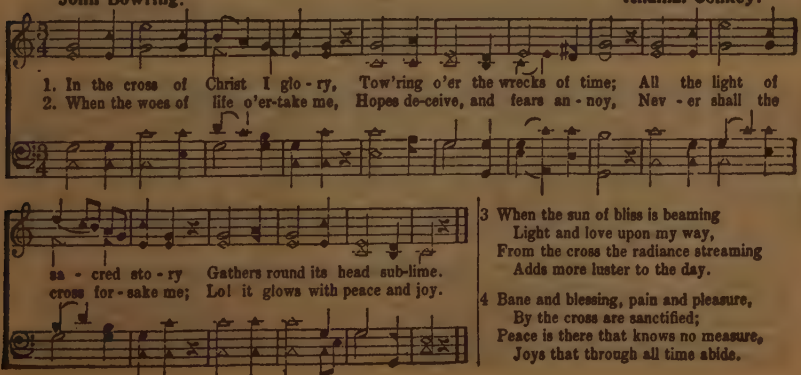

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer - cy
in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
with the Savior, There is heal - ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 228. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

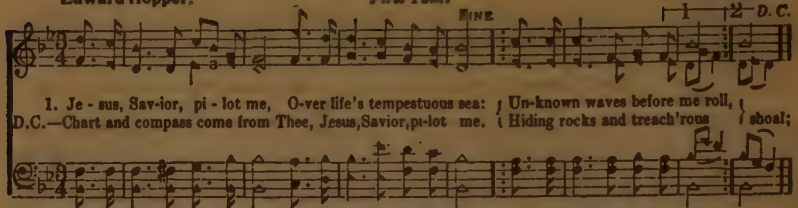

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 229. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.


FINE
1
2
D. C.
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

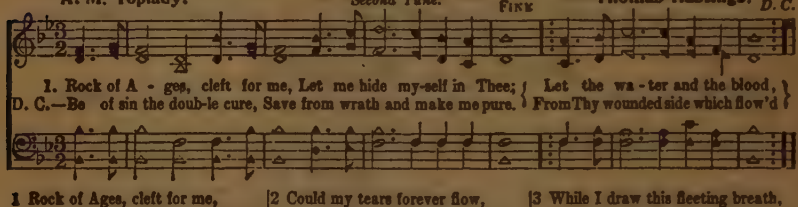
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 230. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D. C.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd

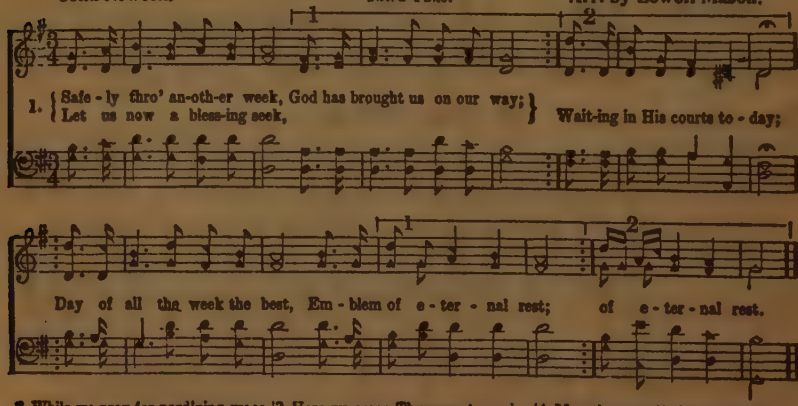
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 231. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1
2
1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
{ Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

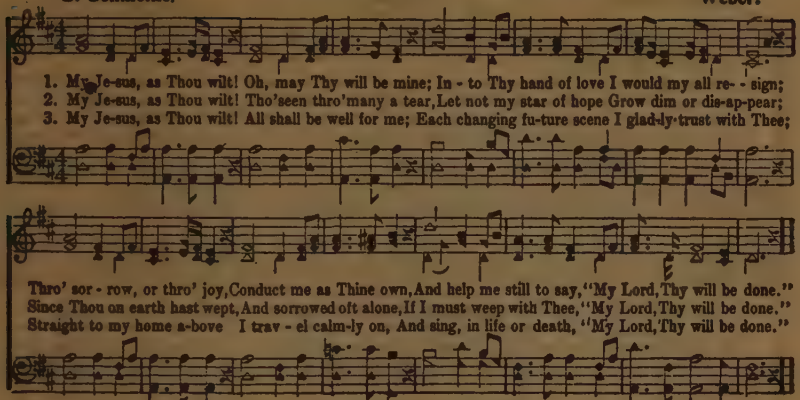
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

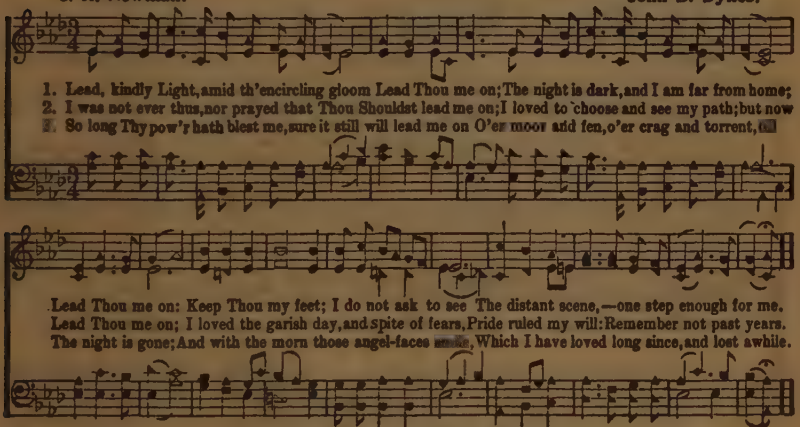
No. 232. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;
Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

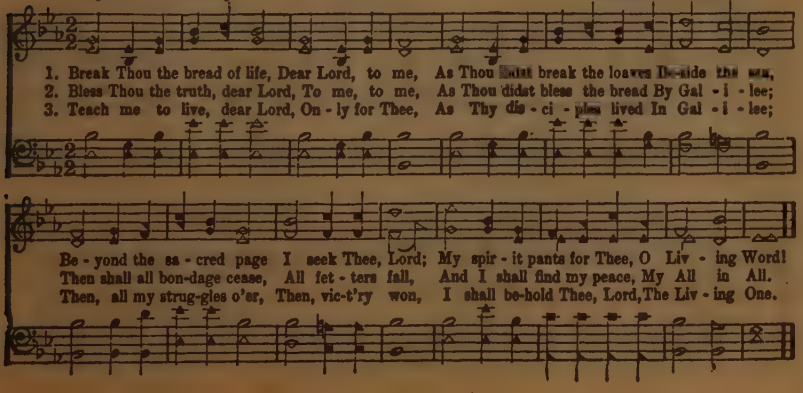
No. 233. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

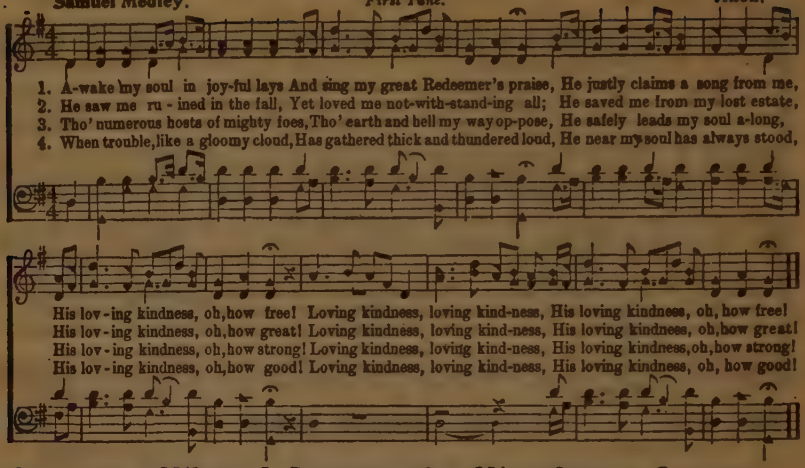
No. 234. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

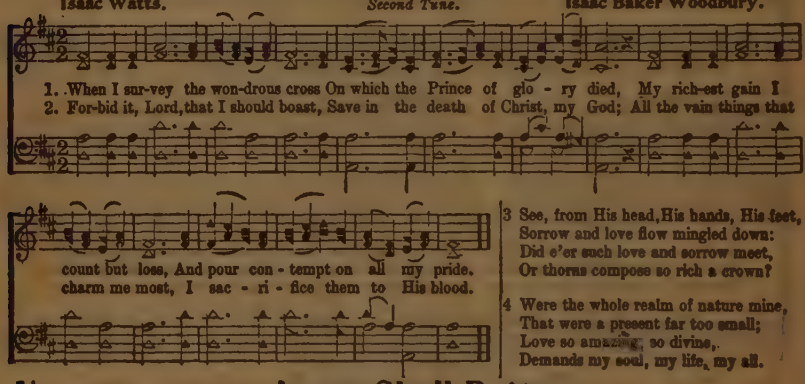
No. 235. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* Anon.


1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

No. 236. When I Survey the Wondrous Gross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

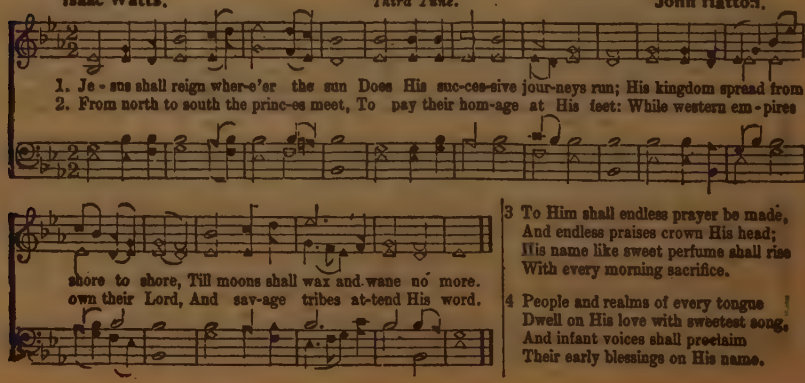

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My rich-est gain I
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 237. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

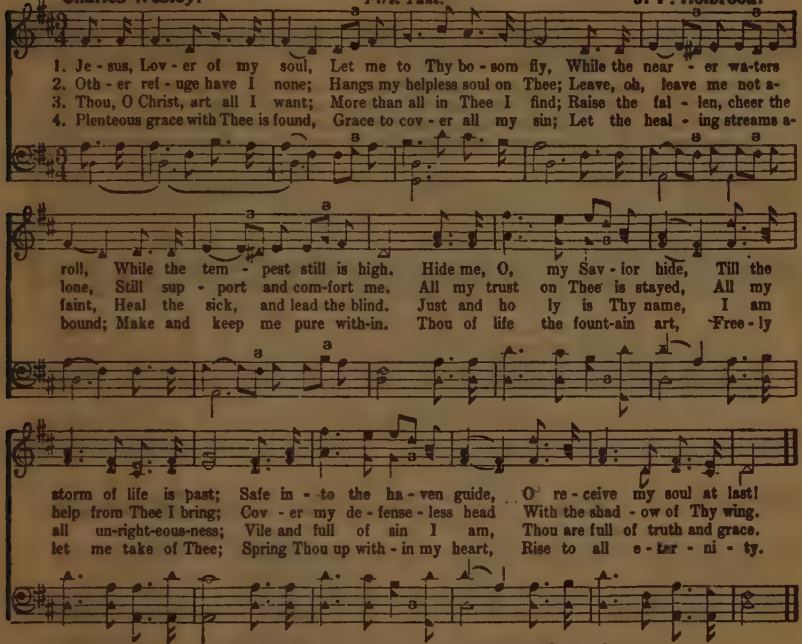

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

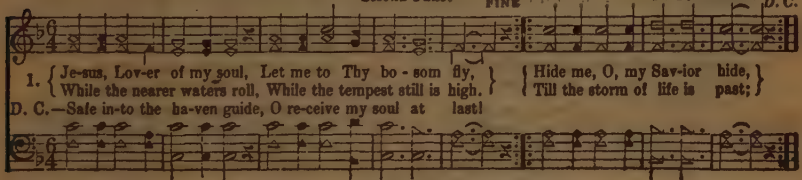
No. 238. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-
roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

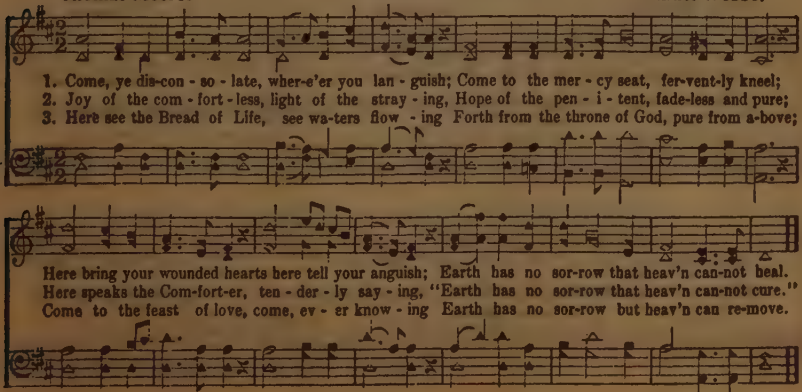
No. 239. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.


1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

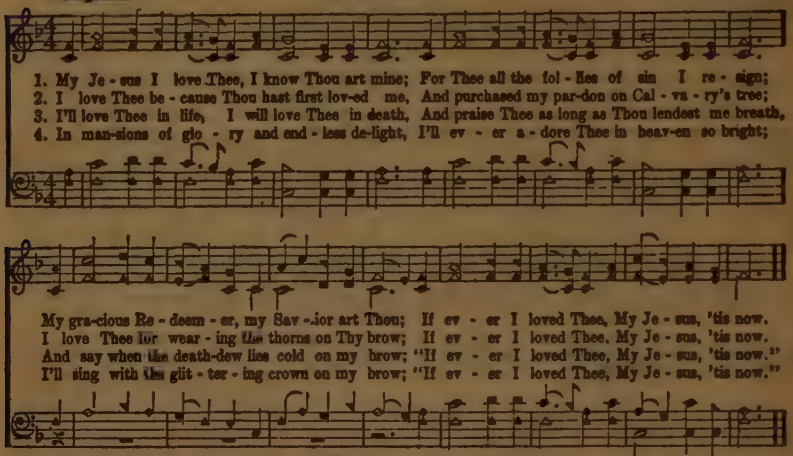
No. 240. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 241. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 242 O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 243. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

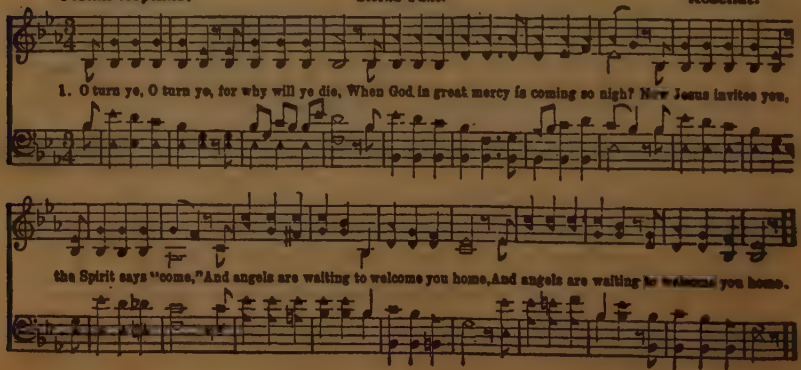
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

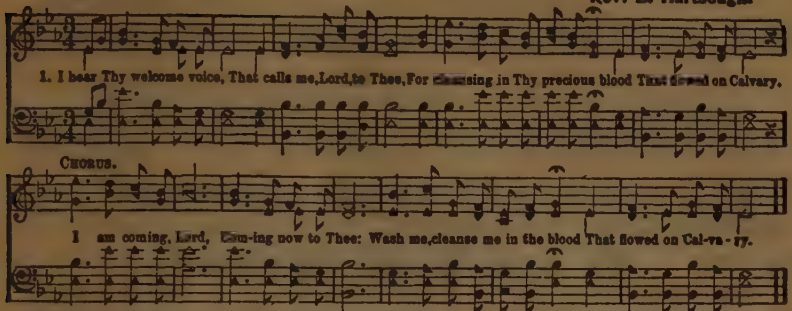
Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* Koschat.


1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you,
the Spirit says "come," And angels are waiting to welcome you home, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

No. 244. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. M. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
Chorus.
I am coming, Lord, Coming now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

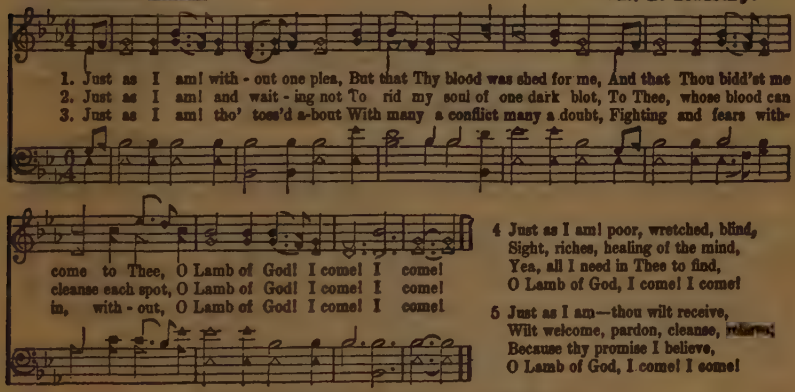
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Thy spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 245. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

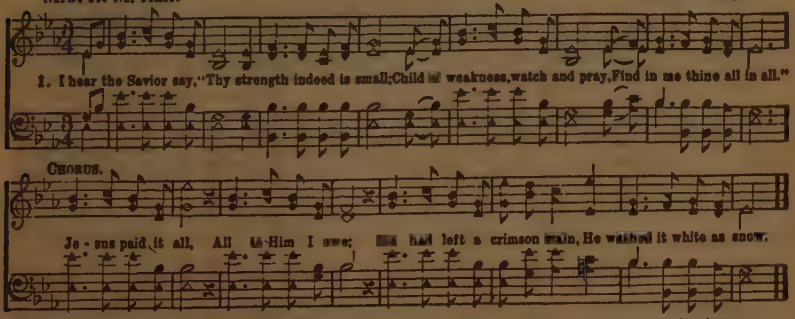

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 246. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
Chorus.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 247. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

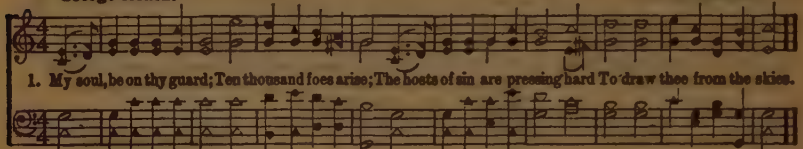
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 248. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



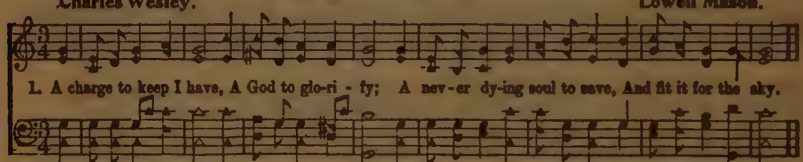
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting [breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 249. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. Lowell Mason.



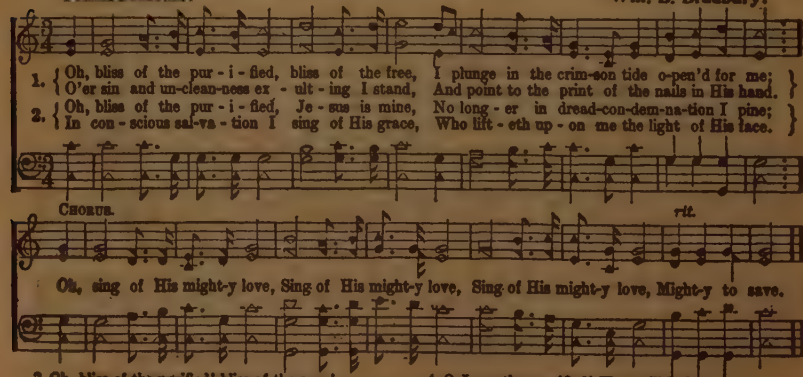
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 250. O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome. Wm. B. Bradbury.

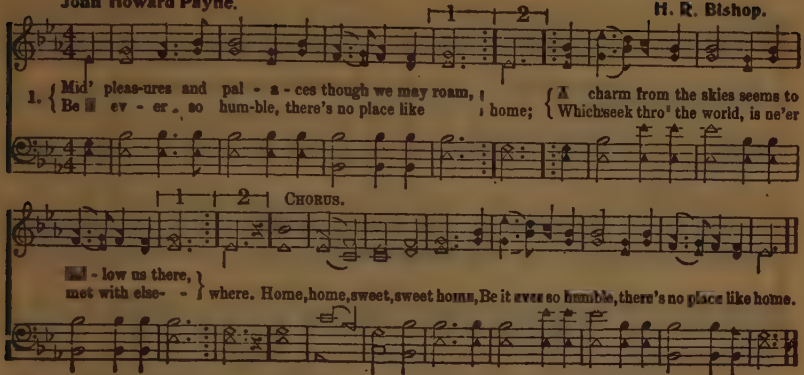

1. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, And point to the print of the nails in His hand.
2. Oh, bliss of the pur - i - fied, Je - sus is mine, No long - er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
In con - scious sal-va - tion I sing of His grace, Who lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.
Chorus.
rit.
Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

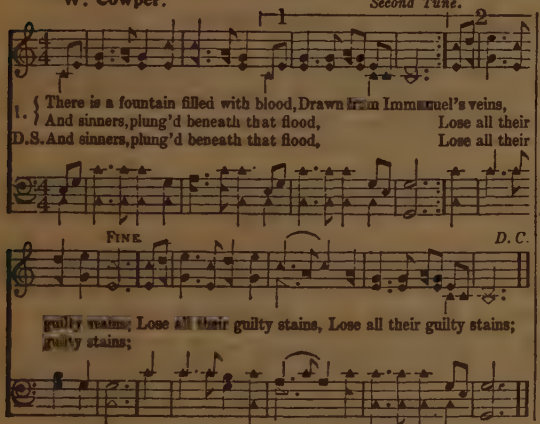
No. 251. Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. H. R. Bishop.


1. Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er
CHORUS.
Be - low us there, met with else- - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

No. 252 There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
FINE
D.C.
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

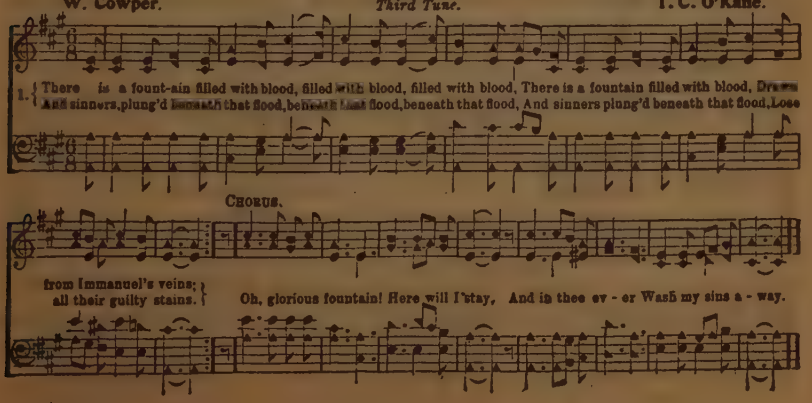
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious [blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the [stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering [tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

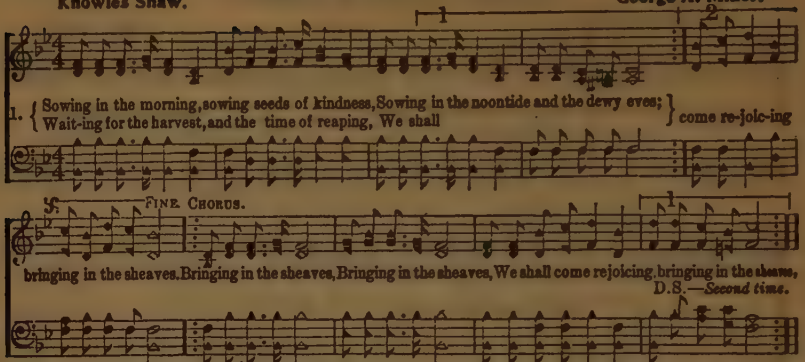
No. 253. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.


1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose
CHORUS.
from Immanuel's veins; all their guilty stains.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 254. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

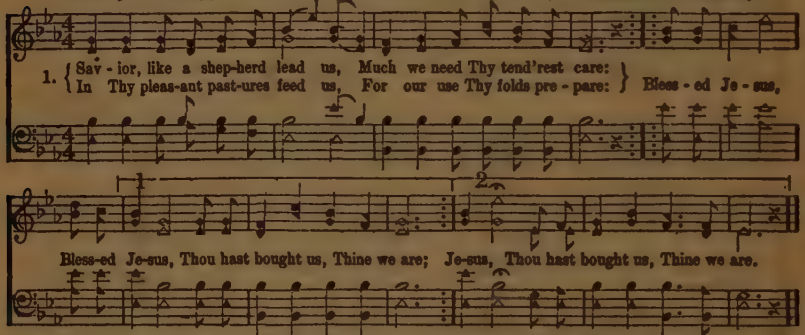

1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; / Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing
FINE. CHORUS.
bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
D.S.—Second time.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 255. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.


1. { Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care: / In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare: } Bless - ed Je - sus,
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

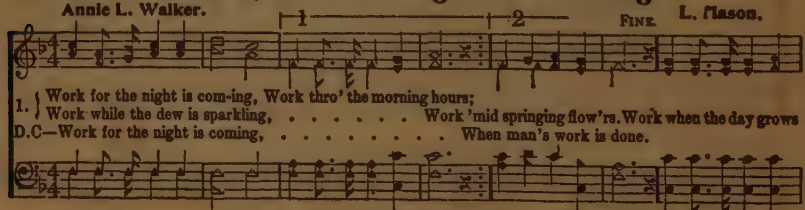
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

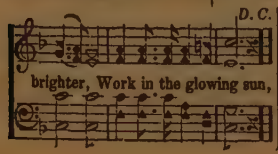
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 256. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.


1. { Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; / Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.
FINE.

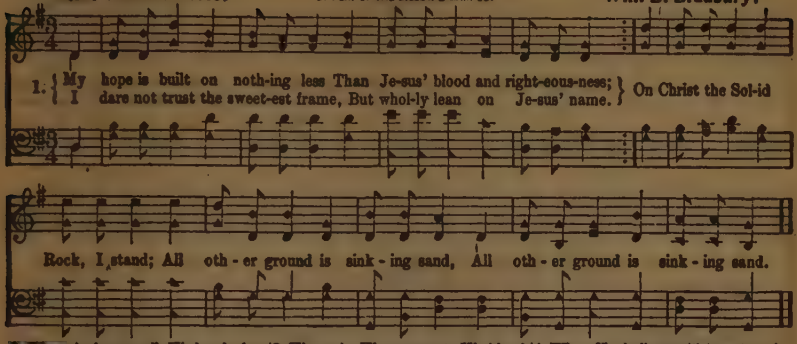


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 257. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
On Christ the Sol-id
Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

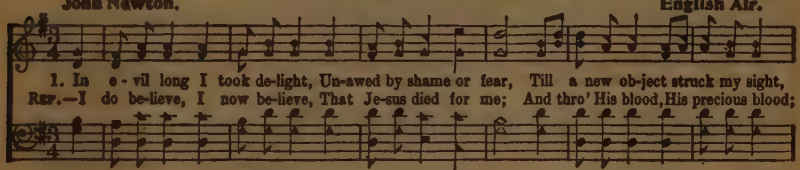
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

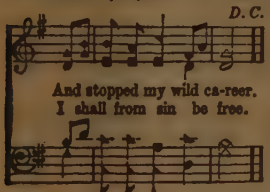
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 258. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.


1. In e-vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,
REF.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His precious blood;



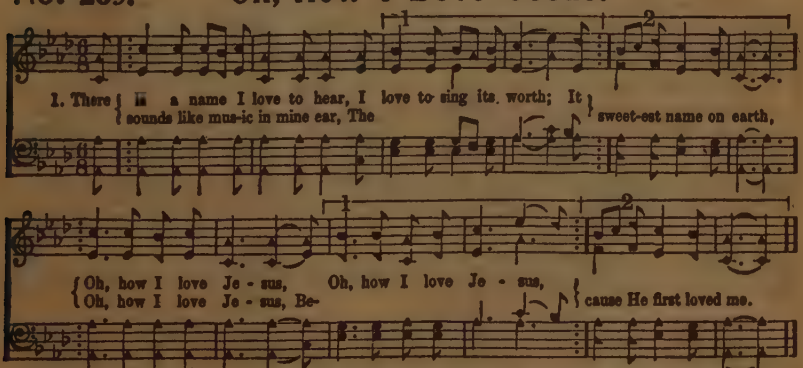
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 259. Oh, How I Love Jesus.


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus,
Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me.

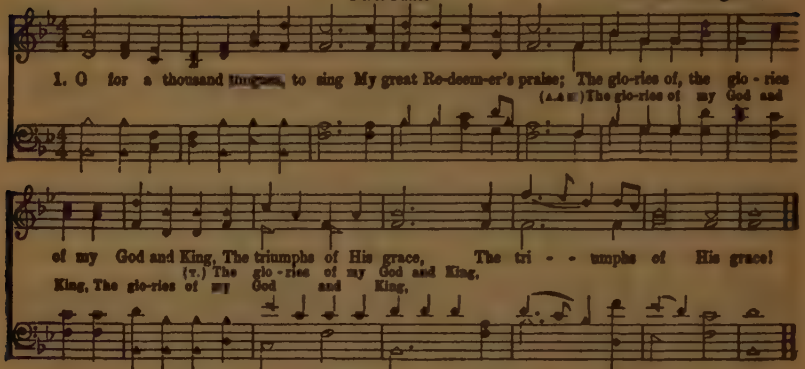
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

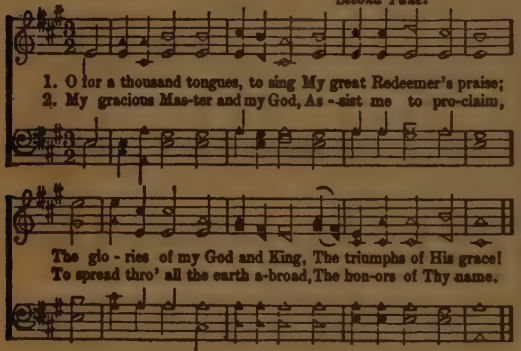
No. 260. O For a Thousand Tongues.

First Tune. Jeremiah Ingalls.


1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of, the glo-ries
(ALTO) The glo-ries of my God and
of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The tri - - umphs of His grace!
(T.) The glo-ries of my God and King,
King, The glo-ries of my God and King,

No. 261. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.

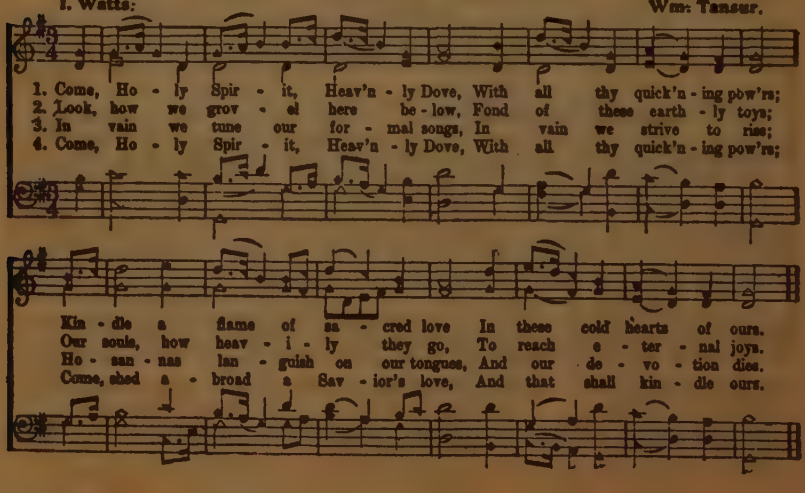
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

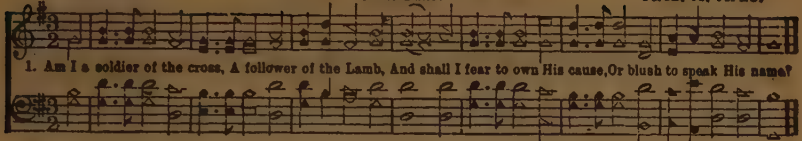
No. 262. Come Holy Spirit.

I. Watts. Wm. Tansur.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick'n - ing pow'rs;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.

No. 263. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



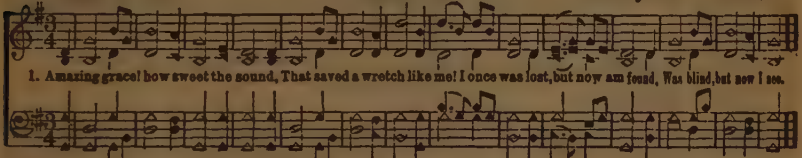
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 264. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



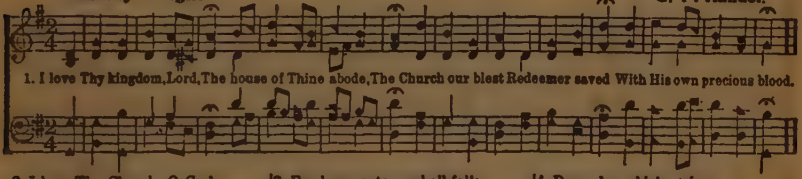
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 265. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



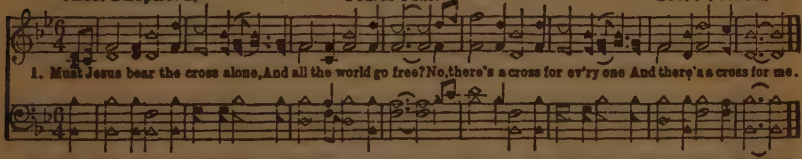
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 266. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

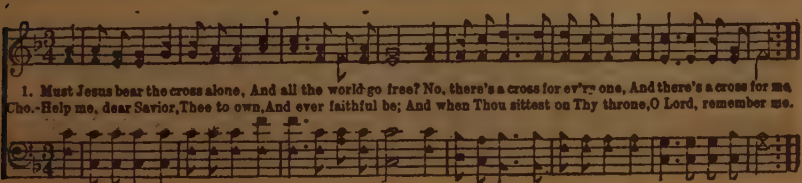


2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

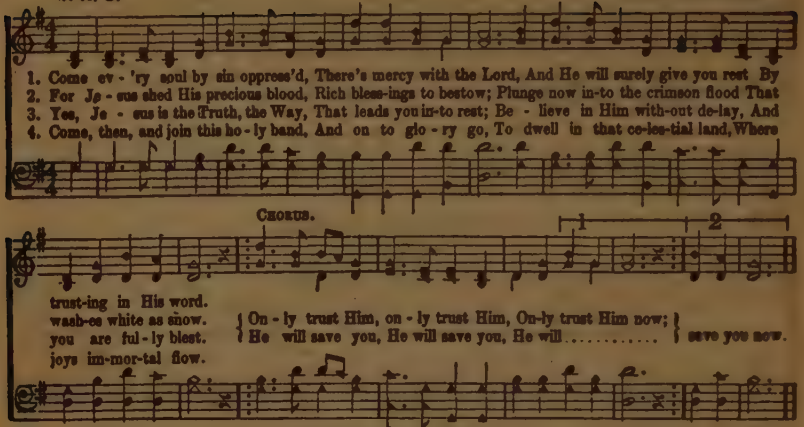
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

No. 267. Remember Me.


1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
Cho.-Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

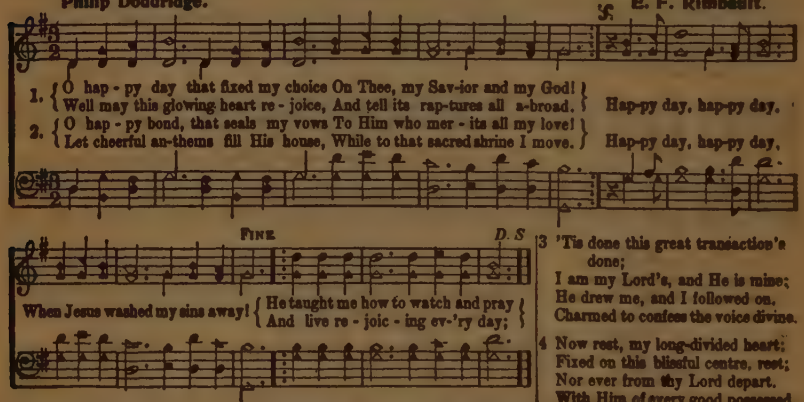
No. 268. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.


1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where
Chorus.
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will.....
save you now.

No. 269. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

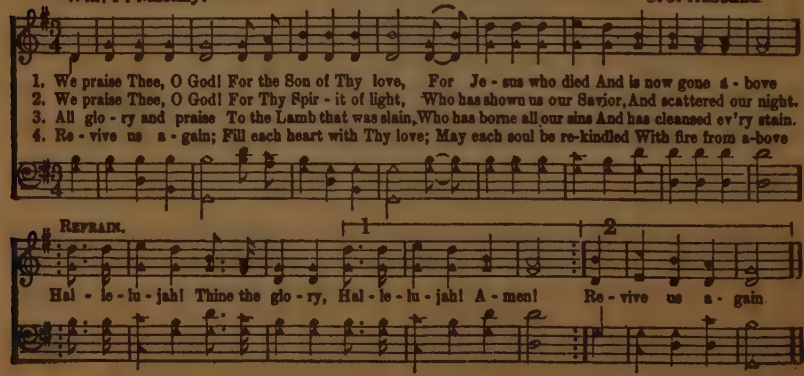

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
Fine.
D. S
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

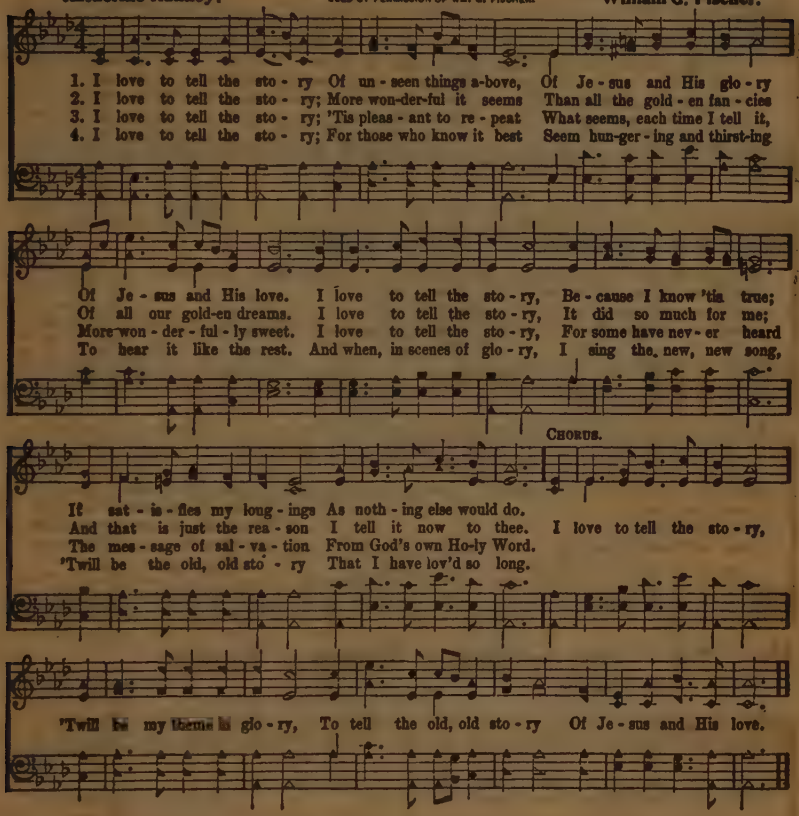
No. 270. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband


1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove
Refrain.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!
Re - vive us a - gain.

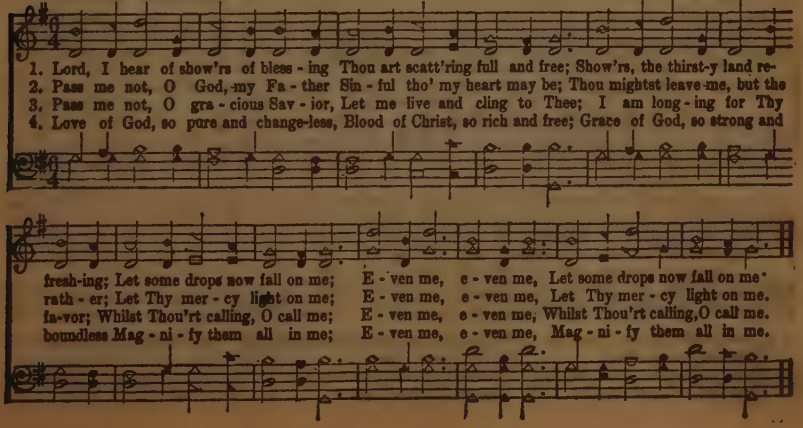
No. 271. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

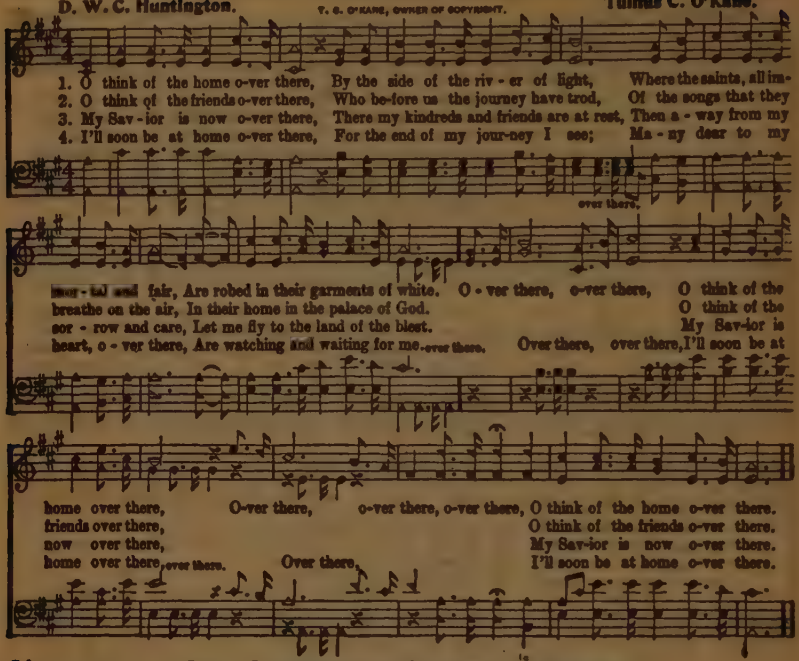
No. 272. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

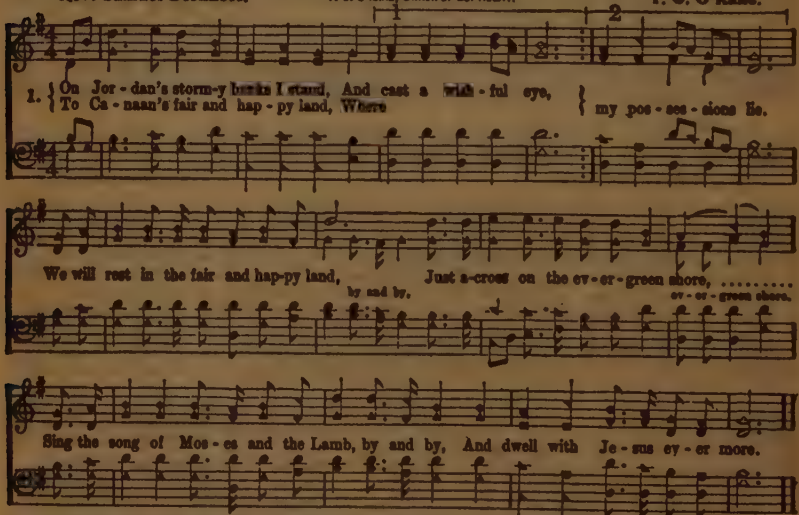
No. 273. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all in-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my
over there.
mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at
home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 274. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. T. C. O'Kane.


1 2
1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev - er - green shore,
by and by. ev - er - green shore.
Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

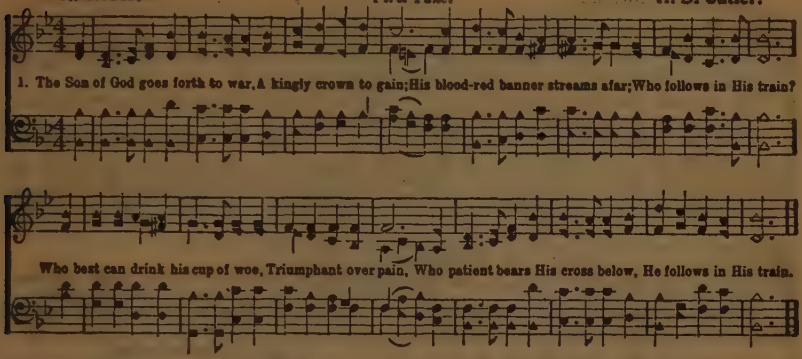
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 275. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *First Tune.* M. S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

1 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 276. Thy Word is a Lamp.

Psalm 119. *First or Second Tune.*

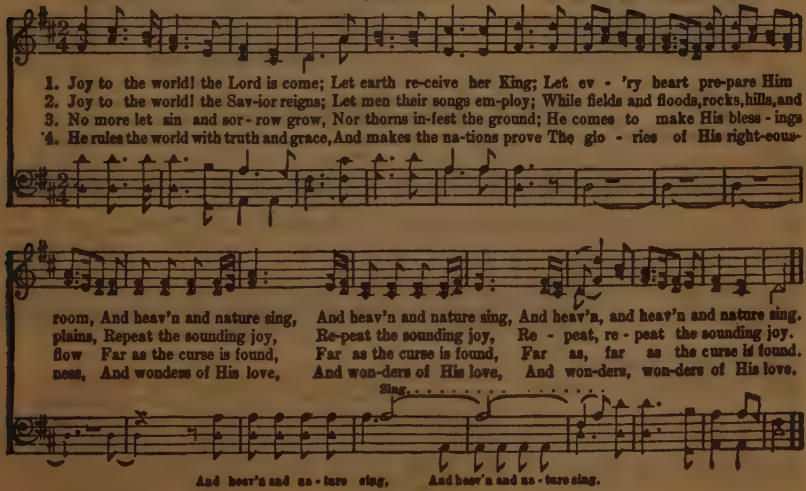
1 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light,
I will perform, as I have sworn,
To keep Thy judgments right.
I with affliction very sore
Am overwhelmed, O Lord;
In mercy raise and quicken me,
According to Thy word.

2 The free-will off'rings of my mouth
Accept, I Thee beseech,
And unto me, O Lord, do Thou
Thy judgments clearly teach.
Tho' still my soul be in my hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget;
I erred not from them, tho' for me
The wicked snares did set.

3 I of Thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye,
For they my heart rejoice.
With care I have my heart inclined,
That it should still attend
Thy statutes always to observe,
And keep them to the end.

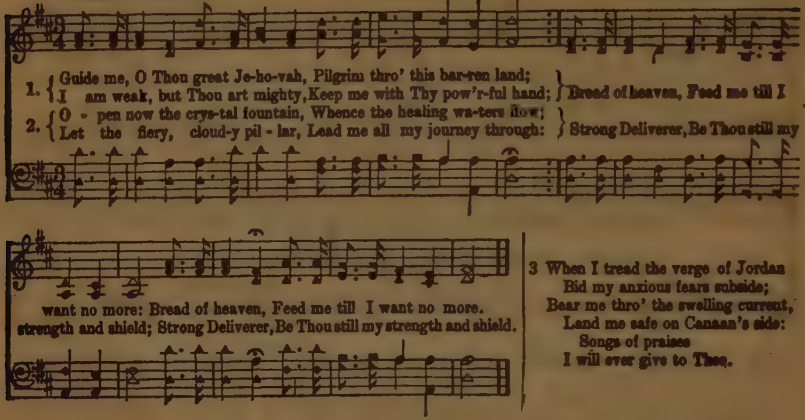
No 277. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-
room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.
Sing.
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 278. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; Let the fiery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my
want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 279. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 280. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

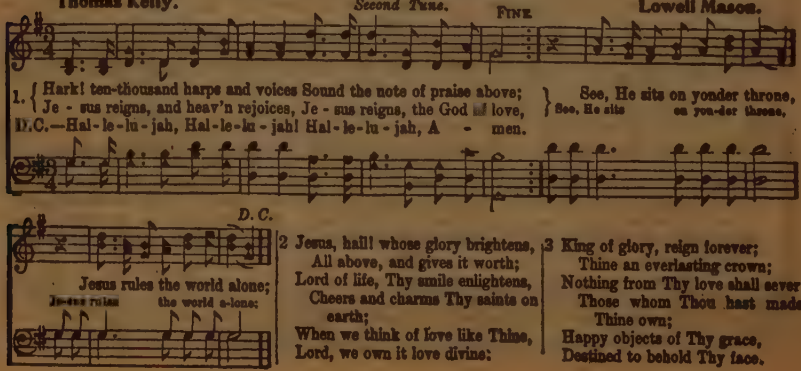
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 281. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.


1. Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above; Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love, See, He sits on yonder throne,
D.C.—Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.
See, He sits on yon-der throne.
D. C.
Jesus rules the world alone;
Je-sus rules the world a-lone:

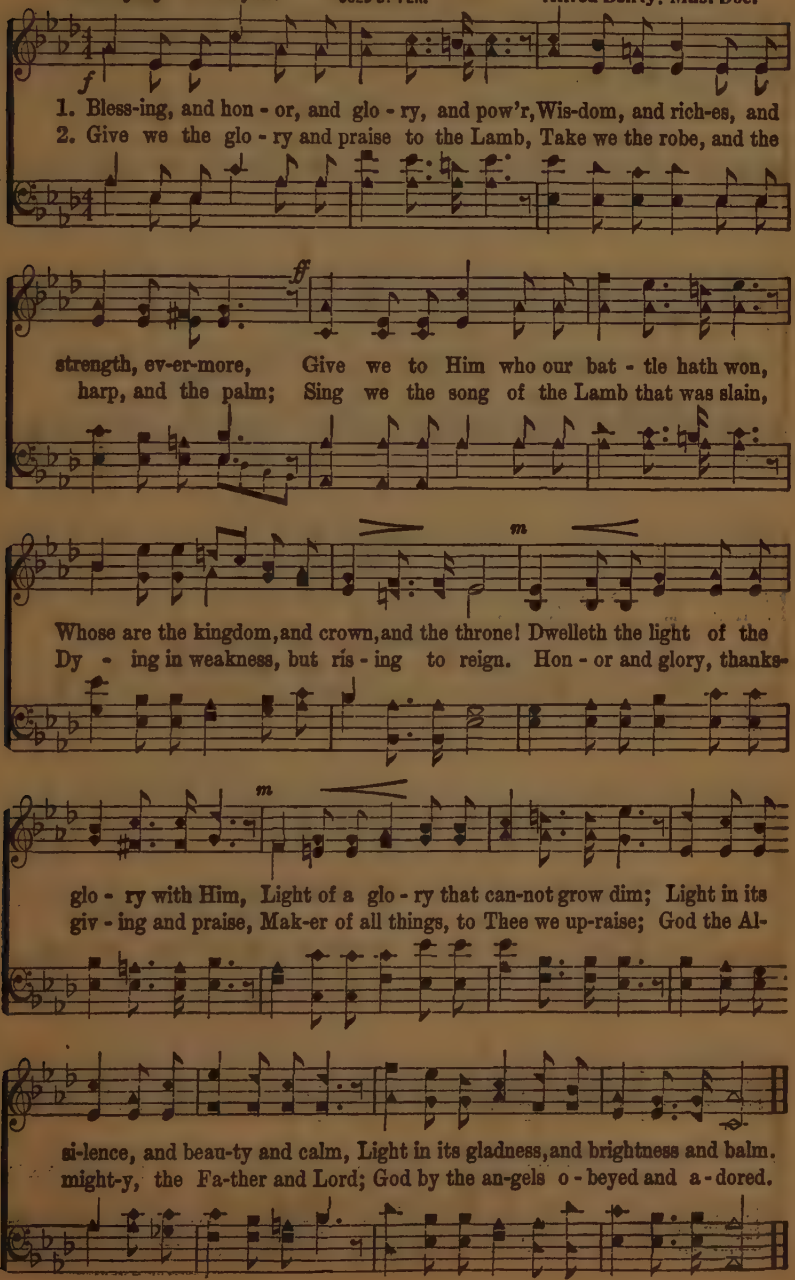
2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

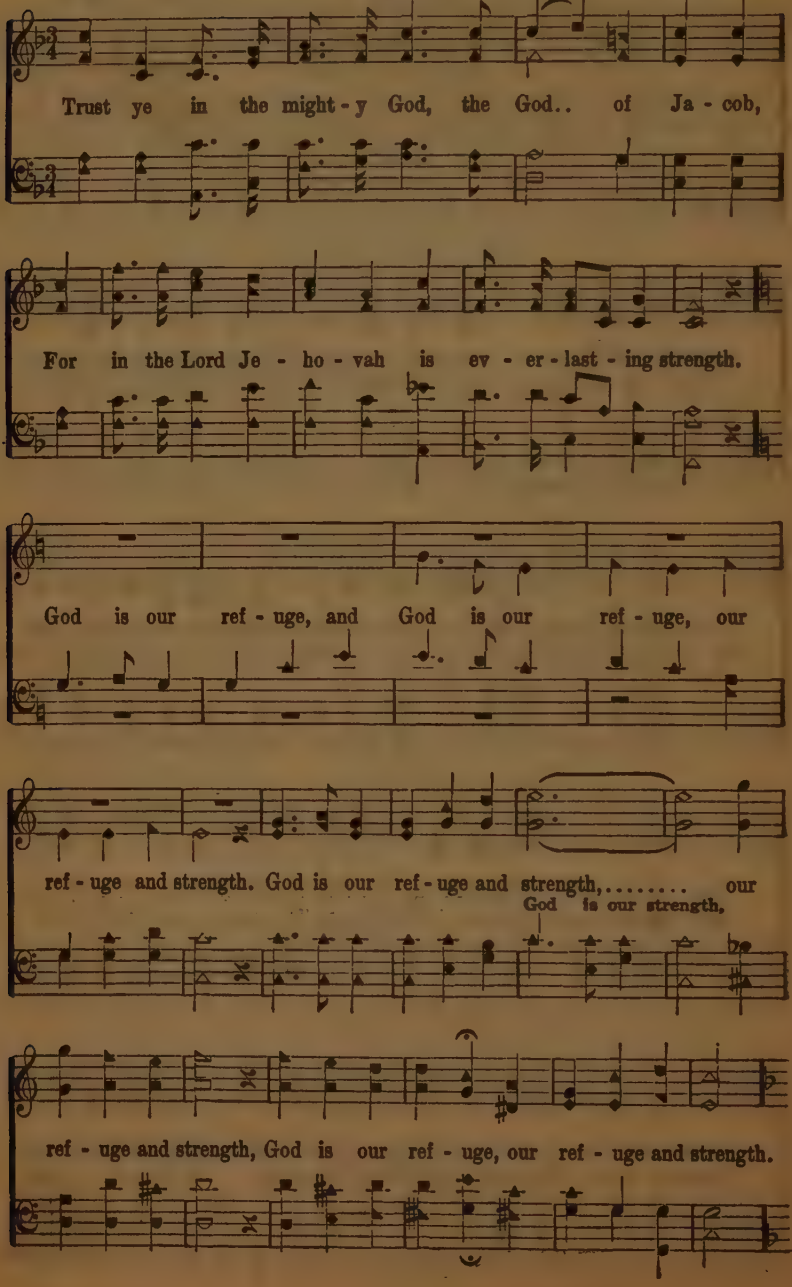
No. 282. Blessing and Honor.

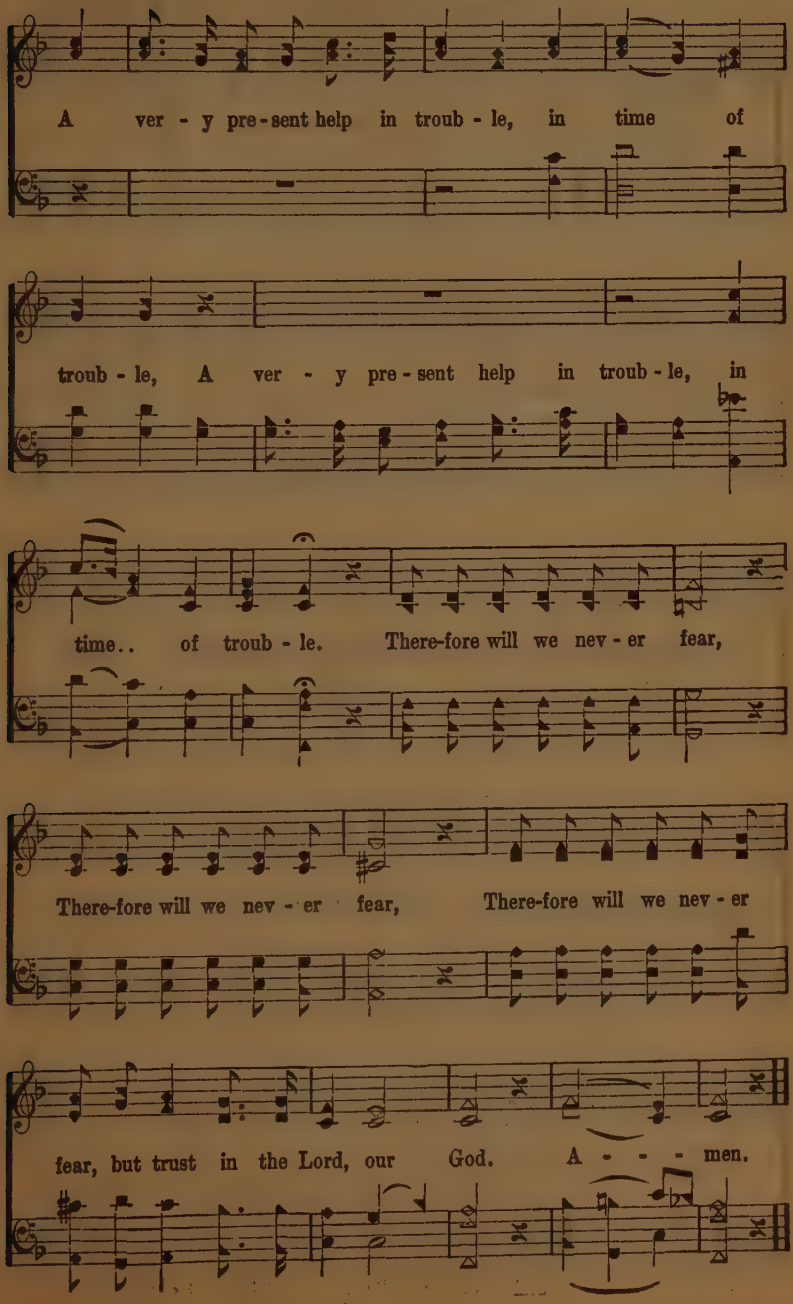
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY A. BEIRLY. USED BY PER.

With dignity. Not too fast. Alfred Beirly, Mus. Doc.


f
1. Bless-ing, and hon - or, and glo - ry, and pow'r, Wis-dom, and rich-es, and
2. Give we the glo - ry and praise to the Lamb, Take we the robe, and the
ff
strength, ev-er-more, Give we to Him who our bat - tle hath won,
harp, and the palm; Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
m
Whose are the kingdom, and crown, and the throne! Dwelleth the light of the
Dy - ing in weakness, but ris - ing to reign. Hon - or and glory, thanks-
m
glo - ry with Him, Light of a glo - ry that can-not grow dim; Light in its
giv - ing and praise, Mak-er of all things, to Thee we up-raise; God the Al-
si-lence, and beau-ty and calm, Light in its gladness, and brightness and balm.
might-y, the Fa-ther and Lord; God by the an-gels o - beyed and a - dored.

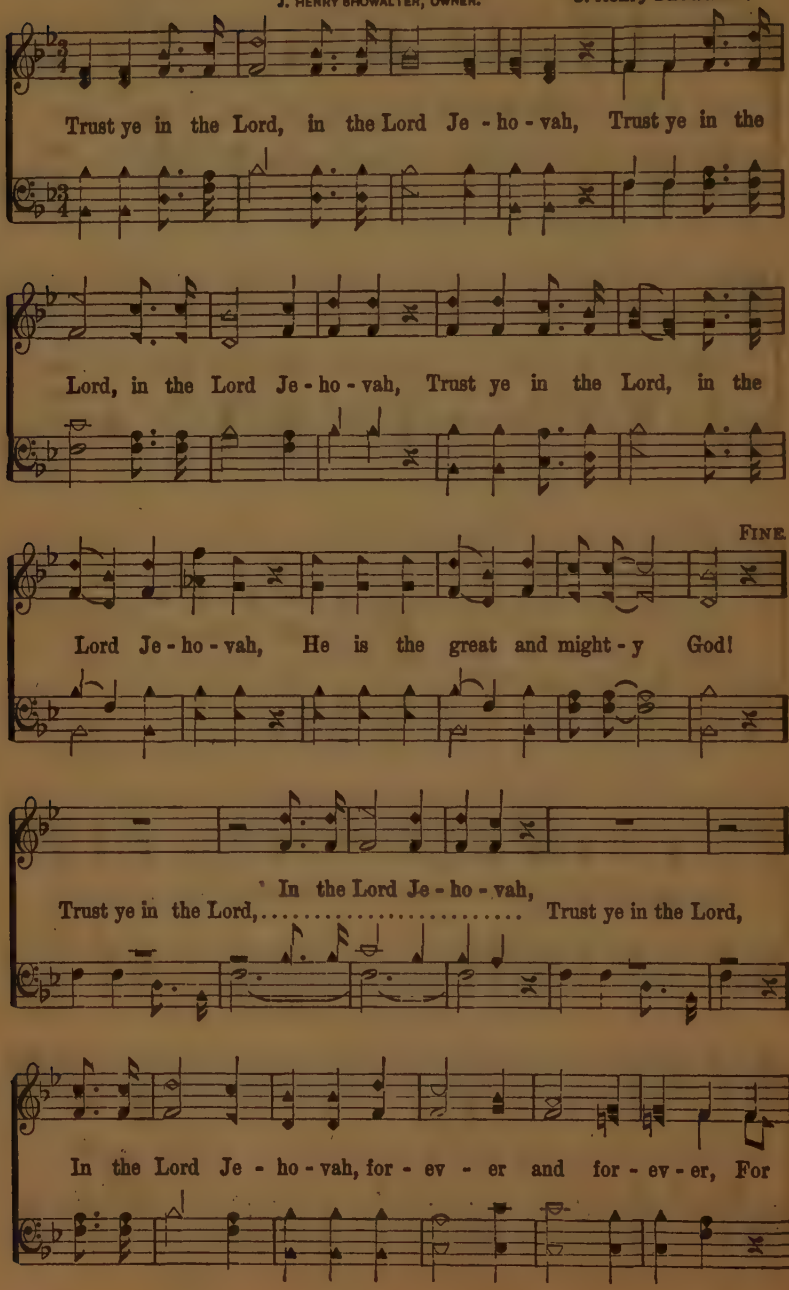
No. 283. Trust Ye In The Mighty God.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER. J. Henry Showalter.

Trust ye in the might - y God, the God.. of Ja - cob,
For in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength.
God is our ref - uge, and God is our ref - uge, our
ref - uge and strength. God is our ref - uge and strength,..... our
God is our strength.
ref - uge and strength, God is our ref - uge, our ref - uge and strength.

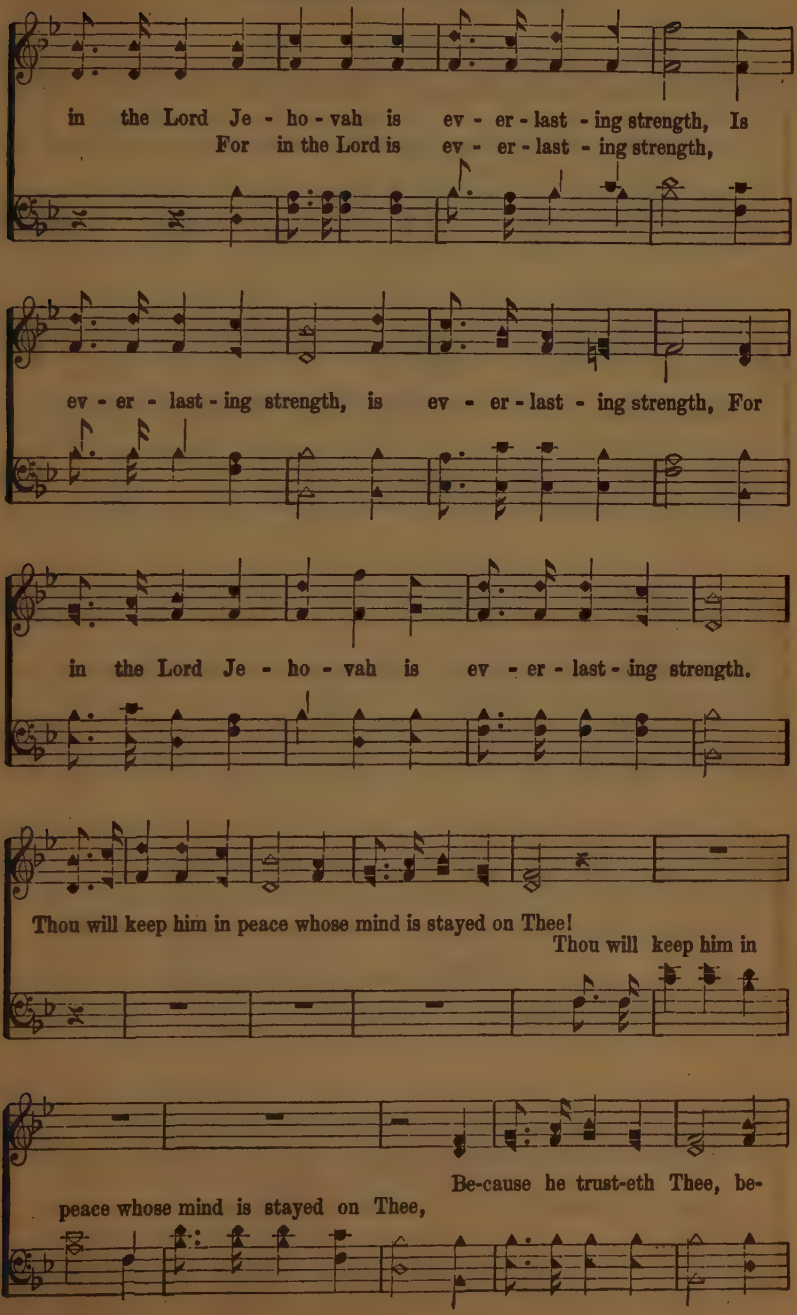
Trust Ye In The Mighty God.

A ver - y pre - sent help in troub - le, in time of
troub - le, A ver - y pre - sent help in troub - le, in
time.. of troub - le. There-fore will we nev - er fear,
There-fore will we nev - er fear, There-fore will we nev - er
fear, but trust in the Lord, our God. A - - - men.

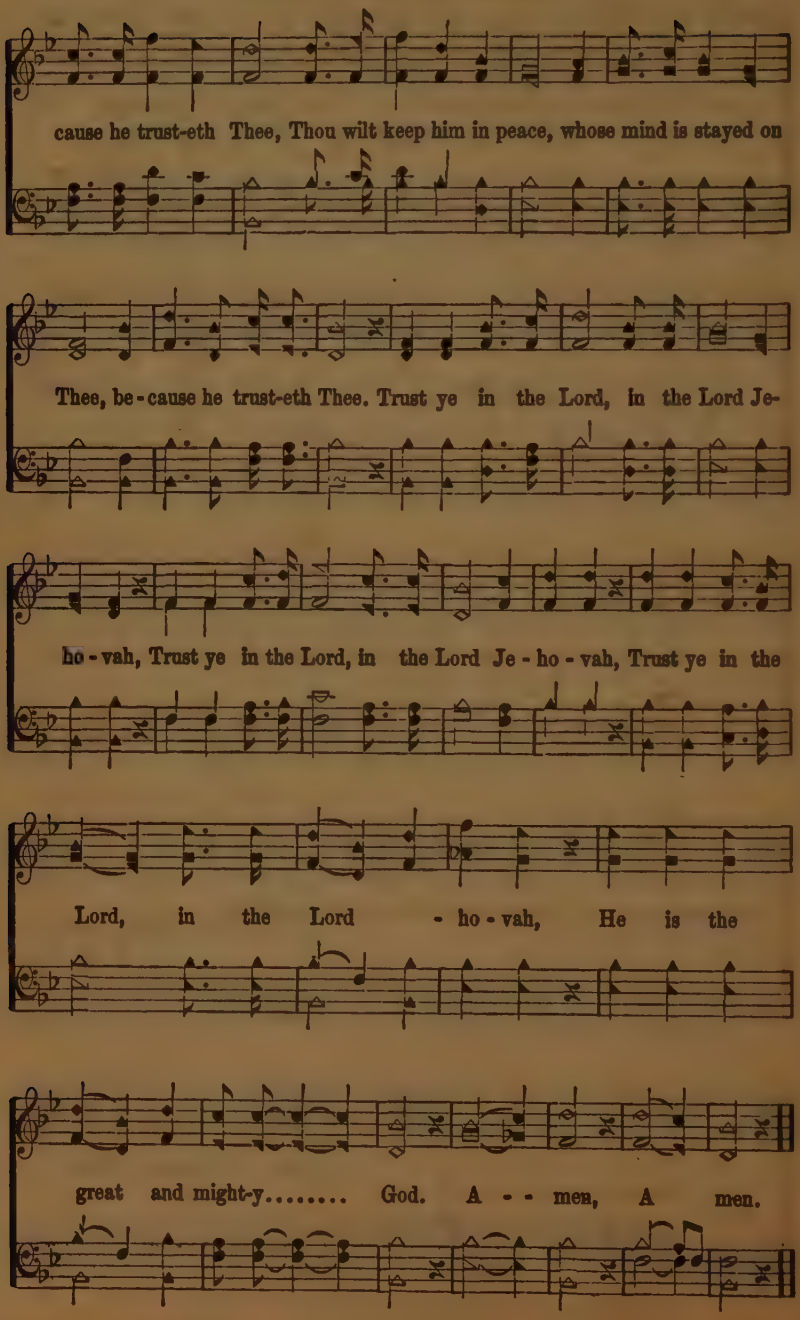
No. 284. Trust Ye in the Lord.

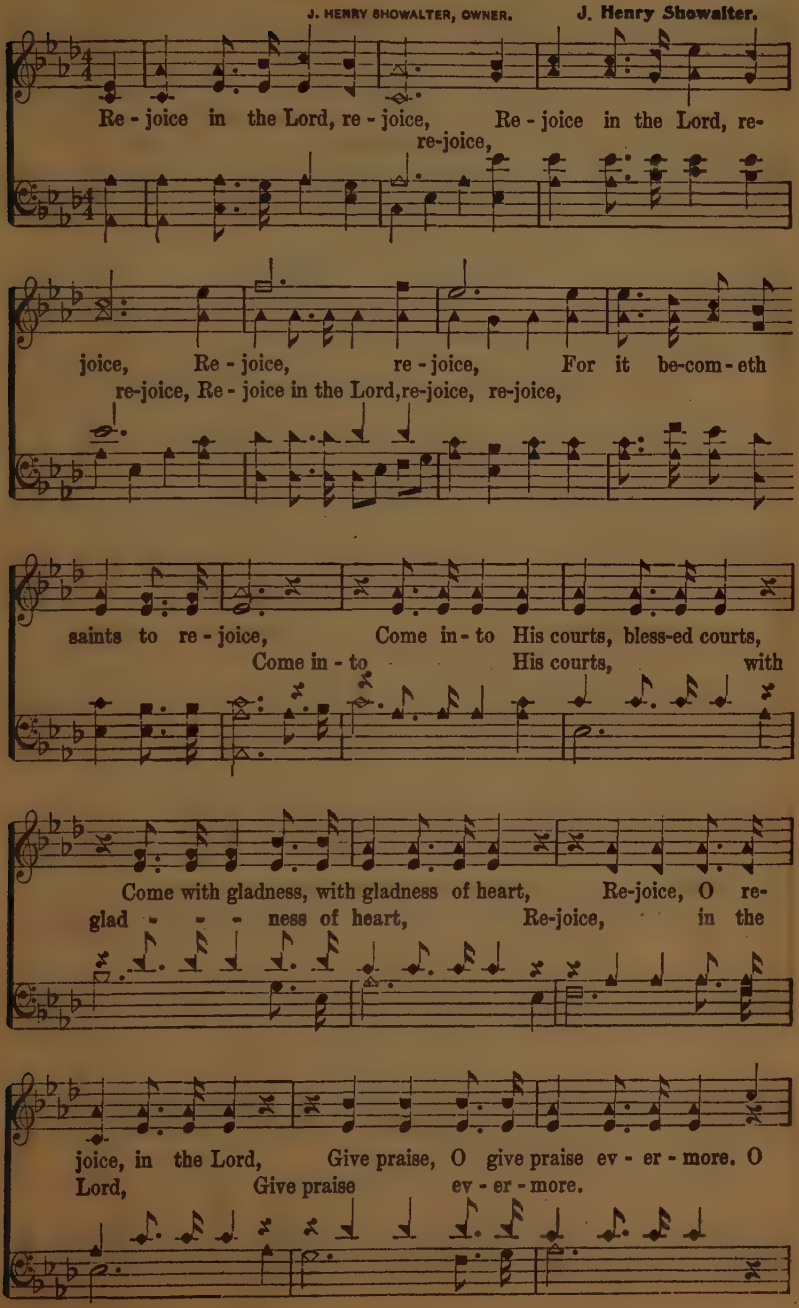
J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER.

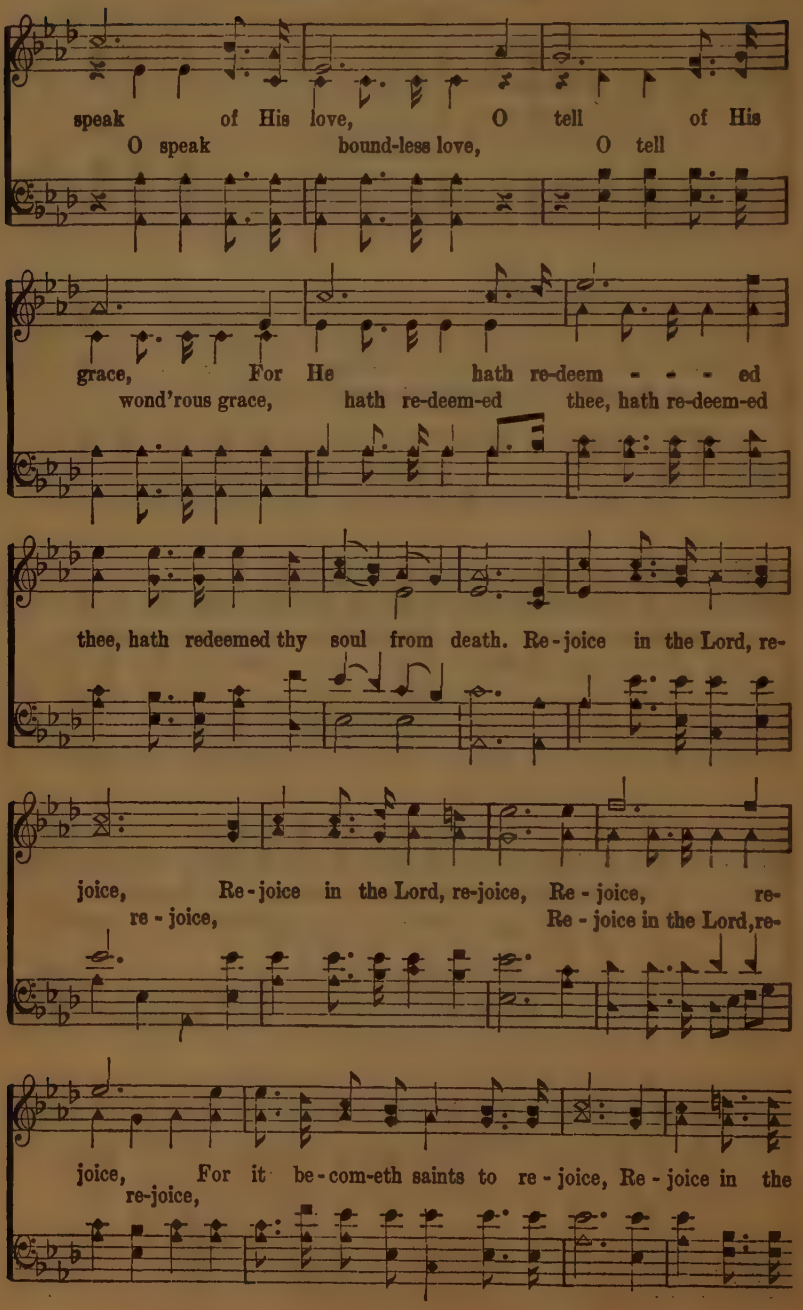
J. Henry Showalter.

Trust ye in the Lord, in the Lord Je - ho - vah, Trust ye in the
Lord, in the Lord Je - ho - vah, Trust ye in the Lord, in the
FINE.
Lord Je - ho - vah, He is the great and might - y God!
In the Lord Je - ho - vah,
Trust ye in the Lord,..... Trust ye in the Lord,
In the Lord Je - ho - vah, for - ev - er and for - ev - er, For

Trust Ye in the Lord.

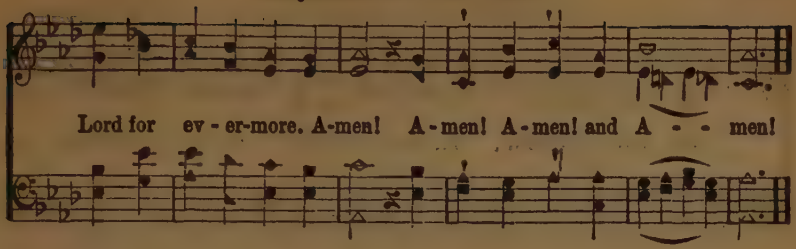

in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength, Is
For in the Lord is ev - er - last - ing strength,
ev - er - last - ing strength, is ev - er - last - ing strength, For
in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength.
Thou will keep him in peace whose mind is stayed on Thee!
Thou will keep him in
Be-cause he trust-eth Thee, be-
peace whose mind is stayed on Thee,

Trust Ye in the Lord.

cause he trust-eth Thee, Thou wilt keep him in peace, whose mind is stayed on
Thee, be-cause he trust-eth Thee. Trust ye in the Lord, in the Lord Je-
ho-vah, Trust ye in the Lord, in the Lord Je-ho-vah, Trust ye in the
Lord, in the Lord -ho-vah, He is the
great and might-y..... God. A--men, A men.

No. 285. Rejoice in the Lord.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER, OWNER.
J. Henry Showalter.
Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice, Re - joice in the Lord, re-
re-joice,
joice, Re - joice, re - joice, For it be-com - eth
re-joice, Re - joice in the Lord, re-joice, re-joice,
saints to re - joice, Come in - to His courts, bless-ed courts,
Come in - to His courts, with
Come with gladness, with gladness of heart, Re-joice, O re-
glad - - - ness of heart, Re-joice, in the
joice, in the Lord, Give praise, O give praise ev - er - more. O
Lord, Give praise ev - er - more.

Rejoice in the Lord.

speak of His love, O tell of His
O speak bound-less love, O tell
grace, For He hath re-deem - - - ed
wond'rous grace, hath re-deem-ed thee, hath re-deem-ed
thee, hath redeemed thy soul from death. Re-joice in the Lord, re-
joice, Re-joice in the Lord, re-joice, Re-joice, re-
re-joice, Re-joice in the Lord, re-
joice, For it be-com-eth saints to re-joice, Re-joice in the
re-joice,

Rejoice in the Lord.



No. 286. Praise Ye the Lord.

P. H.

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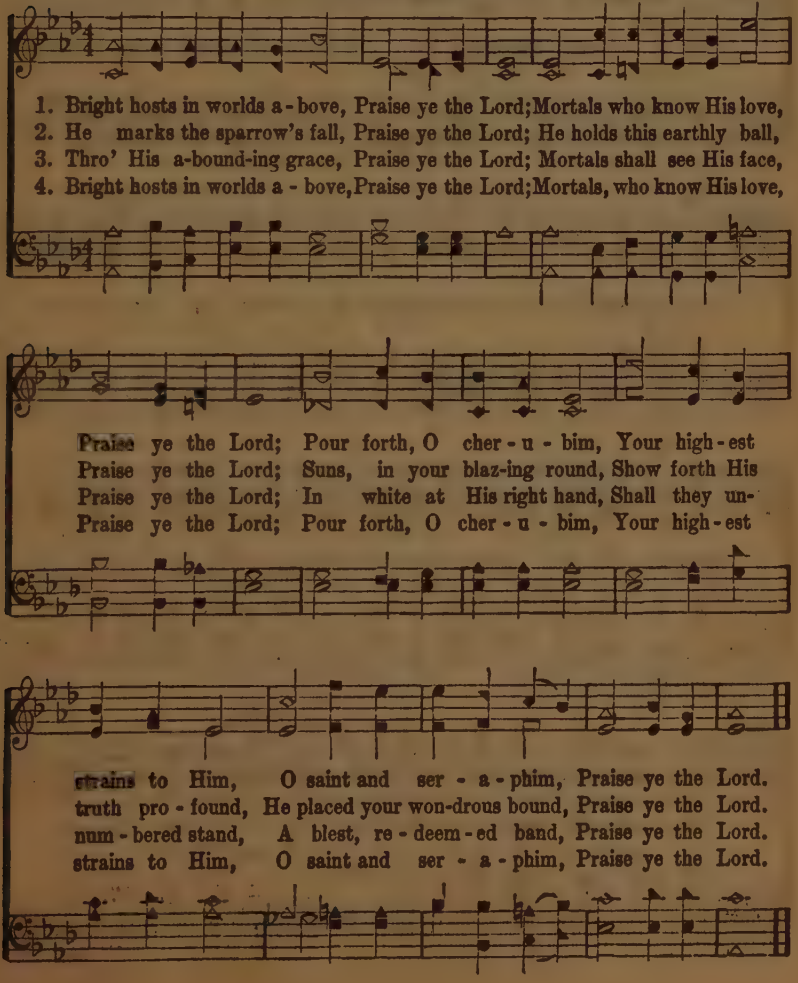
Arthur S. Sullivan.


1. Bright hosts in worlds a - bove, Praise ye the Lord; Mortals who know His love,
2. He marks the sparrow's fall, Praise ye the Lord; He holds this earthly ball,
3. Thro' His a-bound-ing grace, Praise ye the Lord; Mortals shall see His face,
4. Bright hosts in worlds a - bove, Praise ye the Lord; Mortals, who know His love,
Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high - est
Praise ye the Lord; Suns, in your blaz-ing round, Show forth His
Praise ye the Lord; In white at His right hand, Shall they un-
Praise ye the Lord; Pour forth, O cher - u - bim, Your high - est
strains to Him, O saint and ser - a - phim, Praise ye the Lord.
truth pro - found, He placed your won-drous bound, Praise ye the Lord.
num - bered stand, A blest, re - deem - ed band, Praise ye the Lord.
strains to Him, O saint and ser - a - phim, Praise ye the Lord.

No. 287. Oh, How Excellent.

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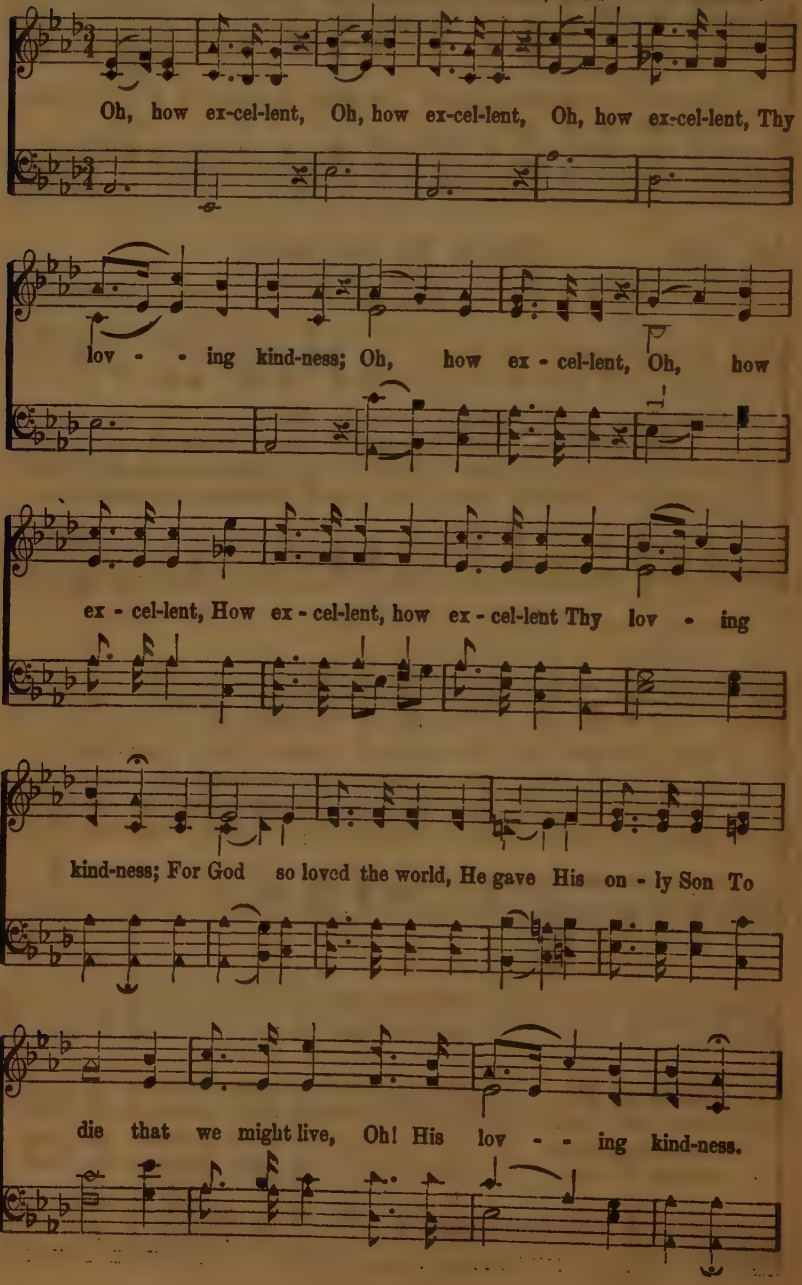
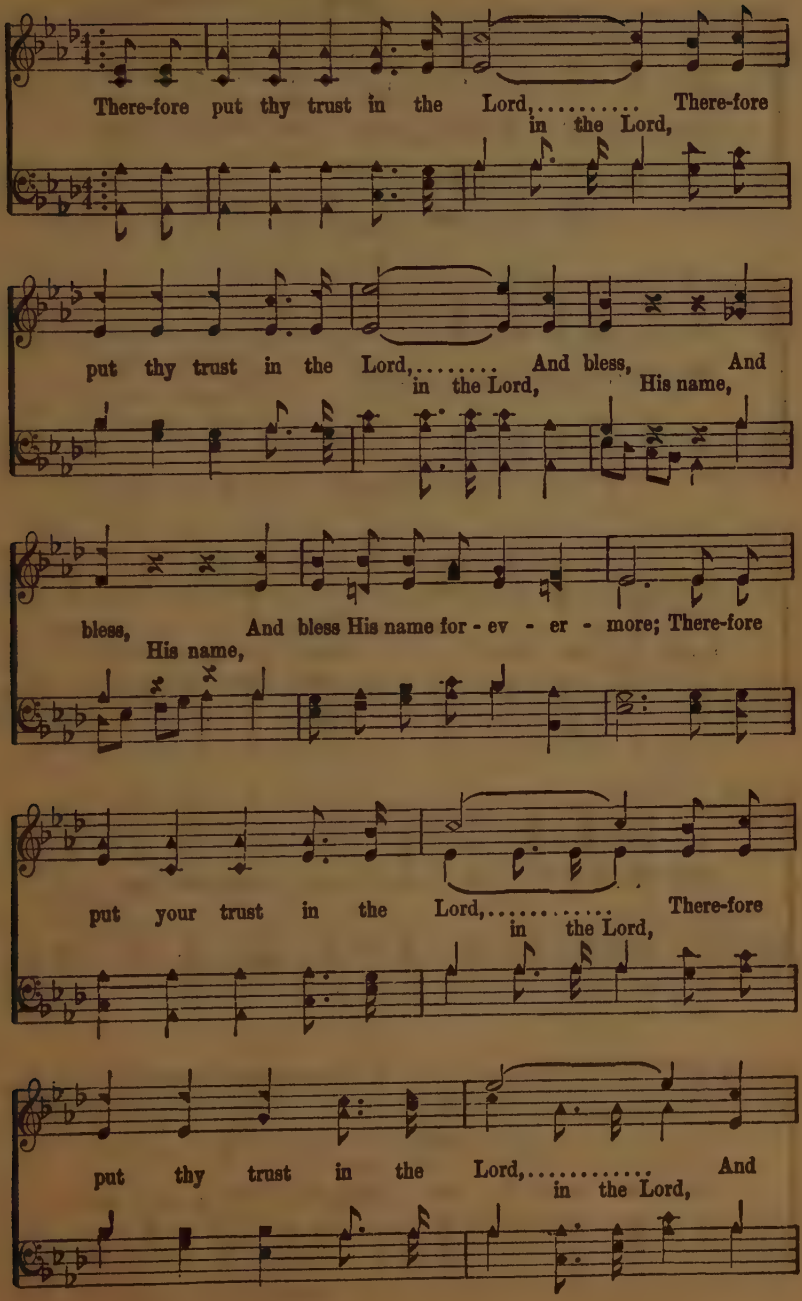
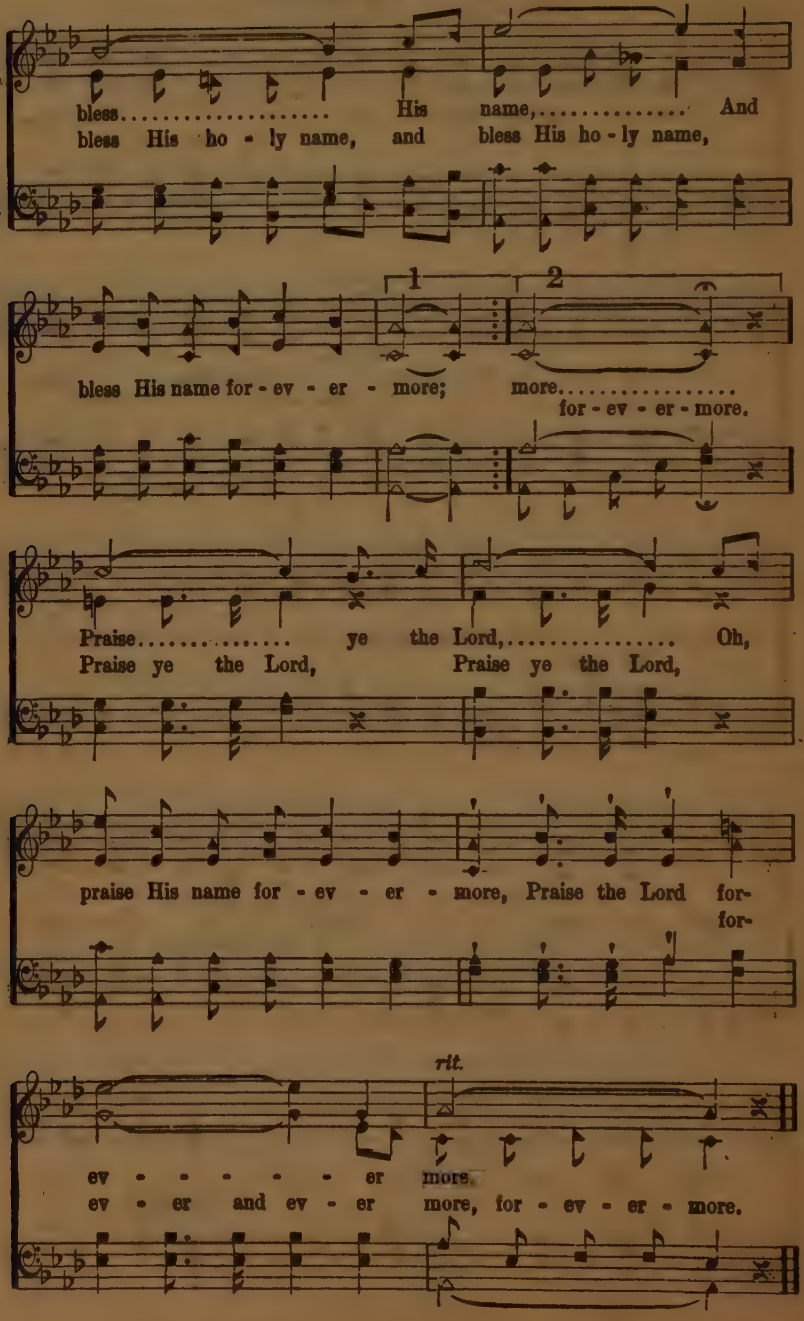
O. S. Grinnell.


Oh, how ex-cel-lent, Oh, how ex-cel-lent, Oh, how ex-cel-lent, Thy
lov - - ing kind-ness; Oh, how ex - cel-lent, Oh, how
ex - cel-lent, How ex - cel-lent, how ex - cel-lent Thy lov - ing
kind-ness; For God so loved the world, He gave His on - ly Son To
die that we might live, Oh! His lov - - ing kind-ness.

Oh, How Excellent.


There-fore put thy trust in the Lord,..... There-fore
in the Lord,
put thy trust in the Lord,..... And bless, And
in the Lord, His name,
bless, And bless His name for - ev - er - more; There-fore
His name,
put your trust in the Lord,..... There-fore
in the Lord,
put thy trust in the Lord,..... And
in the Lord,

Oh, How Excellent.

bless..... His name,..... And
bless His ho - ly name, and bless His ho - ly name,
1
2
bless His name for - ev - er - more; more.....
for - ev - er - more.
Praise..... ye the Lord,..... Oh,
Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord,
praise His name for - ev - er - more, Praise the Lord for-
for-
rit.
ev - - - - - er more.
ev - er and ev - er more, for - ev - er - more.

No. 288. O Give Thanks Unto the Lord.

From 1 Chronicles 16: 8-11, 23.

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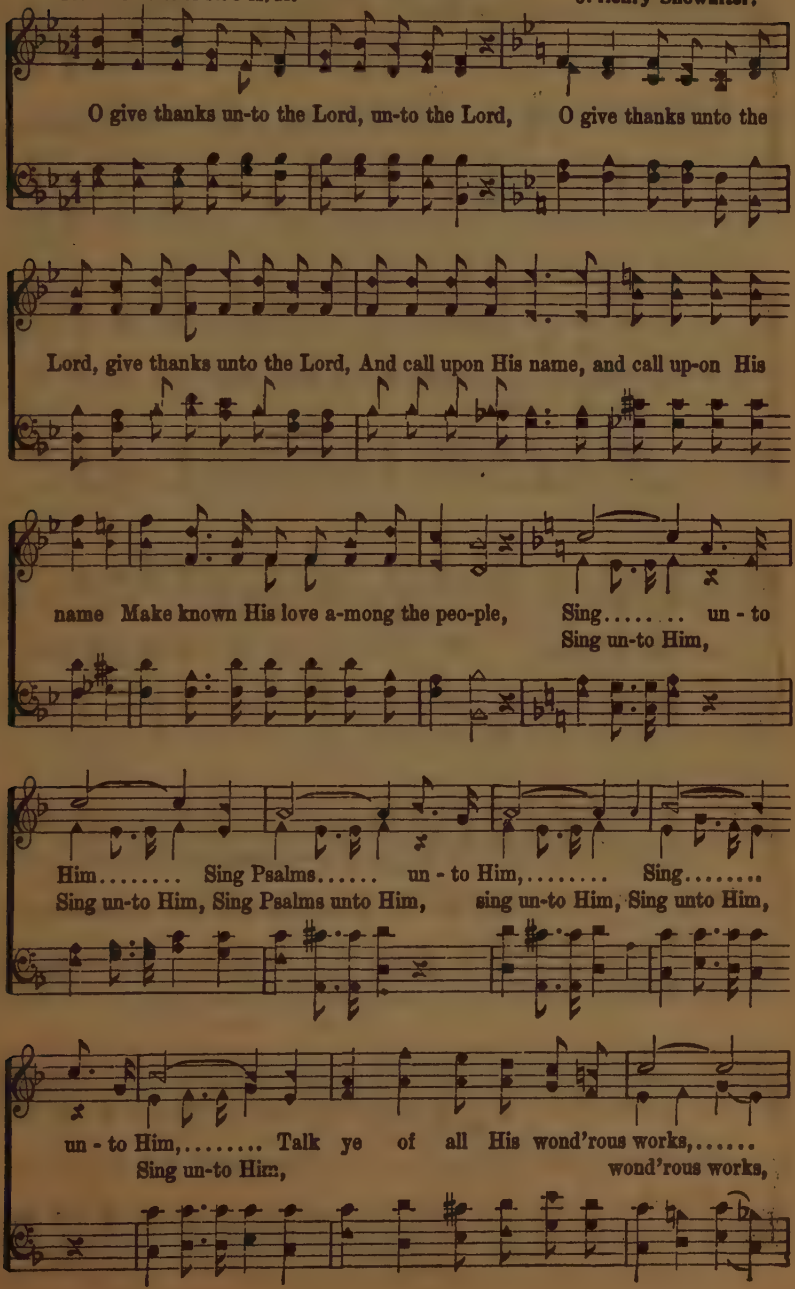
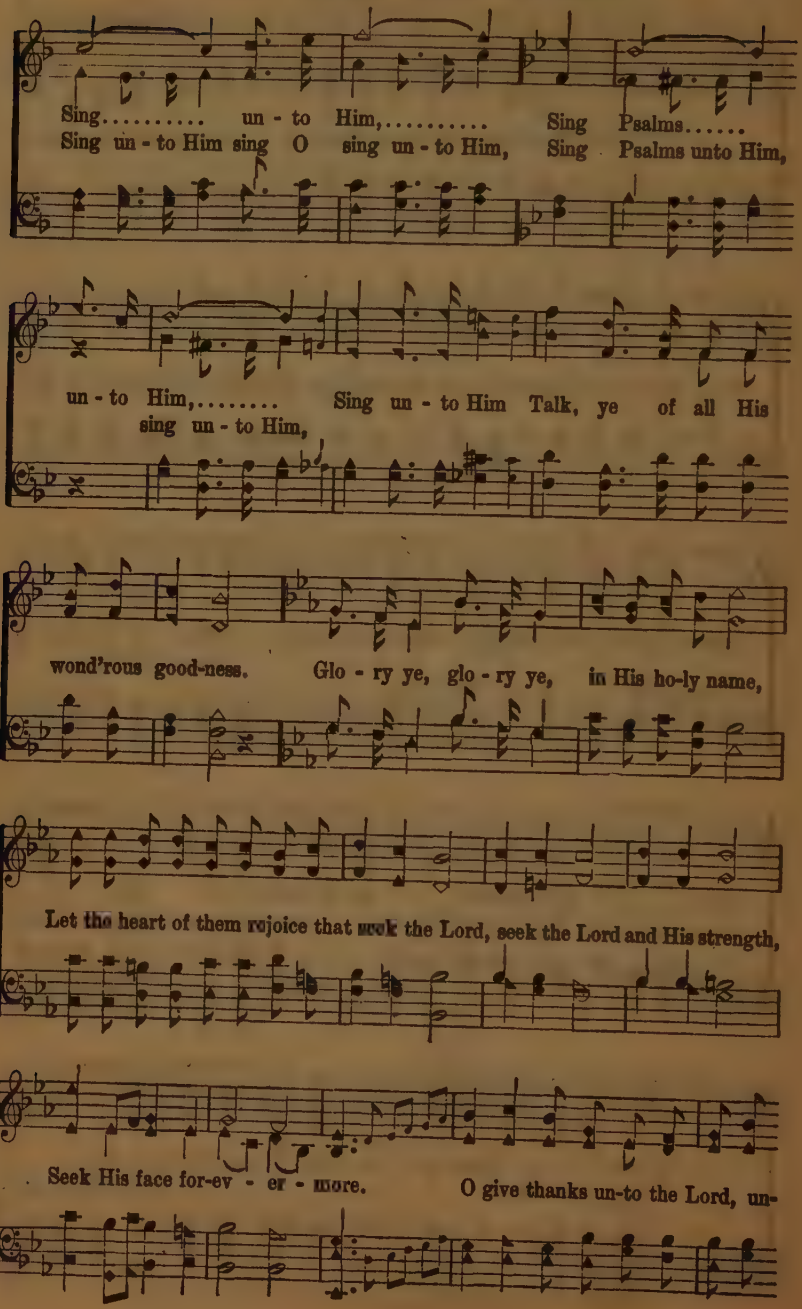
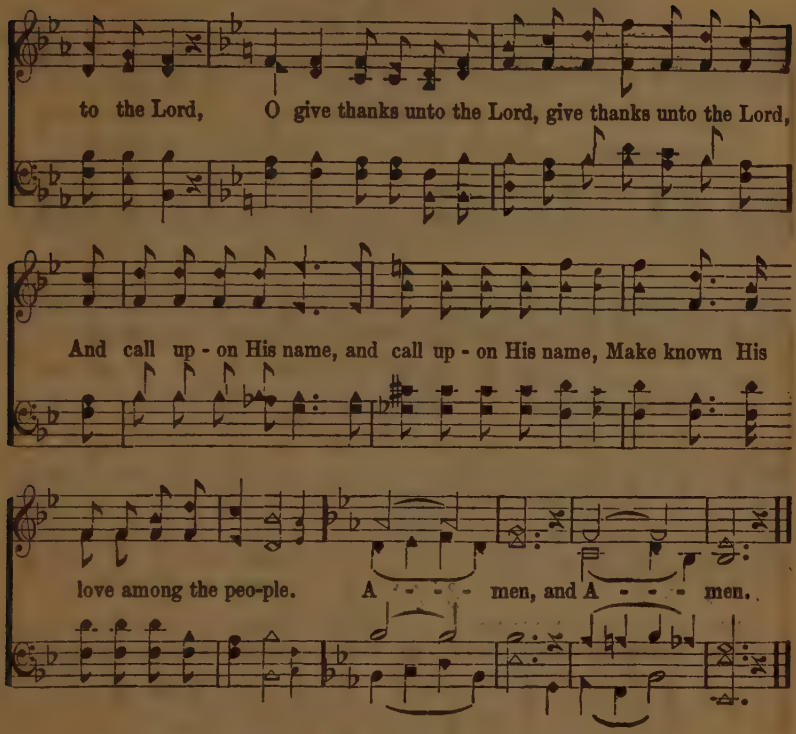
J. Henry Showalter.


O give thanks un-to the Lord, un-to the Lord, O give thanks unto the
Lord, give thanks unto the Lord, And call upon His name, and call up-on His
name Make known His love a-mong the peo-ple, Sing..... un - to
Sing un-to Him,
Him..... Sing Psalms..... un - to Him,..... Sing.....
Sing un-to Him, Sing Psalms unto Him, sing un-to Him, Sing unto Him,
un - to Him,..... Talk ye of all His wond'rous works,.....
Sing un-to Him, wond'rous works,

O Give Thanks Unto the Lord.


Sing..... un - to Him,..... Sing Psalms.....
Sing un - to Him sing O sing un - to Him, Sing Psalms unto Him,
un - to Him,..... Sing un - to Him Talk, ye of all His
sing un - to Him,
wond'rous good-ness. Glo - ry ye, glo - ry ye, in His ho-ly name,
Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord, seek the Lord and His strength,
Seek His face for-ev - er - more. O give thanks un-to the Lord, un-

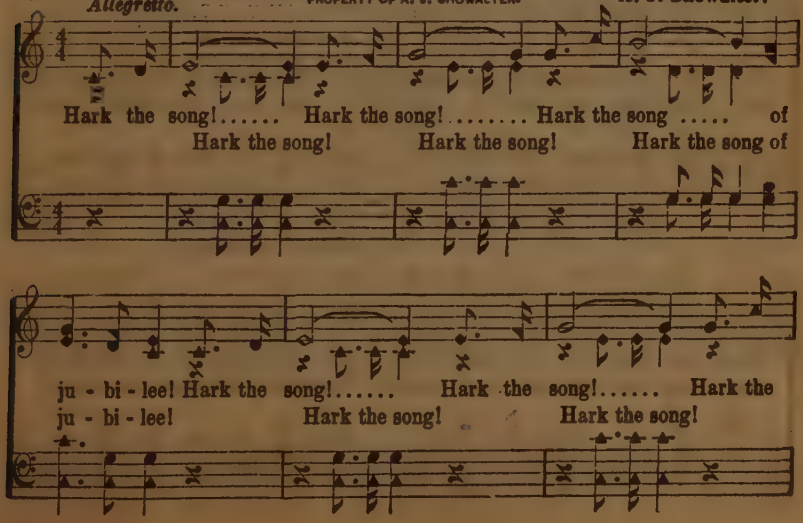
O Give Thanks Unto the Lord.


to the Lord, O give thanks unto the Lord, give thanks unto the Lord,
And call up - on His name, and call up - on His name, Make known His
love among the peo-ple. A - - - - men, and A - - - - men.

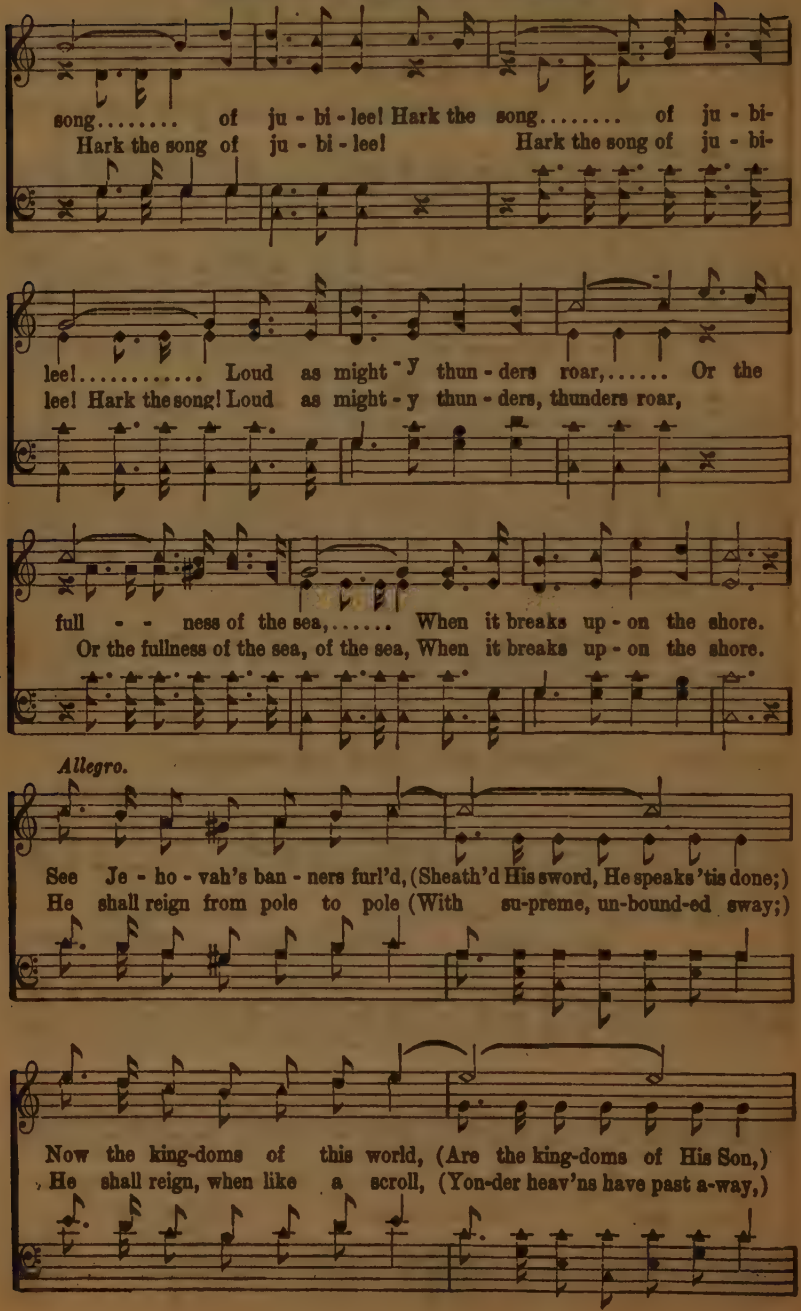
No. 289. Hark! the Song of Jubilee!

PROPERTY OF A. J. SHOWALTER.

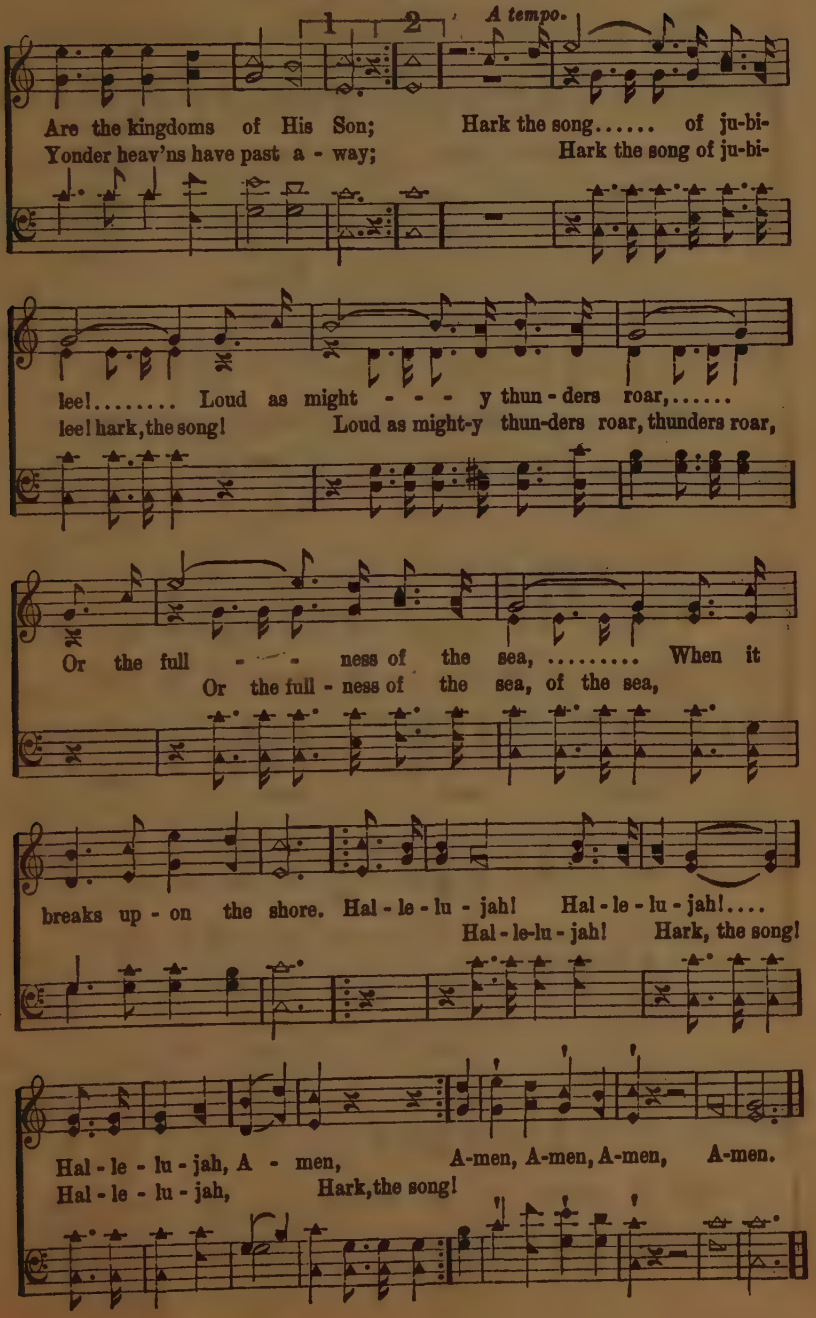
Allegretto. A. J. Showalter.


Hark the song!..... Hark the song!..... Hark the song ..... of
Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of
ju - bi - lee! Hark the song!..... Hark the song!..... Hark the
ju - bi - lee! Hark the song! Hark the song!

Hark! the Song of Jubilee!


song..... of ju - bi - lee! Hark the song..... of ju - bi-
Hark the song of ju - bi - lee! Hark the song of ju - bi-
lee!..... Loud as might - y thun - ders roar,..... Or the
lee! Hark the song! Loud as might - y thun - ders, thunders roar,
full - - ness of the sea,..... When it breaks up - on the shore.
Or the fullness of the sea, of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.
Allegro.
See Je - ho - vah's ban - ners furl'd, (Sheath'd His sword, He speaks 'tis done;)
He shall reign from pole to pole (With su-preme, un-bound-ed sway;)
Now the king-doms of this world, (Are the king-doms of His Son,)
He shall reign, when like a scroll, (Yon-der heav'ns have past a-way,)

Hark! the Song of Jubilee!


1
2
A tempo.
Are the kingdoms of His Son;
Hark the song..... of ju-bi-
Yonder heav'ns have past a - way;
Hark the song of ju-bi-
lee!..... Loud as might - - - y thun - ders roar,.....
lee! hark, the song! Loud as might-y thun-ders roar, thunders roar,
Or the full - - - ness of the sea, ... When it
Or the full - ness of the sea, of the sea,
breaks up - on the shore. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!....
Hal - le-lu - jah! Hark, the song!
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hark, the song!

No. 290. Sweet is the Work.

Watts. *Andantino. m*

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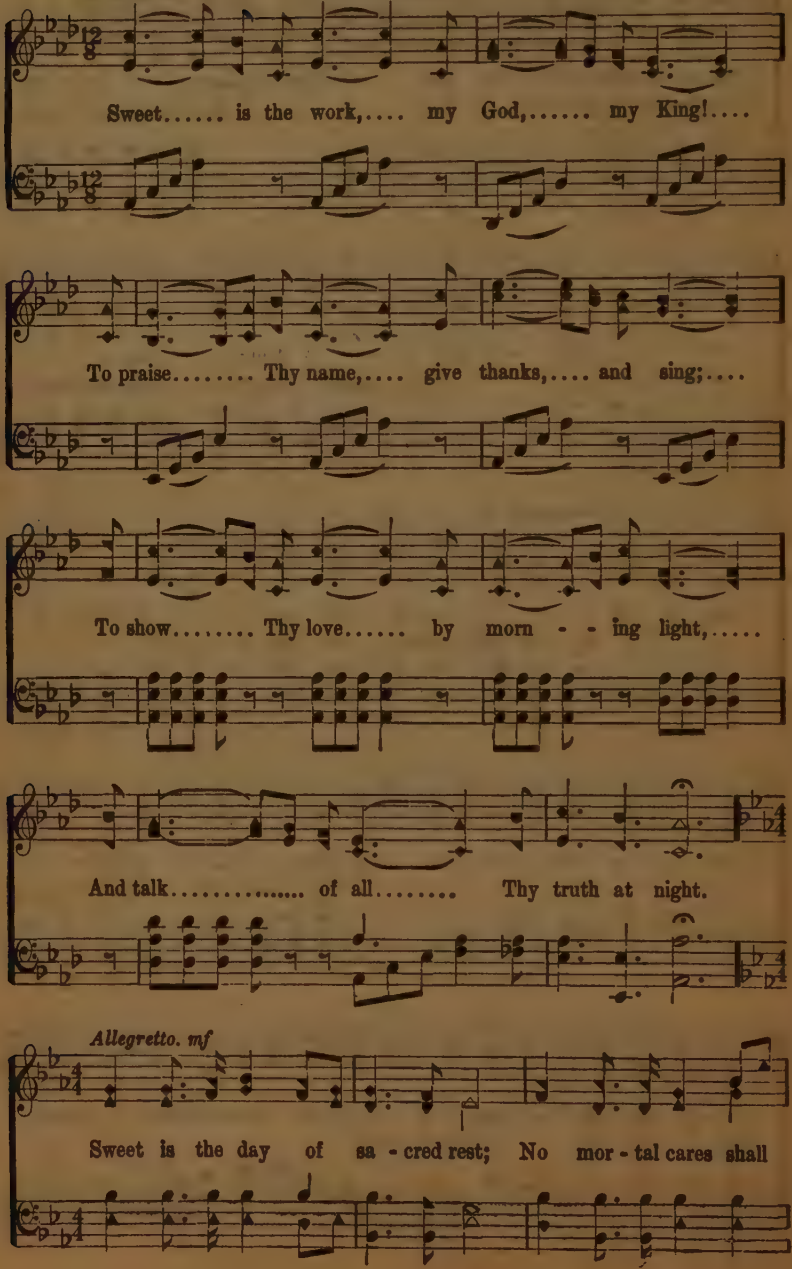
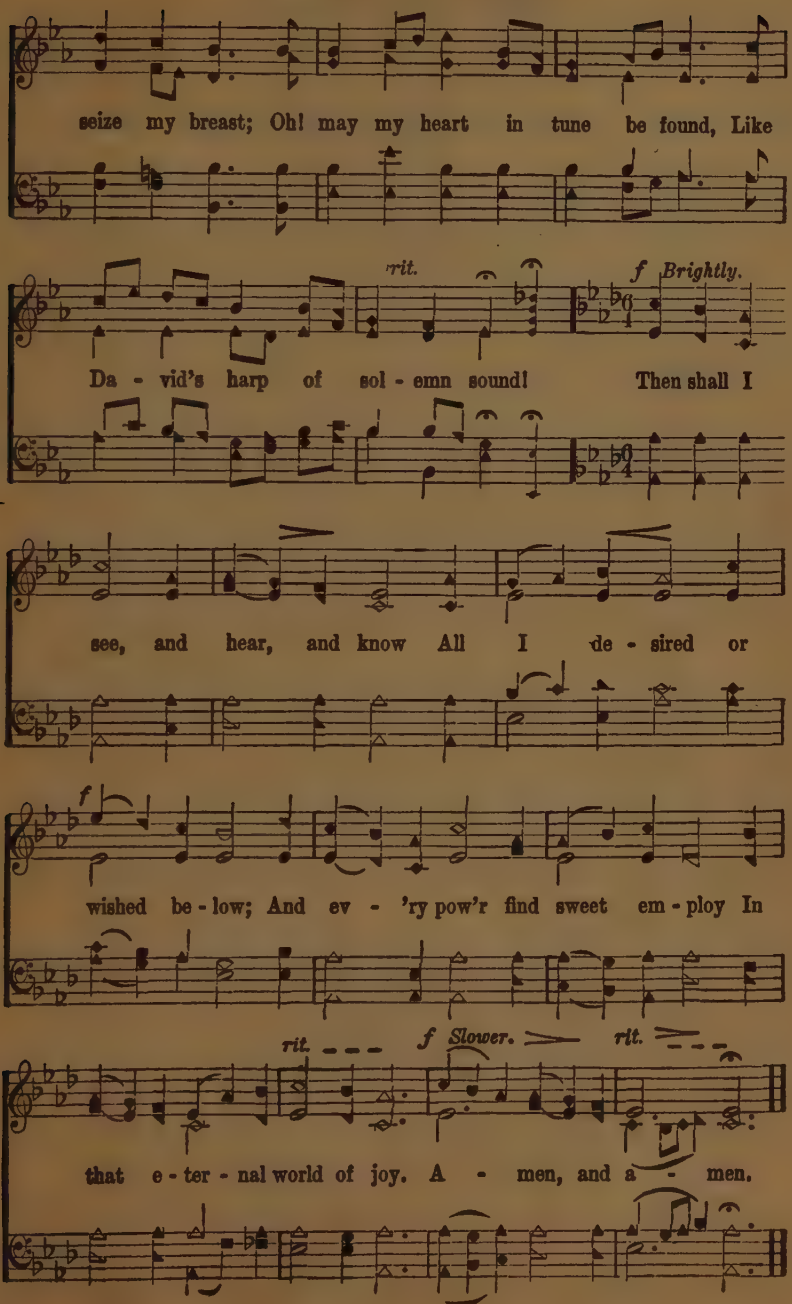
Alfred Beirly, Mus. Doc.

Sweet..... is the work,.... my God,..... my King!....
To praise..... Thy name,.... give thanks,.... and sing;....
To show..... Thy love..... by morn - - ing light,.....
And talk..... of all..... Thy truth at night.
Allegretto. mf
Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall

Sweet is the Work!


seize my breast; Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like
rit.
f Brightly.
Da - vid's harp of sol - emn sound! Then shall I
see, and hear, and know All I de - sired or
f
wished be - low; And ev - 'ry pow'r find sweet em - ploy In
rit.
f Slower.
rit.
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